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Battle of Contreras.

THRILLING INCIDENTS

OF THE

WARS OF THE UNITED STATES:

COMPRISING THE MOST

STRIKING AND REMARKABLE EVENTS

OF

THE REVOLUTION, THE FRENCH WAR, THE TRIPOLITAN WAR, THE INDIAN WAR, THE SECOND WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN, AND THE MEXICAN WAR.

WITH THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

Frost, John

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES."

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PREFACE.

The purpose of the writer in the following pages is apparent in the title-page. He has selected, from the various authentic histories, memoirs, and reminiscences which have appeared during the last fifty years, the narratives of those events which were at once the most striking and important in our national annals, and presented them in a collective form. The view thus exhibited, bears the same relation to a complete and connected history that a sketch does to a finished picture. The strong points and striking features only are represented; but, at the same time, a vivid conception is afforded of the whole subject. The imagination of the reader receives, perhaps, a livelier impulse from the sketch than it would from the picture. What is delineated suggests more to the active fancy than if the delineator had endeavoured to place the whole upon

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his canvas; and the reader is more agreeably occupied in filling up the vacant parts by his own imaginative or recollective faculty, than if nothing had been wanting to render the picture complete.

The author has found his task an agreeable one. The history of our country is filled with incidents which do honour to the American character; and every true patriot must feel gratification in perusing the records of those heroic and disinterested actions which shed light and glory on our national annals. If the following pages fail to render full justice to those who have deserved well of their country by high achievements in the field and on the ocean, it is not from any deficiency of zeal in the cause.

So far as his limits would permit, the author has earnestly endeavoured to render all honour to whom honour is due.

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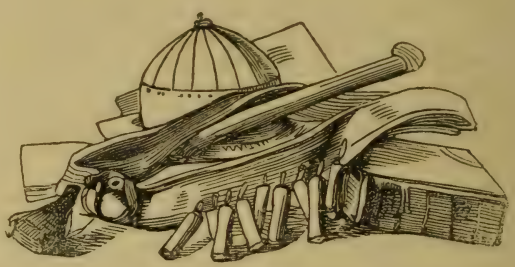

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Thrilling INCIDENTS of the Wars.

OPENING OF THE REVOLUTION.

Long before the passage of Grenville's Stamp Act, Great Britain had given cause of complaint to her colonies by restricting each province to the use of its own manufactures, and preventing the reciprocal importation of their respective fabrics—thus completely discouraging all manufactures. To prevent a whole people from following any branch of industry, is a measure which human nature cannot bear with tame submission.

Nor was the severity of the act ameliorated by the representations of the ministry that the articles prohibited could be imported cheaper from England The injury felt by the measure was not at the time of much consequence; but the regulation was in itself considered an insult to the understanding, more intolerable than pecuniary oppression.

The discontent arising from this restriction would in all probability have passed away, had it not been succeeded by deprivations of a more serious nature to the colonies. These were the orders of Parliament (1755), restricting the American trade with the West Indies, which had hitherto been a source of large revenue. The prohibition of so profitable a commerce shook the vitals of American prosperity, and distressed the manufacturers and merchants of England. The servile complaisance which Great Britain showed to Spain by these orders, and the unwise policy of oppressing her own subjects to oblige foreigners, were complained of by the people of England as well as by the Americans. But the king and ministry refused to listen to the voice of justice, and continued to pursue that system which eventually recoiled upon themselves.

The peace of 1763 terminated a war, which was both advantageous and glorious to Great Britain. The treaty of Paris, besides ceding to her several islands in the West Indies, and establishing her power in the East, gave her the sovereignty of the vast continent of America, from Florida to the Arctic Seas.

The expenses of the previous war had, however,

been immense. In order to meet them and liquidate to some degree the national debt, resolutions were adopted by the ministry to tax the colonies on certain articles of importation. Their ability to pay these taxes was not doubted; and it was considered proper that those who enjoyed so many advantages should contribute their portion towards bearing the public burdens.

The colonists, however, were fully persuaded that whatever might be the necessities of the mother country, yet, exclusive of the restrictions laid during late years on their commerce, the sole enjoyment of their trade was a tax in itself more in proportion than all that were levied on the people of Great Britain. The right of taxing them without their being represented in the British Parliament, they denied as resolutely as their ancestors did the payment of ship-money to Charles I.; at the same time claiming the privilege of representation as their undoubted birth-right.

The ministry expressed astonishment at hearing such language from the colonists, charging them with ingratitude and disloyalty, and with being solicitous only to profit by the generosity of the mother country. The Americans repelled these unfounded charges with indignation. They gloried in calling Britain their mother country; they had never disgraced the title; they had ever obeyed her just and lawful commands; and they submitted, for her benefit, to heavy burdens and commercial restrictions. They referred for proof of these assertions to their expeditions against Louisbourg and Spanish America, and to the

bravery displayed in the war against the French in North America.

In their petition they assured the king, that notwithstanding their sufferings, they retained too high a regard for the kingdom from which they derived their origin to request anything which might be inconsistent with her dignity or welfare. "These," they observed, "related as we are to her, honour and duty, as well as inclination, induce us to support and advance." "At the conclusion of the last war, the Genius of England and the spirit of wisdom, as if offended at the ungrateful treatment of her sons, withdrew from the British councils, and left the nation a prey to a race of ministers, with whom ancient English honesty and benevolence disdained to dwell." They did not complain of Parliament, for it had done them no wrong, "but solely of the measures of ministers."

In 1764, a bill was framed laying heavy duties (payable into the British treasury in specie) on all articles imported into the colonies from the French and other islands in the West Indies. This was followed by an act restraining the currency of paper money. In 1765, to complete the link so unjustly begun, was passed Grenville's famous Stamp Act, the prelude to the most tremendous and destructive quarrel that had befallen Britain for several ages. It was styled "the folly of England and ruin of America."

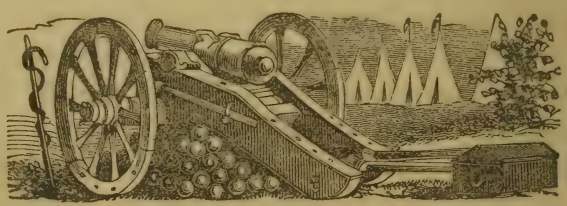
The colonists were now completely roused; but at the same time conducted their measures with great wisdom, perseverance, and resolution. They united in a general opposition to the views of ministers, who disregarded their petitions and the statements of their

agents; and although some acts favourable to the commerce of the colonies were passed, the people became suspicious, and placed no reliance on the good-will of the British government. They especially mistrusted the king. Resolutions were adopted to make no further importations from Great Britain; and so far was the encouragement of domestic manufactures persevered in, that the use of all elegancies was laid aside, and the eating of lamb suspended in order to encourage the raising of wool.

In 1766 Parliament repealed the Stamp Act; thus affording unequivocal proof of the folly and short-sightedness under which that measure was passed. Intelligence of the event filled the colonies with exultation; and the rude domestic articles with which they had long served themselves, were speedily exchanged for the more comfortable ones of British manufacture. But the mother country soon showed that she was by no means disposed to yield her fancied authority. In that year Dr. Franklin was expelled from the Post Office Department; and in the next, duties were imposed on tea and other articles of importation. The colonists remonstrated against this new aggression, and petitioned the king in every possible form; but their efforts were treated with coldness and contempt. The evil star of Britain had arisen, soon to wither her dazzling superiority as a nation, and sever her widely-extended dominions for ever.

The colonial remonstrances against this measure were regarded by the ruling powers of England only with anger and indignation. Ministers were equally chagrined and astonished to find that a great portion

of the British nation espoused the cause of America. But, disregarding all opposition to Parliament, all remonstrances of the colonists, as well as petitions from the United Kingdom, the government madly proceeded in the prosecution of its impracticable schemes. At this period the fame and grandeur of Great Britain were so great, that no one imagined that the colonies would presume to dispute any measure dictated by the ministry. The splendid triumphs of the British nation in all parts of the world, had excited the jealousy of Europe; and the idea of the colonists risking a trial of prowess with the armies and fleets which had defeated the combined strength of France and Spain, was considered presumptuous and visionary. It was, therefore, matter of astonishment to learn the extraordinary and resolute conduct of the Americans in opposing the restrictions on their commerce, and the operation of the Stamp and Tea Acts. From the period of the abolishment of the Stamp Act, in 1766, until the cargoes of the tea-ships were thrown overboard, in December, 1773, included a period of seven years of solemn resistance to arbitrary power.



THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

IN 1768, three British regiments arrived in Boston, for the purpose of assisting the governor and civil powers in maintaining peace. This greatly increased the discontents of the colonists, who looked upon the soldiery as a standing army, sent to enforce unjust legislation. Mutual jealousies produced unfortunate disputes, which increased to such an extent as to threaten the most serious consequences. Each day gave rise to new occurrences which augmented the animosity. Reciprocal jealousies soured the tempers of the opposite parties, and were followed by mutual injuries. Events were verging to a crisis—dark and fearful.

At length, a private of the twenty-ninth regiment, passing along (March 2d, 1770) near Mr. John Gray's

rope-walk, was driven away by the populace in consequence of having resented some insulting words. He returned soon after with a dozen soldiers, between whom and the rope-makers an affray ensued, which terminated in the defeat of the former. In the afternoon they armed themselves with clubs, and were on the way to renew the action, but were stopped. Many of the townspeople were so enraged at this, as to determine on a renewal of the engagement the following Monday. The Rev. Dr. Elliot was informed of this on Saturday, and also that the city bells were to be rung on that day in order to bring the inhabitants together. It does not appear that any militia were called in before the attack upon the people, or that any regular plan was formed for compelling the British troops to move from the town. On the other hand, it is absurd to suppose that there was a settled plot for employing the soldiers to massacre the inhabitants. Yet that some design was in progress, previous to the attack, is evident from the subsequent evidence of Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall:—"The bells were ringing, and the people began to collect as they do at the cry of fire. I had a mind to go out; but I had a reluctance, because *I had been warned not to go out that night!*"

Between seven and eight o'clock, on the evening of the 5th, numbers of men came from the southern part of the town with sticks and other weapons in their hands; at the same time about two hundred ran from the north section, armed in the same manner, and uttering loud execrations against the soldiers. Several parties collected in Dock Square, and about nine o'clock

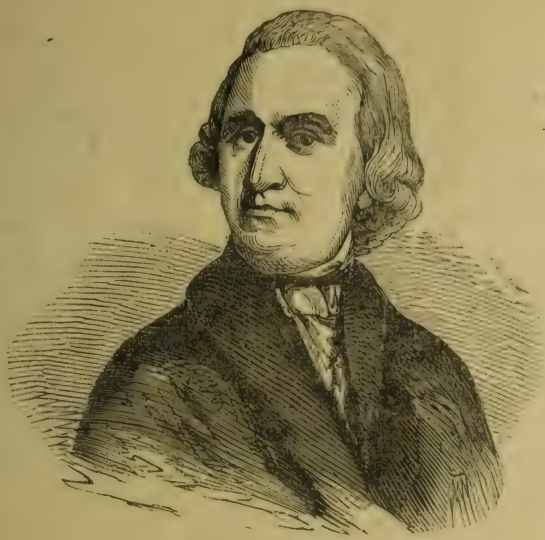
attacked some soldiers belonging to Murray's barracks. An officer immediately appeared, and with much difficulty succeeded in getting the troops under shelter, and restrained them from firing. Part of the mob dared the soldiers to fire; others cried fire, in order to draw more people toward them; and soon after the city bells commenced ringing for the same purpose.

As the soldiers were now under shelter, several persons endeavoured to persuade the mob to retire; but, instead of doing so, they commenced tearing up the stalls of the market place in Dock Square. After this they assembled in the street, and were addressed by a tall man, in a large cloak and white wig; after which they separated into three divisions, and proceeded by different roads to King Street.

Meanwhile an assault was made upon the sentry at the custom-house. It was commenced by a boy, who pointed to the soldier and exclaimed that he had knocked him down. On hearing this, about twenty young men called out, "Kill him! Kill him! Knock him down!" and came so near as to oblige the sentry to load his gun. The mob then pelted him with snowballs, pieces of ice, and other missiles, and dared him to fire. As they advanced he mounted the steps, and knocked at the door for admittance; but this not being opened, and the people pressing nearer, he called to the main guard for protection. Captain Preston, who was then officer of the day, being told that the ringing of the bells was the signal for the inhabitants to attack the troops, repaired to the main guard; and learning the situation of the sentry, despatched a

corporal and six men, to protect both him and the king's chest in the custom-house. The soldiers marched with their pieces unloaded, followed by the captain, to prevent disorder. They were used as the sentry had been, and obliged to load for their own safety. The shouts, threats, screams, and yells of the mob, accompanied by the ringing of bells, alarmed the soldiers, who began exhorting them to keep off. At this moment, a gigantic mulatto, named Attucks, accompanied by about a dozen persons in sailor habits, reached the custom-house, gave three cheers, surrounded the soldiers and struck their guns with clubs, at the same time crying out, "Do not be afraid of them—they dare not fire—kill them, kill them—knock them over," &c. The mulatto aimed a blow at Captain Preston, struck down one of the guns, and seized the bayonet with his left hand. At this moment some one cried, "Why don't you fire?" and the words were scarcely uttered, before the fallen soldier sprang to his feet, levelled his gun, and fired. Attucks fell dead. In a few seconds another fired, and was followed by five in quick succession. Three persons were killed, five dangerously wounded, and a few slightly. The mob rushed back on all sides, but soon after returned to carry off the dead.

The whole town was immediately in commotion. Drums beat to arms, bells were ringing in all directions, and a constant cry was heard—"*To arms! To arms! Turn out with your guns!*" The governor, Mr. Hutchinson, prevailed on the mob to disperse for the night; but on the following morning the whole town met in full assembly, and appointed a committee



Samuel Adams.

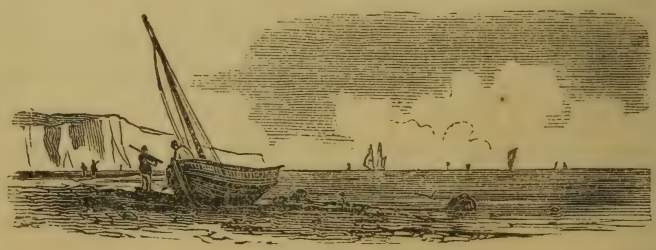
to wait upon the governor with the following message: "It is the unanimous opinion of the meeting that nothing can rationally be expected to restore the peace of the town, and prevent blood and carnage, but the immediate removal of the troops." In the afternoon the lieutenant-governor received a similar message from about three thousand people. Mr. Samuel Adams, one of the committee, in his venerable gray locks, and with hands trembling under a nervous affection, told Colonel Dalrymple, "If you can remove the Twenty-ninth regiment, you can also remove the Fourteenth; and it is at your peril if you do not!"

Governor Hutchinson replied, that nothing should ever induce him to order the troops away; but agreed

to leave the matter to Colonel Dalrymple. After much altercation and tumult, the troops were removed.

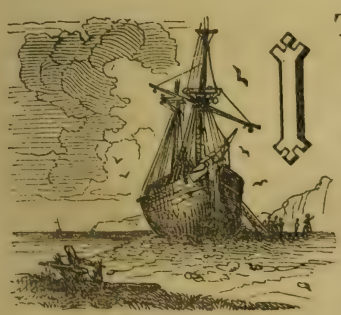
On the 8th of March, the funeral of the first revolutionary martyrs took place. The shops were closed, and the bells of Boston, Charlestown, and Roxbury tolled in the most doleful manner. The different processions formed a junction in King Street, where the soldiers had fired. Hence they proceeded through the main street, accompanied by a concourse so large that the ranks walked six abreast, followed by a long train of carriages belonging to the principal gentry of the town.

On the 24th of October, Captain Preston's trial commenced, and was followed by that of the eight soldiers. All were acquitted except two, who were convicted of manslaughter. John Adams and Josiah Quincy, two of the most active popular leaders, acted as counsel for the prisoners. The result of this trial was in the highest degree honourable to our judiciary; demonstrating that amid all the tumult of passion, and deep sense of recent suffering, justice was still the only aim of the colonists.



John Hancock.

AFFAIR OF THE SLOOP LIBERTY.



IT had been the practice in every quarter of British America for the officers of the customs to allow merchants and shipmasters to enter in the custom-house books only a part of their imported cargoes, and to

land the remainder duty-free. To this practice, which became so inveterate that the colonists regarded the advantage accruing from it as a right, rather than an indulgence, the commissioners resolved to put a stop.

A sloop called the Liberty, belonging to Hancock, having arrived at Boston laden with wine from Madeira (June 10, 1768), the captain, as usual, proposed to the tidewaiter who came to inspect the cargo, that part of it should be landed duty-free; but, meeting a refusal, laid violent hands upon him, and, with the assistance of the crew, locked him up in the cabin till the whole cargo was carried ashore. The next morning he entered a few pipes of the wine at the custom-house, as having formed all his lading; but the commissioners of the customs, insisting that the entry was deceptive, caused the sloop to be arrested. To secure the capture, it was proposed that the vessel should be removed from the wharf and towed under the guns of the Romney man-of-war; and, by the assistance of the Romney's boats, this was accordingly performed, in spite of the opposition of a great assemblage of people, who, finding their remonstrances disregarded, assaulted the custom-house officers with a violence that had nearly proved fatal to their lives. (June 12.)

On the following day, the populace, again assembling before the houses of the collector, comptroller, and inspector-general of the customs, broke their windows, and then, seizing the collector's boat, dragged it through the town and burned it on the common. Their violence, whether satiated or not,

was checked at this point by the flight of the commissioners and other officers of the customs, who, learning that renewed assemblages of the people were expected, and believing or affecting to believe that further outrages were meditated against themselves, hastily left the place, and took refuge, first on board the ship-of-war, and afterwards in Castle William. (June 13.)

The city, meanwhile, resounded with complaints of the insult that was offered to the inhabitants in removing the sloop from the wharf, and thus proclaiming apprehensions of a rescue. These complaints were sanctioned by the assembly, who declared that the criminality of the rioters was extenuated by the irritating and unprecedented circumstance of the seizure; but added, nevertheless, that, as the rioters deserved severe punishment, they must beseech the governor to direct that they should be prosecuted, and to proclaim a reward for their discovery. The rioters, however, had nothing to fear; nor was any one of them ever molested.

A suit for penalties was afterwards instituted against Hancock in the Court of Admiralty; but the officers of the crown, finding it beyond their power to adduce sufficient evidence of facts, which, though everybody knew, nobody would attest, abandoned the prosecution and restored the vessel. The conduct of the officers in taxing the people, by implication, with the purpose of rescue, was generally condemned. It was, indeed, remarked by the few who ventured to defend it, that a rescue had actually taken place eighteen months before. But to this the advocates of the

people replied, that the popular temper had undergone a change since then,—as was verified by the fact that no subsequent rescue had been attempted;—a fact the more certain, though the less significant, as in reality no seizure in the interim had been made.

Unluckily, about a month after the arrest of Hancock's vessel, a schooner, which was seized with a smuggled cargo of molasses, and left at the wharf under the care of the custom-house officers, was boarded during the night by a numerous body of men, who easily overpowered and confined the officers, and carried the cargo on shore. The inhabitants in general were greatly scandalized to find their recent declarations so completely falsified; and the Selectmen of Boston, sending for the master of the schooner, ordered him to surrender the molasses directly, under pain of the displeasure of the town. He obeyed this injunction without a moment's hesitation.

AFFAIR OF THE GASPEE.

AN act of violence committed by the colonists of Rhode Island, excited general attention, from its significance as an indication of the height to which the general current of American sentiment was rising (1772). The commander of the Gaspee, an armed British schooner stationed at Providence, had exerted much activity in supporting the trade laws

and punishing the increasing contraband traffic of the Americans; and had provoked additional resentment by firing at the Providence packets, in order to compel them to salute his flag by lowering theirs as they passed his vessel, and by chasing them even into the docks, in case of refusal.

The master of a packet conveying passengers to Providence (June 9), which was fired at and chased by the Gaspee for neglecting to pay the requisite tribute of respect, took advantage of the state of the tide (it being almost high water), to stand in so closely to the shore, that the Gaspee, in the pursuit, might be exposed to run aground. The artifice succeeded; the Gaspee presently stuck fast, and the packet proceeded in triumph to Providence, where a strong sensation was excited by the tidings of the occurrence, and a project was hastily formed to improve the blow and destroy the obnoxious vessel. Brown, an eminent merchant, and Whipple, a ship-master, took the lead in this bold adventure, and easily collected a sufficient band of armed and resolute men, with whom they embarked in whale-boats to attack the British ship-of-war. At two o'clock the next morning (June 10), they boarded the Gaspee so suddenly and in such numbers, that her crew were instantly overpowered, without hurt to any one except her commanding officer, who was wounded. The captors, having despatched a part of their number to convey him together with his private effects and his crew ashore, set fire to the Gaspee, and destroyed her with all her stores.

The issue of this daring act of war against the

Burning of the Gaspee.

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naval force of the king was as remarkable as the enterprise itself. The British government offered a reward of five hundred pounds, together with a pardon if claimed by an accomplice, for the discovery and apprehension of any person concerned in the treasonable attack on the Gaspee; and a commission under the great seal of England appointed Wanton, the governor of Rhode Island, Peter Oliver, the new chief-justice of Massachusetts, Auchmuty, the judge-admiral of America, and certain other persons, to preside upon the trial of the offenders.

But no trial took place. Nobody came forward to claim the proffered reward; some persons, who were apprehended in the hope that they might be induced by threats and terror to become witnesses, were enabled by popular assistance to escape before any information could be extracted from them; and in the commencement of the following year, the commissioners reported to the British ministry their inability, notwithstanding the most diligent inquisition, to procure evidence or information against a single individual.

THE TEA RIOT.

IN consequence of the pertinacious and successful exclusion of tea, that article had accumulated in the warehouses of the India Company, occasioning to them great loss. It was accordingly proposed, that the British duty of a shilling a pound should be drawn back on the import into America, where one of only threepence was to be imposed. The colonists, who would thus procure it cheaper than the English, might, it was hoped, be gently manœuvred out of the principle for which they so

The Tea Riot

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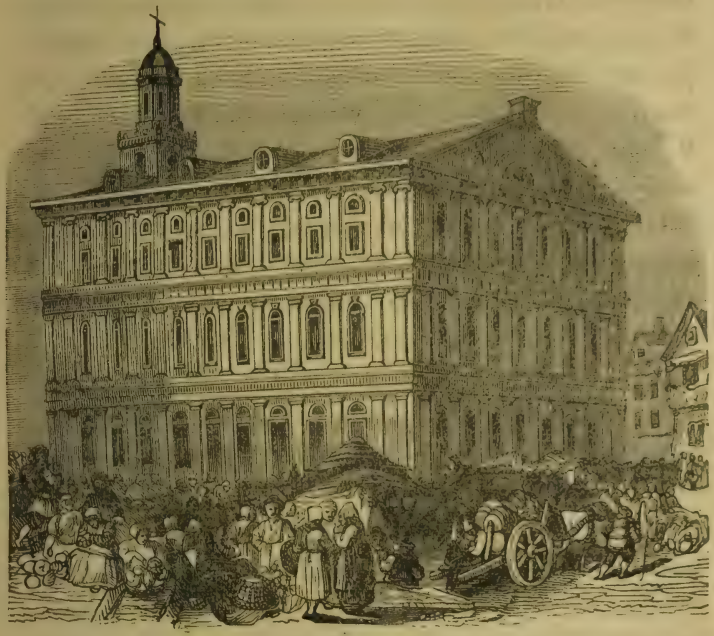
obstinately contended. It was almost madness to renew in any shape a contest in which the government had been so repeatedly worsted; though this was really a small measure to issue in a vast rebellion,—a slender spark to kindle such a mighty conflagration. We must reproach the parliamentary friends of America, that they sounded no note of alarm, and this momentous vote passed in the usual silent and unregarded manner.

The intelligence, when it reached the colonies, strongly roused the determination of the popular leaders. They were sensible, as is admitted by all their advocates, that if the tea were once landed and offered for sale at the cheap rate which these arrangements allowed, nothing could prevent its being bought and consumed; a circumstance which by no means indicates a very fervid zeal among the mass of the people. Large vessels, however, were already crossing the Atlantic, laden with this commodity, the introduction of which on so extensive a scale would completely break up their grand principle of non-taxation. They therefore determined to exert their utmost efforts to prevent the landing; and possessing a paramount influence in the mercantile ports, extorted a promise from the consignee to refuse it, and thus oblige the vessels to carry back their lading. Unfortunately, the agents at Boston rejected this demand, and appealed to the governor, who promised protection; but a mob was quickly collected, their houses were broken into, and themselves compelled to take refuge in Castle William. On the other hand, the governor and custom-house officers even

refused to permit the vessels which had arrived to depart without landing the tea. A general meeting of the inhabitants was then called, when resolutions were entered into to oppose such a proceeding; and a guard was appointed, who watched night and day to prevent any portion of the cargo from being sent ashore. Some time after, another great assemblage met at Faneuil Hall, where one party recommended moderate measures; but the majority discovered a violent spirit, and some undoubtedly desired to urge on steps which might issue in a total rupture. Mr. Quincy warned them, that a spirit was now necessary different from any hitherto displayed; they were advancing to "measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." The captain, who now sought to extricate himself from the affair, was allowed to make a last application to the governor for permission to depart; but having returned and reported a refusal, the meeting separated. Immediately after, the harbour was thronged by a vast multitude, seventeen of whom, disguised as Mohawk Indians, went on board the ships, took full possession of them, and deliberately emptied the whole of their cargoes into the sea.



Fanueil Hall.

THE BOSTON PORT BILL.

WHEN intelligence of so flagrant an outrage as the destruction of government stores by a lawless mob reached Parliament, measures of extreme severity were immediately adopted. These were not akin to Lord North's disposition; but he was probably goaded on by others, reproached for his previous concessions, and keenly sensible to

this total failure of his own favourite scheme. Now, he said, was the time to stand out, to defy them, to proceed with firmness and without fear. Boston was the centre whence all the present disorders emanated. It had been the ringleader in every riot, and set always the example which others only followed. To inflict a signal penalty on this city would be to strike at the root of the evil. He quoted several instances, as the murder of Dr. Lamb in London, under Charles II., and the execution of Captain Porteous by the Edinburgh mob, in which a whole city had been punished for an offence committed by a large body of its inhabitants. It was proposed, therefore, that the port of Boston should be closed, and no goods allowed to be either shipped or landed.

This interdict was to continue till the citizens should express a due sense of their error, and make full compensation to the company; when the crown, if it should see sufficient reason, might restore its lost privileges.

This motion, so big with war and disaster, when made in the House of Commons, met with such eager concurrence, that the very few who attempted opposition could not without extreme difficulty obtain a hearing. Alderman Sawbridge was obliged to tell them, that though he could not speak long, he could sit long. Even Colonel Barré, the standing advocate for America, said he approved of this measure for its moderation. Some zealous supporters of authority indulged in the most imprudent violence of invective against the Americans. Mr. Herbert described them as a strange set of people, from whom it was vain to

expect any degree of reasoning; they always chose tarring and feathering. Mr. Montague, second son to Lord Sandwich, attributed their boldness to the tame counsels, the weak and unmanly conduct of ministers, who allowed themselves to be swayed by a faction seeking popularity by clamour, and composed of the "vilest excrement of the earth." Mr. Van drew still greater attention, by declaring that the port ought to be knocked about their ears and destroyed, adding the quotation, "*delenda est Carthago.*"

The second reading passed without a division; but a petition was then presented by the lord mayor from a number of American settlers resident in London. It urged that the citizens of Boston had not been heard in their own defence, nor redress sought at common law. The place was not walled, nor held any executive power, and the offence had not even been committed within its limits. They proceeded, in very bold language, to observe that the attachment of their countrymen could not survive the justice of Great Britain,—a violation of which might extinguish the filial sentiments hitherto cherished. Some opposition was now mustered, Mr. Fuller proposing merely the imposition of a fine. Mr. Burke began that series of splendid orations which he devoted to the cause of American liberty. He denounced this confounding of the innocent and guilty, and expressed his heartfelt sorrow at the general aspect of affairs; the universal resistance of all America; one town in proscription, the rest in rebellion; not a port on its coast where goods could

be landed and vended. The consequences would be dreadful, nay, he was afraid, destructive; and he gave the prophetic warning, that ministers would draw upon themselves a foreign enemy at a time they little expected.

Two former governors, Johnstone and Pownall, expressed themselves earnestly in favour of the Americans; the former declaring he had advised the company against sending the tea, and was sure the affair would issue in rebellion. The latter excited the laughter of the house, by extolling the people for their love of order and peace. But it is remarkable, that none of their advocates now disputed the right of taxation. Mr. Dowdeswell referred to a time when this had been doubted by persons of great knowledge; now there was no such opinion; the policy only was questioned. It is remarkable that Mr. Fox on this occasion made his first appearance in parliamentary life, by objecting to the power vested in the crown of reopening the port; a suggestion which was not supported by either party.

The bill passed without a division. In the Lords, however, it encountered a stronger opposition from certain noblemen of great eminence and talent, particularly Rockingham, Shelburne, and Richmond; but the debates have not been preserved, and it passed finally without any protest.

However severe this measure, it seems not improbable that, had the minister stopped there, affairs might yet have been adjusted. Unhappily, the recollection of the advices of Bernard and Hutchinson, the long and obstinate opposition of the Massachusetts

Lord George Germain.

government, the recent outrage doubtless supported by some of its members, impelled to a determination of proceeding further, and divesting Boston of those privileges, certainly ample, which it had hitherto enjoyed. The town-meetings were to be prohibited, unless with the consent of the governor, who was also to have the appointment of all civil officers, except the supreme judges. On the suggestion of Lord George Germain, who warmly seconded the motion, the council was to be nominated solely by the crown, and juries to be chosen in a less popular manner. All the advocates of America, including Colonel Barré, and others who had acquiesced in the first bill, encountered the present with decided hos-

tility. The opposition divided against it, though mustering only sixty-four to two hundred and thirty-nine. In the Lords it was resisted with greater energy, and voted against, though only by twenty to ninety-two; but eleven signed a protest.

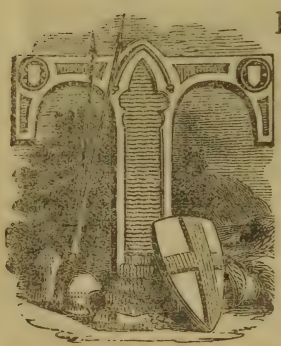
While this bill was going through its stages, the minister crowned the whole by a third, respecting individuals charged with offences against the state. According to a law formerly passed, but never executed, they might be conveyed for trial either to Britain or to some other colony. There was doubtless little prospect in New England of convicting them by jury for offences in which their countrymen generally sympathized; still, the being removed for trial to a remote country, the inhabitants of which were generally hostile, was a measure full of hardship and terror. Barré denounced it as big with misery and apprehension to America, and of danger to Great Britain. Let the banner of rebellion be once spread, and the British were an undone people. Ministers were urging this desperate, this destructive issue, and with such violence as if insurrection were their deliberate purpose. Alderman Sawbridge declared, if the provincials submitted, they would be the most abject slaves that ever the earth produced. Pownall loudly predicted a congress, and perhaps a war.

At the same time, another petition was presented by the resident Americans, describing the state to which these bills would reduce their countrymen as one of total slavery. While boasting of their loyal feelings, and their horror at an unnatural contest, they indicated not obscurely that such must be the

result of an attempt to execute these laws. The bill, however, passed in a thinner house, but with even a larger majority than the former, one hundred and twenty-seven to twenty-four. In the Lords, though there was a similar opposition, and a protest by eight peers, it was carried by forty-nine to twelve.

Carpenter's Hall.

FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS--CONSEQUENT PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.



THE Congress, destined to change the face of America, met at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774. They determined that their deliberations should be secret, that the results should be given to the world as unanimous, and no difference of opinion allowed to transpire. A committee was immediately appointed to report upon the rights violated, the injuries sustained, and the means of redress. Separate ones

were afterwards named to prepare addresses to the people of Great Britain, to the king, to the colonists, and to the Canadians.

These documents being submitted to Congress, and having undergone some revisal and alteration, were produced to the world. The grievances complained of were chiefly the imposition of taxes by the British Parliament, the quartering of troops, and the several acts relating to Massachusetts. Their demand was, to be replaced in exactly the same state as at the conclusion of the last war. No mention was introduced of the Pennsylvanian conciliatory propositions,—the voluntary grant of a revenue, or compensation to the company. No acknowledgment was made of any errors committed by their countrymen, requiring apology or atonement. They merely undertook to provide for their civil government, for an effective militia, and in case of war, to exert their most strenuous efforts in granting supplies and raising men. The people of Massachusetts were strictly enjoined not to submit to any act under the new constitution. The time, however, was considered not yet come for resisting by force. They were to make an attempt to gain their objects by a solemn engagement, that, after the 1st of December, 1774, no article should be imported from the mother country or her colonies; and if, by the 10th of September, 1775, their demands were not satisfied, all exports to these quarters should cease.

In the petition to the king, their expressions of duty and loyalty were strong,—more so than in the first draft, which, in this respect, was considered

deficient. To the people of Britain they expressed an ardent desire to maintain the union as their greatest glory and happiness, and to contribute with their utmost power to the welfare of the whole empire. They concluded, however,—"but if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind; if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of the law, the principles of the constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell you, that we will never submit to be hewers of wood or drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world."

The intelligence of most of these proceedings had reached Britain before the meeting of Parliament in November, 1774. The king's speech announced the violences committed in Massachusetts and countenanced by the other colonies, declaring a resolution to withstand every attempt to weaken or impair the authority of the British legislature. This was re-echoed by large majorities in both houses, though under a protest by nine lords, a proceeding very unusual on such occasions. Parliament was soon after prorogued; and ministers do not seem to have formed any fixed resolution, as they made no increase in the votes either for the army or navy. In the course of the recess, however, further intelligence being received, the determination was at length formed to employ coercive measures. As a prelude, Lord North, when the houses met on the 19th of January, 1775, laid before them a large mass of

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Lord Chatham

documents received from the governors of the different colonies, and which were submitted to a committee.

On the 20th, proceedings were opened by Lord Chatham proposing an address to the king for the removal of the troops from Boston. "Something," he said, "must be done instantly; there must be no further delay—no, not for a moment; the thing might be over; one drop of blood shed, and the wound was incurable." This army could serve no useful purpose, since it could never subdue the whole American people; it was an army of impotence — an army of irritation. He again justified the colonists in resisting such measures as those imposed on them, and panegyrized the congress as having displayed a higher wisdom than the assemblies of ancient Greece; he wished the young men of Great Britain would imitate them. The oppressive acts *must* be repealed. "I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not." It is better then to concede with a good grace, than to hold out till compelled by necessity. Yet he still stood for the legislative supremacy of England, and even conceived that without it the British crown would not be worth the wearing. The motion was supported by Shelburne, Camden, Rockingham, and Richmond; but ministers urged, not without some reason, that to recede at this moment, after having gone so far, and in the face of such a daring resistance, would really amount to a complete submission, and involve the loss of all their authority.

They reproached the mover with sowing divisions, and giving encouragement to the malecontents. The motion was negatived by sixty-eight to eighteen. Chatham, however, immediately followed it up by a bill for settling the transatlantic troubles. It proposed to renounce the power of taxation, but to call upon Congress to acknowledge the supreme legislative power of Britain, and invite them to make a free grant of a certain annual revenue, to be employed in meeting the charge on the national debt. All the obnoxious acts were then to be repealed. The Earl of Dartmouth was willing that it should lie on the table; but this was strongly condemned and opposed by the other members, and, after a warm debate, was negatived, though thirty-two against sixty-one voted in its favour. Lord Camden afterwards bitterly reproached the house, that a plan coming from so high a quarter should, without examination, have been spurned and trampled upon. "Obliterate," said he, "the transaction from your records; let not posterity know it."

The minister, meantime, in a committee of the Commons, intimated his plans for coercing the colonies, by sending out an additional force, and by crushing the foreign trade and fisheries of New England. He proposed an address approving these measures, declaring Massachusetts to be in rebellion, and assuring his majesty of full support in maintaining his just rights and those of Parliament. After some stormy debates, in which the usual arguments were reiterated, it was carried in both houses; in the lower by two hundred and ninety-six to one hundred

and six; in the upper by eighty-seven to twenty-seven, eighteen peers protesting. This was followed, on a royal message, by an additional vote of two thousand seamen, and four thousand four hundred land troops. The minister then brought into the Commons his anti-commercial bill against New England, afterwards extended to the other colonies. This was represented as a just punishment for their contumacious proceedings, and only a fair retaliation of the similar course adopted by Congress. It encountered the usual opposition, Lord Camden saying: "It is a bill of war—it draws the sword." Rash and contemptuous expressions were used by members on the government side. General Grant declared that, with five regiments of infantry, he could drive them from one end of the continent to the other. Lord Sandwich described them as a raw, undisciplined, cowardly rabble, who, at the first sound of cannon, would run off as fast as their feet could carry them; their real object, he declared, was to defraud their creditors. Lord Suffolk, secretary of state, censured the use of contumelious expressions, and represented the measure to be merely temporary, with the view of bringing the Americans to their duty. It was carried, as usual, by large majorities,—one hundred and eighty-eight to fifty-eight in the one house, and seventy-three to twenty-one in the other.

After this series of coercive measures, Lord North, who had occasionally shown some symptoms of relenting, surprised the house by a conciliatory proposition. Its tenor was, that when the assembly in any colony should propose, besides maintaining its own

civil government, to raise a certain revenue, and make it disposable by Parliament, it would be proper to forbear imposing any tax unless for the regulation of commerce. To these terms, it was objected by the parliamentary friends of the colonists, and afterwards by themselves, that they remedied no grievance except taxation, and even on that head contained nothing specific. It referred all to a future decision of the British legislature, in whose friendly disposition they were far from confiding. The premier had also to sustain a hot fire from his usual supporters, who branded this step as grossly inconsistent with the address and with all the other measures. He was obliged to represent that the rejection of these terms, admitted as highly probable, would at least increase the number of the well-affected, and divide the male-contents. The proposal was carried by two hundred and seventy-four to eighty-eight. Mr. Burke then brought forward, and eloquently supported, a series of resolutions, in which, without entering into any question of speculative right, a complete practical concession was made of the points in dispute. Their fate might be easily conjectured, being negatived by two hundred and seventy to seventy-eight.

The mercantile interest, however, smarting under the cessation of intercourse, adopted with ardour the cause of the colonists. On the 10th of April, an address was presented to the king by the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery of London, condemning all the late measures against the Americans, and pronouncing their resistance justifiable. A stern answer was returned, expressing astonishment that any subject

should be capable of abetting and encouraging such rebellious courses.

The British government appears, after all, to have cherished a strong desire for pacification. Doctor Franklin being still resident in London, two gentlemen, with the consent of some of the ministry, earnestly solicited him to suggest some conciliatory plan. He drew up, under the title of "Hints," seventeen propositions, embracing of course all the demands of America, conceding payment for the tea, and certain contributions of revenue. While these were under discussion, Lord Howe procured an introduction to him, and expressed an earnest wish for reconciliation, though he was afraid the terms would never be accepted. On the 4th of February, 1775, however, two months after their delivery, an answer was returned, agreeing, in an extent at least likely to be satisfactory, to the whole, except the abolition of the new constitution of Massachusetts. This, it was said, as being a real improvement, and as a standing example of the power of Parliament, must be continued. Franklin answered, that the claim of altering the charters and rights upon which the governments were founded, without the consent of the parties to whom they had been granted, was one which could never be submitted to. Yet another series of proposals were on the 16th of February presented from the ministry, but as they did not concede this article, the negotiation was unhappily broken up.

ORGANIZATION OF THE MINUTE-MEN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous attempts at pacification, the breach between England and Massachusetts was daily widening. Although allegiance to the mother country was professedly maintained, yet the governor found himself unable to enforce even the slightest commands. Orders for the meeting of an Assembly at Salem, had been issued by General Gage on the 5th of October; but fearing that, from the condition of popular feeling, they might adopt measures prejudicial to the royal authority, he subsequently countermanded the order. This measure gave so much dissatisfaction, that on the day appointed the representatives actually met,

organized themselves into a provincial congress, and adjourned to Concord.

Here they made choice of Hancock to be their president, and appointed a committee to present to the governor a remonstrance against all his recent measures, concluding with an earnest request that he would desist from the construction of the fortress which he was erecting at the entrance of Boston, "*and restore that place to its neutral state.*" Gage, who, though capable of dissimulation, possessed a hotter temper than befitted his elevated station and difficult predicament, took fire at this language; he expressed the warmest displeasure at the supposition of danger from English troops to any but the enemies of England; and desired the committee to convey to the congress his warning counsel that they should hasten to desist from their illegal proceedings. Disregarding his admonition and defying his power, the provincial congress adjourned to Cambridge, where, relieved from all doubts of the general support of America, they embraced and pursued measures of unexampled boldness and vigour. They appointed a committee to prepare a plan for the immediate defence of the province; gave orders for the enlistment of a number of the inhabitants to be in readiness, *at a minute's warning*, to appear in arms; elected three general officers (Preble, Ward, and Pomeroy) to command these *minute-men* and the provincial militia in case of their being called to active service; and appointed a council of safety and a committee of supplies. One of the secretaries whom they elected was Benjamin Lincoln, afterwards a general in the American service, and

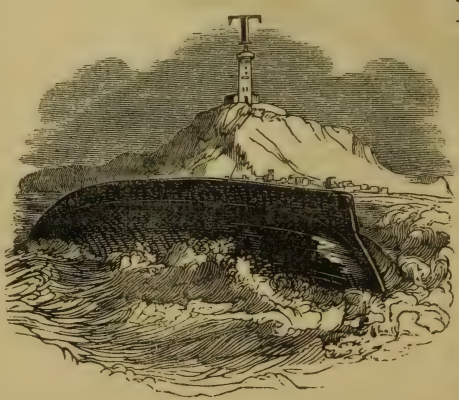
highly distinguished as a gallant and indefatigable partisan of his country's cause. Reassembling after an adjournment of a few weeks (November), the same congress, sensible that their countrymen applauded their measures, and that their constituents were prepared to yield implicit obedience to their decrees, passed an ordinance for the equipment of twelve thousand men to act on any emergency, and for the enlistment of a fourth part of the militia as minute-men; appointed two additional general officers, Thomas and Heath; and sent delegates to New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, to request the co-operation of those provinces in completing an army of twenty thousand men. A committee was likewise appointed to correspond with the inhabitants of Canada; and circular letters were addressed to all the clergymen of Massachusetts, requesting their assistance to avert impending slavery.

And now all America was aroused by expectation of awful conflict and mighty change. New England, upon which the first violence of the storm seemed likely to descend, was agitated by rumours and alarms, of which the import and influence strikingly portrayed the sentiments and temper of the people. Reports that Gage had commanded his troops to attack the Massachusetts militia, or to fire upon the town of Boston, were swallowed with the avidity of rage and hatred, and instantly covered the highways with thousands of armed men, mustering in hot haste, and eager to rush forward to death or revenge. Everything betokened the explosion of a tempest; and some partial gusts announced its near approach,

and proved the harbingers of its fury. In the close of the year, there reached America a proclamation issued by the king, prohibiting the exportation of military stores from Great Britain. The inhabitants of Rhode Island no sooner received intelligence of this mandate, than they removed from the public battery about forty pieces of cannon; and the assembly of the province gave orders for procuring arms and martial stores, and for the immediate equipment of a military force.

Colonel Pickering.

PATRICK HENRY—SECOND PROVINCIAL CONGRESS--FIRST MILITARY ENTERPRISE.



THE example of Massachusetts in preparing for defence was followed by the other provinces; and warlike counsels were boldly broached in the provincial assemblies and con-

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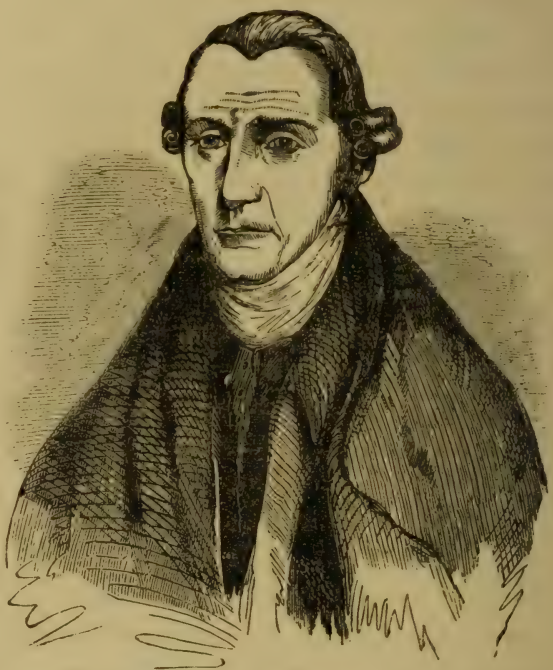


Patrick Henry.

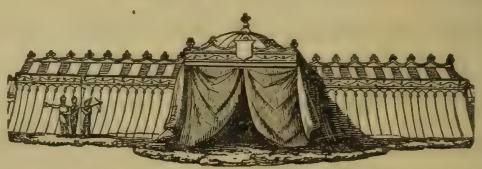
gresses. When (March 23) some members of the Virginia assembly urged the postponement of these preparations, reminding their colleagues of the power of Britain and the comparative weakness of America, and insisting that it would be time enough to fly to arms when every well-founded hope of peace had entirely vanished, — Patrick Henry, with vehement and victorious eloquence, contended that *that time had already come.* "It is natural," said he, "to man, to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are prone to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that enchantress till she transforms us into beasts. *There is no longer any room for hope.* We must *fight.* I repeat it, sir, we *must* fight. An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us. They tell us that we are weak, and unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be when our supineness shall have enabled *our enemies* to bind us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make use of those means which the God of nature has placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as ours, are invincible by any force which *our enemy* can send against us. Nor shall we fight our battles alone. That God who presides over the destinies of nations, will raise up friends to aid us. The battle is not to the strong alone; but to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, we have no longer a choice. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged;

their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! Gentlemen may cry, 'Peace! Peace!' — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms." These last words proved prophetic.

The provincial congress, which had now (1775) superseded the General Court of Massachusetts, assembling in the beginning of February, published an address acquainting the people, that, from the large reinforcements of troops that were expected at Boston, the tenor of intelligence from Britain, and other indications, they had reason to apprehend that the sudden destruction of the colony was intended; and urging in the strongest terms the militia in general, and the minute-men in particular, to spare neither time, pains, nor expense, to perfect themselves in military preparation. They also passed resolutions for procuring and making firearms and bayonets, and decreed an issue of provincial bills of credit to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. The military preparations which they recommended were diligently pursued, and artillery and provisions were collected at various places. General Gage was not an inattentive spectator of these proceedings. Having learned that some military stores belonging to the colonists were deposited in Salem, he despatched Colonel Leslie from Castle William, on the 26th of February, with one hundred and forty soldiers in a transport to seize them. The troops, landing at Marblehead, proceeded to Salem; but not finding

there the object of their expedition, they advanced along the road leading to Danvers, whither the stores had been removed, and reached the drawbridge laid across the river. Here a number of the country people were assembled, and on the opposite side the American colonel, Pickering, had mustered thirty or forty armed men, and, having drawn up the bridge, stood prepared to dispute the passage of the river. Leslie commanded them to lower the bridge; but, as they peremptorily refused, he was preparing to cross the river in some boats that were moored to the shore, when the people, who had gathered around him, perceiving his intention, sprang into the boats and scuttled them with axes. The day of this occurrence was a Sunday; and, as most of the neighbouring inhabitants were at church, this circumstance (as Gage was supposed to have anticipated) prevented the diffusion of alarm, and diminished the concourse of armed Americans. A conflict, nevertheless, was on the point of ensuing, when it was averted by the prudent interposition of Barnard, one of the Congregational ministers of Salem, who, finding Leslie determined to cross the river, but willing, if this point were yielded, to content himself with marching thirty paces beyond it, and then return without attempting further progress, prevailed with his countrymen to indulge the British with this empty triumph, which, indeed, could have been pushed no further, as the stores were already removed, during the delay that had been created. At length the bridge was lowered; and Pickering, with his men still facing the British troops, retired to the line they had measured

and marked. Leslie and his soldiers, after advancing to the stipulated point, returned and embarked for Boston. Thus ended the first military enterprise of the Revolutionary War, without effect and without bloodshed; but not without additionally kindling the spirit, the vigilance, and the jealousy of the Americans, and inflaming the bitter animosity progressively created between them and the British soldiery. They declared that Gage and his troops (doubtless encouraged by secret orders from Britain) had treated them as rebels, before the British government itself dared to affix this stigma upon them; and that the previous seizures of arms on their own part in New Hampshire and Rhode Island, were merely retaliatory measures and defensive preparations. In such circumstances, an expedition as harmless as the last was not likely again to occur; and it needed less the sagacity of Patrick Henry to foresee, than his spirit and intrepidity firmly to contemplate, the more serious trial which the resolution of the people of Massachusetts was soon to undergo.



BATTLES OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

CONSIDERABLE quantity of military stores having been deposited at Concord, an inland town, about eighteen miles from Boston, General Gage purposed to destroy them. For the execution of this design, he, on the night preceding the 19th of April, detached Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, with eight hundred grenadiers and light infantry; who, at eleven o'clock, embarked in boats at the bottom of the

common in Boston, crossed the river Charles, and, landing at Phipps's farm in Cambridge, commenced a silent and expeditious march for Concord.

Although several British officers, who dined at Cambridge the preceding day, had taken the precaution to disperse themselves along the road leading to Concord, to intercept any expresses that might be sent from Boston to alarm the country; yet messengers, who had been sent from town for that purpose, had eluded the British patrols, and given an alarm, which was rapidly spread by church bells, signal guns, and volleys.

The march of the British was so cautious, that they remained undiscovered till within a mile and a half of Lexington meeting-house, and time was scarce left for the last messenger to return with the tidings of their approach.

The new alarm is now given; the bell rings, alarm guns are fired, the drum beats to arms. Some of the militia had gone home, when dismissed; but the greater part were in the neighbouring houses, and instantly obeyed the summons. Sixty or seventy appeared on the green, and were drawn up in double ranks. At this moment the British column of eight hundred gleaming bayonets appears, headed by their mounted commanders, their banners flying and drums beating a charge. To engage them with a handful of militia of course was madness,—to fly at the sight of them, they disdained. The British troops rush furiously on; their commanders, with mingled threats and execrations, bid the Americans lay down their arms and disperse, and their own troops to fire.

A moment's delay, as of compunction, follows. The order with vehement imprecations is repeated, and they fire. No one falls, and the band of self-devoted heroes, most of whom had never seen such a body of troops before, stand firm in the front of an army, outnumbering them ten to one. Another volley succeeds; the killed and wounded drop, and it was not till they had returned the fire of the overwhelming force, that the militia were driven from the field. A scattered fire now succeeded on both sides while the Americans remained in sight; and the British troops were then drawn up on the green, to fire a volley and give a shout in honour of the victory.

On arriving at Concord, it was the first care of the British commander to cut off the approach of the Americans from the neighbouring towns, by destroying or occupying the bridges. A party was immediately sent to the south bridge and tore it up. A force of six companies, under Captains Parsons and Lowrie, was sent to the north bridge. Three companies under Captain Lowrie were left to guard it, and three under Captain Parsons proceeded to Colonel Barrett's house, in search of provincial stores. While they were engaged on that errand, the militia of Concord, joined by their brave brethren from the neighbouring towns, gathered on the hill opposite the north bridge, under the command of Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick. The British companies at the bridge were now apparently bewildered with the perils of their situation, and began to tear up the planks of the bridge; not remembering that this would expose their

own party, then at Colonel Barrett's, to certain and entire destruction.

The Americans, on the other hand, resolved to keep open the communication with the town; and perceiving the attempt which was made to destroy the bridge, were immediately put in motion, with orders not to give the first fire. They draw near to the bridge, the Acton company in front, led on by the gallant Davis. Three alarm guns were fired into the water, by the British, without arresting the march of our citizens. The signal for a general discharge is then made;—a British soldier steps from the ranks and fires at Major Buttrick. The ball passed between his arm and his side, and slightly wounded Mr. Luther Blanchard, who stood near him. A volley instantly followed, and Captain Davis was shot through the heart, gallantly marching at the head of the Acton militia against the choice troops of the British line. A private of his company, Mr. Hosmer, of Acton, also fell at his side.

A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British party, after the loss of several killed and wounded, toward the centre of the town, followed by the brave band who had driven them from their post. The advance party of British at Colonel Barrett's was thus left to its fate; and nothing would have been more easy than to effect its entire destruction. But the idea of a declared war had yet scarcely forced itself, with all its consequences, into the minds of our countrymen; and these advanced companies were allowed to return unmolested to the main band.

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Battle of Concord Bridge.

It was now twelve hours since the first alarm had been given, the evening before, of the meditated expedition. The swift watches of that eventful night had scattered the tidings far and wide; and widely as they spread, the people rose in their strength. The genius of America, on this the morning of her emancipation, had sounded her horn over the plains and upon the mountains; and the indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with the weapons which had done service in their fathers' hands, poured to the spot where this new and strange tragedy was acting. The old New England drums, that had beat at Louisbourg, at Quebec, at Martinique, at the Havana, were now sounding on all the roads to Concord. There were officers in the British line that knew the sound; they had heard it, in the deadly breach, beneath the black, deep-throated engines of the French and Spanish castles.

With the British it was a question no longer of protracted hostility, nor even of halting long enough to rest their exhausted troops, after a weary night's march, and all the labour, confusion, and distress of the day's efforts. Their dead were hastily buried in the public square; their wounded placed in the vehicles which the town afforded; and a flight commenced, to which the annals of British warfare will hardly afford a parallel.

On all the neighbouring hills, were multitudes from the surrounding country, of the unarmed and infirm, of women and of children, who had fled from the terrors and the perils of the plunder and conflagration of their homes; or were collected, with fearful curiosity, to mark the progress of this storm of war. The

Retreat from Concord.

panic fears of a calamitous flight, on the part of the British, transformed this inoffensive, timid throng into a threatening array of armed men; and there was too much reason for the misconception. Every height of ground, within reach of the line of march, was covered with the indignant avengers of their slaughtered brethren. The British light companies were sent out to great distances as flanking parties; but who was to flank the flankers? Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone wall, was *lined* (I use the words of a British officer in the battle), was lined with an unintermitted fire.

Before the flying troops had reached Lexington, their rout was entire. An English historian says, the British soldiers were driven before the Americans like

sheep; till, by a last desperate effort, the officers succeeded in forcing their way to the front, "when they presented their swords and bayonets against the breasts of their own men, and told them if they advanced they should die." Upon this, they began to form, under what the same British officer pronounces "a very heavy fire," which must soon have led to the destruction or capture of the whole corps.

At this critical moment, it pleased Providence that a reinforcement should arrive. Colonel Smith had sent back a messenger from Lexington, to apprise General Gage of the check he had there received, and of the alarm which was running through the country. Three regiments of infantry, and two divisions of marines, with two field-pieces, under the command of Brigadier-General Lord Percy, were accordingly detached. They marched out of Boston, through Roxbury and Cambridge, and came up with the flying party, in the hour of their extreme peril. While their field-pieces kept the Americans at bay, the reinforcement drew up in a hollow square, into which, says the British historian, they received the exhausted fugitives, "who lay down on the ground, with their tongues hanging from their mouths, like dogs after a chase."

A half-hour was given to rest; the march was then resumed; and under cover of the field-pieces, every house in Lexington, and on the road downwards, was plundered and set on fire. Though the flames in most cases were speedily extinguished, several houses were destroyed. Notwithstanding the attention of a great part of the Americans was thus

Earl Percy.

drawn off, and although the British force was now more than doubled, their retreat still wore the aspect of a flight. The Americans filled the heights that overhung the road, and at every defile the struggle was sharp and bloody. At West Cambridge the gallant Warren (never distant when danger was to be braved) appeared in the field, and a musket-ball soon cut off a lock of hair from his temple. General Heath was with him, nor does there appear till this moment to have been any effective command among the American forces.

Below West Cambridge, the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline, came up. The British field-pieces began to lose their terror. A sharp skirmish followed, and many fell on both sides.

Indignation and outraged humanity struggled on the one hand, veteran discipline and desperation on the other; and the contest, in more than one instance, was man to man, and bayonet to bayonet.

The British officers had been compelled to descend from their horses, to escape the certain destruction which attended their exposed situation. The wounded, to the number of two hundred, now presented the most distressing and constantly increasing obstruction to the progress of the march. Near one hundred brave men had fallen in this disastrous flight; a considerable number had been made prisoners; a round or two of ammunition only remained; and it was not till late in the evening, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when the first detachment was put in motion, that the exhausted remnant reached the heights of Charlestown. The boats of the vessels-of-war were immediately employed to transport the wounded; the remaining British troops in Boston came over to Charlestown to protect their weary countrymen during the night; and, before the close of the next day, the royal army was formally besieged in Boston.

It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise, and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted whether there was an efficient order given the whole day, to any body of men as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as

freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands.

Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of everything is fully made up by the spirit of the cause, and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendour of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever deserts the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out to nourish it into strength and fury.

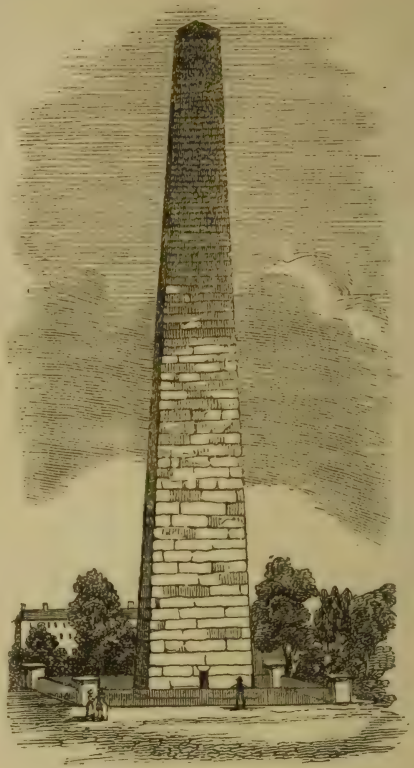
But, in the efforts of the people—of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle without intrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them.

No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings

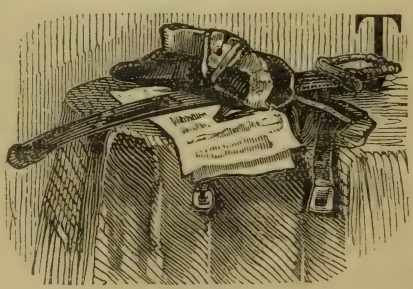
of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valour springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer.

The people always conquer. They must always conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and, when they rise against the invader, are never subdued.

If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket, their palisado; and Nature—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies, beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.



BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.



THE traveller who visits Boston, cannot fail to associate in his mind the field of battle where the early heroes of the revolution first established the character of that

Battle of Bunker's Hill.

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event, marked as it was by undaunted resolution, the offspring of a determined purpose. From the State House of Massachusetts, conspicuously seated on an eminence, the eye ranges over Charlestown, a considerable town that now adjoins Boston by a spacious bridge. The patriot will scarcely content himself with a remote view of this impressive scene, designated by the celebrated Bunker's Hill Monument.

At a distance of about two miles, some hills are discerned, viz:—Prospect Hill, Plowed Hill, Breed's Hill, and Bunker's Hill. As you advance on the road in the rear of the navy yard at Charlestown, Breed's Hill rears its venerable brow on the left. Here it was, that a detachment from the American army of one thousand men, under Colonel Prescott, began at twelve o'clock in the night of the 16th of June, 1775, to throw up some works, extending from Charlestown to the river which separates that town from Boston. They proceeded with such secrecy and despatch, that the officers of a ship-of-war then in the river expressed their astonishment, when in the morning they saw intrenchments reared and fortified in the space of a few hours, where, from the contiguity of the situation, they least expected the Americans would look them in the face.

The alarm being immediately given, orders were issued that a continual fire should be kept playing upon the unfinished works, from the ships, the floating batteries in the river, and Copp's Hill, a fortified post of the British in Boston, directly opposite the American redoubt; but, with extraordinary perseverance, the

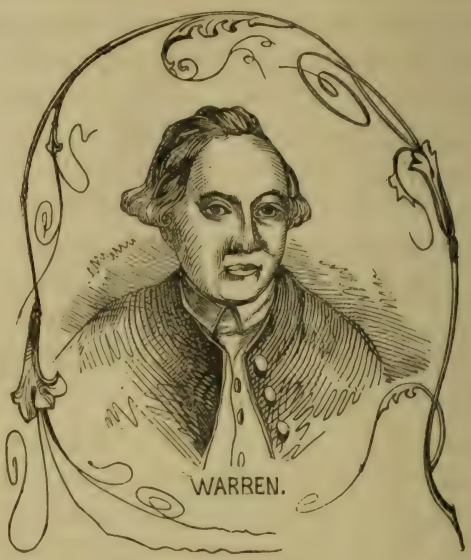
Americans continued to strengthen their works, not returning a shot till noon, when a number of boats and barges filled with regular troops from Boston approached Charlestown. The day was exceedingly hot. Ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, with a proportion of field-artillery, landed at Moreton's Point, the whole commanded by Major-General Howe and Brigadier-General Pigot. These troops having formed, remained in that position till joined by a second detachment of light infantry and grenadier companies, the 47th regiment, and a battalion of marines, making in the whole near three thousand men.

The Americans had not a rifleman amongst them, not one being yet arrived from the southward, nor had they any rifle pieces; they had but common muskets, and these mostly without bayonets; but then they were almost all marksmen, being accustomed to sporting of one kind or other from their youth. A reinforcement of Massachusetts troops was posted in a redoubt, and in part of the breastwork nearest it. The left of the breastwork, and the open ground stretching beyond its point to the water side, along which time did not admit of accomplishing the work, were occupied partly by the Massachusetts, and partly by the Connecticut men under Captain Knowlton of Ashford, and the New Hampshire under Colonel Stark, the whole amounting to about one thousand five hundred men. By direction of the officers the troops upon the open ground pulled up the post and rail fence, and carrying it forward to another of the same kind, and placing

some clods of grass between, formed a slight defence in some parts.

A critical scene now opened to the view. The British regulars, formed in two lines, advanced slowly, frequently halting to give time for the artillery to fire. The light infantry were directed to force the left point of the breastwork, and to take the American line in flank. The grenadiers advanced to attack in front, supported by two battalions, under General Howe, while the left, under General Pigot, inclined to the right of the American line. As the British advanced nearer and nearer to the attack, a carcass was discharged from Copp's Hill, which set on fire an old house in Charlestown, and the flames quickly spread to others. The houses at the eastern end of Charlestown were set on fire by seamen from the boats. The whole town, consisting of about three hundred dwelling-houses, and nearly two hundred other buildings, speedily became involved in one great blaze, being chiefly of timber. The large meeting-house, by its aspiring steeple, formed a pyramid of fire above the rest. The houses, heights, and steeples in Boston were covered with spectators of this anxious scene, and the surrounding hills were occupied by others.

The slow movement of the British troops advancing to the attack, afforded to the Americans the advantage of taking a surer and more deliberate aim. The wind having shifted, carried the smoke from the conflagration in such a direction that the British had not the cover of it in their approach. The destruction of the place, however, served to prevent their opponents from effecting a lodgment in the houses,



whence they might have annoyed to advantage. General Warren, who had been appointed by Congress a major-general in their armies only four days before, was everywhere aiding and encouraging his men. General Pomeroy commanded a brigade, and General Putnam, a brave and meritorious officer, directed the whole on the fall of General Warren. The troops were ordered to reserve their fire until the close approach of the British. They strictly obeyed, with a steadiness and composure that would have done honour to the most approved veterans; and when the enemy had arrived within ten or twelve rods, poured in a discharge of small arms, which arrested and so staggered their foes that they could

only for a time return it, without advancing a step. Finding the stream of the American fire so incessant as to mow down whole sections, they retired in disorder to the river. Rallying as well as their extraordinary loss of officers would admit of, the British again advanced, with an apparent resolution of forcing their way, whatever loss of lives it might cost them. The Americans again reserved their fire till the enemy arrived within five or six rods, when, discharging their pieces, which were admirably pointed, they threw the opposing ranks again into confusion. General Clinton, who, with General Gage, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in Boston, was on Copp's Hill, observing the events of the day, when he perceived the disconcerted state of the troops, passed over and joined just in time to be of service. The united and strenuous efforts of the different officers were again successful, and the columns were advanced a third time to the attack, with a desperation increased by the unshaken opposition they experienced. It is probable, from the nature of the resistance, that every effort to dislodge the Americans would have been ineffectual, had not their ammunition failed; on sending for a supply, none could be procured, as there was but a barrel and a half in the magazine. This deficiency prevented them from making the same defence as before; while the British enjoyed a further advantage, by bringing some cannon to bear so as to rake the inside of the breastwork from end to end, upon which the Americans were compelled to retreat within their redoubt. The British now made a decisive movement, covered by

the fire of the ships, batteries, and field-artillery. The Americans disputed the possession of the works with the butt-ends of their muskets, until the redoubt, easily mounted and attacked on three sides at once, was taken, and their defences, the labour of only a few hours, had been prostrated by artillery. Whilst these operations were going on at the breastwork and redoubt, the British light infantry were engaged in attempting to force the left point of the former, through the space between that and the water, that they might take the American line in flank. The resistance they met with was as formidable and fatal in its effects as experienced in the other quarter; for here also the Americans, by command, reserved their fire till the enemy's close approach, and then poured in a discharge so well directed, and with such execution, that wide chasms were made in every rank. Some of the Americans were slightly guarded by the rail fences, but others were altogether exposed, so that their bravery in close combat was put to the test, independent of defences neither formed by military rules or workmen. The most determined assaults of their regular opponents, who were now brought to the charge with redoubled fury, could not, after all, compel them to retreat, till they observed that their main body had left the hill, when they retrograded, but with a regularity that could scarcely have been expected of troops newly embodied, and who in general never before saw an engagement. Overpowered by numbers, and seeing all hope of reinforcement cut off by the incessant fire of the ships

across a neck of land that separated them from the country, they were compelled to quit the ground.

The staunch opposition of this band of patriots saved their comrades, who must otherwise have been cut off, as the enemy, but for them, would have been in rear of the whole. While these brave heroes retired, disputing every inch of ground, and taking up every new position successively that admitted of defence, their leader, the gallant Warren, unfortunately received a ball through the right side of the skull, and mechanically clapping his hand to the wound, dropped down dead.

The British, taught by the experience of this day to respect their rustic adversaries, contented themselves with taking post at Bunker's Hill, which they fortified. The Americans, with the enthusiasm of men determined to be free, did the same upon Prospect Hill, a mile in front. It was here that General Putnam regaled the precious remains of his army, after their fatigues, with several hogsheads of beer. Owing to some unaccountable error, the working parties, who had been incessantly labouring the whole of the preceding night, were neither relieved nor supplied with refreshment, but left to engage under all these disadvantages.

This battle was generally admitted, by experienced officers of the British army who witnessed it, and had served at Minden, Dettingen, and throughout the campaigns in Germany, to have been unparalleled for the time it lasted and the numbers engaged. There was a continued sheet of fire from the breastwork for near half an hour, and the action was hot for about

double that period. In this short space of time, the loss of the British, according to General Gage, amounted to one thousand and fifty-four, of whom two hundred and twenty-six were killed; of these nineteen were commissioned officers, including a lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and seven captains; seventy other officers were wounded.

The battle of Quebec, in the former war, with all its glory, and the vastness of the consequences attending it, was not so disastrous in the loss of officers as this affair of an American intrenchment, the work of but a few hours. The fact was, the Americans, accustomed to aim with precision, and to select objects, directed their skill principally against the officers of the British army, justly conceiving that much confusion would ensue on their fall. Nearly all the officers around the person of General Howe were killed or disabled, and the general himself narrowly escaped. At the battle of Minden, where the British regiments sustained the force of the whole French army for a considerable time, the number of officers killed, including two who died soon after of their wounds, was only thirteen, and the wounded sixty-six; the total loss of the army on that occasion was two hundred and ninety-one in killed, and one thousand and thirty-seven wounded.

The British acknowledged the valour of their opponents, which, by no means new to them, surpassed on this occasion what could have been expected of a *handful* of *cottagers*, as they termed them, under officers of little military knowledge, and still less experience, whom they affected to hold in contempt.

They pretended to forget that many of the common soldiers who gained such laurels by their singular bravery on the Plains of Abraham, when Wolfe died in the arms of victory, were natives of the Massachusetts Bay. When Martinique was attacked in 1761, and the British force was greatly reduced by sickness and mortality, the timely arrival of the New England troops enabled the British commander to prosecute the reduction of the island to a happy issue. A part of the troops being sent on an expedition to the Havana, the New Englanders, whose health had been much impaired by service and the climate, were embarked in three ships for their native country, with a view to their recovery. Before they had completed their voyage, they found themselves restored, ordered the ships about, steered immediately for the Havana, arrived when the British were too much weakened to expect success, and by their junction contributed materially to the surrender of the place. Their fidelity, activity, and good conduct, were such as to gain the approbation and unbounded confidence of the British officers. Of such elementary principles were the heroes of Bunker's Hill composed. It surely was a misguided policy to rouse the opposition of men made of these materials.

A spot so fertile in great associations, could not but attract the special notice of President Monroe, during his tour to the eastward. It was precisely where Warren fell that his excellency met the citizens of Charlestown on the occasion, and addressed them as follows:

"It is highly gratifying to me to meet the com-

mittee of Charlestown upon a theatre so interesting to the United States. It is impossible to approach Bunker's Hill, where the war of the revolution commenced with so much honour to the nation, without being deeply affected. The blood spilt here roused the whole American people, and united them in a common cause, in defence of their rights.—That union will never be broken."

Whether, indeed, we consider the action of the 17th of June in itself, or as the prelude to succeeding events, we must pronounce it to be the most glorious of our history, for the numbers engaged and the defences made use of.

If we except that of New Orleans, no parallel is to be found to it, in the extent of impression produced upon the enemy. But there, time had been afforded for maturing the works, which were constructed under the superintendence of skilful engineers, and extended across a position that could not be outflanked. Twelve hours only were gained for those on Breed's Hill, formed, during a great part of the time, under a heavy fire from the enemy's ships, a number of floating batteries, beside fortifications which poured upon them an incessant shower of shot and shells, and left incomplete, owing to the intolerable cannonade.

We shall close this account with an extract from General Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 1.

"In the temper of the colonists, the deliberate attack on the provincials at Breed's Hill, the 17th of June, 1775, under the orders of General Gage, became the signal for a general appeal to arms. These, indeed, were times which tried men's souls, but they

have passed away, and may they never be forgotten. The personal services and sufferings of those days, ought ever to obtain that consideration which the blessings of liberty and independence secured should inspire.

"On the evacuation of Boston by the enemy, I accompanied Colonels Stark and Reed to take a view of Bunker's Hill,—that memorable theatre of action, where the sword dissevered the ties of consanguinity, and cut asunder the social bonds that united the American colonies to the parent state.

"Arrived on the field of battle, where those officers had performed conspicuous parts, with anxious inquiry I traced the general disposition of our yeomanry on that eventful day, and the particular station of each corps; I marked the vestiges of the *post and rail fence* on the left, and the breastwork thrown up on the beach of Mystic river, which covered our armed citizens. I paced the distance to the point from whence the British light infantry, after three successive gallant charges, were finally repulsed. I examined the redoubt, the intrenchment, the landings and approaches of the enemy, and every point of attack and defence. Resting on the parapet, where nine months before 'valour's self might have stood appalled,' I surveyed the whole ground at a glance, and eagerly devoured the information imparted by my brave companions.

"With a throbbing breast I stepped from this ground of unequal conflict, where American farmers, contending for the rights of nature, for their wives and children, and posterity unborn, bared their

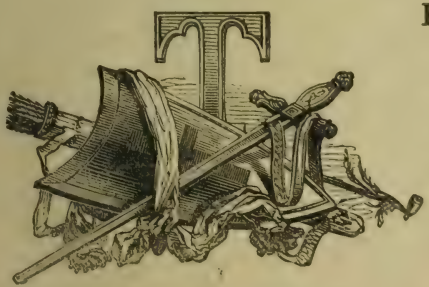
bosoms to the bayonets of veteran mercenaries—where victory so long balanced between native courage and disciplined bravery, between freemen who contended for liberty, and the armed ruffian who fights for bread; and following my leaders, we traversed the ruins of Charlestown, lately the abode of thousands animated by the buzz of active industry and social happiness, now buried in its own ashes.

"The resolution displayed by the provincials on this memorable day, produced effects auspicious to the American cause, and co-extensive with the war; for, although compelled by superior numbers to yield the ground, the obstinacy of their resistance put an end to that confidence with which they had been first attacked, and produced measures of caution bordering on timidity. There can be no doubt that we were indebted to these causes for the unmolested occupancy of our position before Boston, which, to complete the investment, was necessarily extended from Roxbury on the right, to Mystic river on the left, a rectilinear distance of about four miles.

"To the cool courage and obstinacy displayed on the occasion, and the moral influence of the bloody lesson which Sir William Howe received on that day, we must ascribe the military phenomenon of a motley band of undisciplined American yeomanry, scarcely superior in number, holding an army of British veterans in close siege for nine months; and hence it might fairly be inferred, that our independence was essentially promoted by the consequences of this single battle."

Ruins of Ticonderoga.

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.



THE necessity of securing Ticonderoga was early attended to by many in New England; but some Connecticut gentlemen were first in attempting the measure. Secrecy was essential to success; and delay might be dangerous. There was no waiting to consult

the Continental Congress; beside, it would not have been safe to have communicated the scheme to that body, as it was known there would be individuals in it on whose fidelity the Americans could not rely.

Messrs. Deane, Wooster, Parsons, and others undertook the affair. They applied to the assembly for a loan, which was furnished, to the amount of about eighteen hundred dollars, on which they gave bonds to be accountable. General Gage had set the example of attempting to seize upon military stores, and by so doing had commenced hostilities; so that retaliation appeared more than warrantable, even an act of self-defence.

The expedition went on with rapidity. Several militia captains pushed forward to Salisbury to acquaint Messrs. Blagdens with the design, and to procure their assistance. One was ill, the other joined in the proposed manœuvre. After a little deliberation, they concluded upon spending no time in obtaining men; but, having provided a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, set off on horseback for Bennington to engage Colonel Allen. They conferred with him upon their arrival; and then remained with others to bake bread, and prepare other necessaries, while the colonel went on to raise the men who were wanting, and who were to meet the managers at Castleton. While these were on their way to the place of rendezvous, they were met by a countryman, apparently an undesigning honest traveller, but who was either himself well-skilled and a principal, or had been well-tutored by some one or other, that had either suspected or gained knowledge of the expedition, and meant

to render it abortive. They addressed him, "From whence came you?" "From Ty; left it yesterday," at such an hour. "Has the garrison received any reinforcement?" "Yes; I saw them; there were a number of artillery men and other soldiers." "What are they doing? Are they making fascines?" "Don't know what fascines are. They are tying up sticks and brush in bundles, and putting them where the walls are down." Mr. Samuel Blagden put many ensnaring questions about the dress and trimmings of the men, &c. The answers tended to confirm the man's story. The company was staggered; and it being debated in council, whether they should not return, as they had no cannon, it was determined by a majority of one only to proceed.

At Castleton they met Colonel Allen with his men, and altogether made two hundred and seventy persons; two hundred and thirty of them were *Green Mountain boys*, so called from their residing within the limits of the Green Mountains, as the Hampshire grants are denominated, from the range of green mountains that runs through them. They are a brave hardy generation, chiefly settlers from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Sentries were placed immediately on all the roads, to prevent any intelligence being carried to Ticonderoga.

After the junction at Castleton, Colonel Arnold arrived, with only a single servant. The day after his getting to Cambridge with his volunteer company, he attended on the Massachusetts committee of safety, and reported that there were at Ticonderoga, eighty pieces of heavy cannon, twenty of brass from four to

eighteen-pounders, ten or a dozen mortars, a number of small arms, and considerable stores; and that the fort was in a ruinous condition, and as he supposed garrisoned by about forty men. Upon this the committee, on the 3d of May, appointed him a colonel of four hundred men, whom he was to enlist and march for the reduction of Ticonderoga. The colonel was known only to Mr. Blagden. A council was called; his powers were examined; and at length it was agreed, that he should be admitted to join and act with them, that so the public might be benefited. It was settled, however, that Colonel Allen should have the supreme command, and Colonel Arnold was to be his assistant; with which the latter appeared satisfied, as he had no right by his commission, either to command or interfere with the others, who were not only out of the Massachusetts line, but the subjects of another colony. The names of the leaders, besides what have been mentioned, were Messrs. Motte, Phelps, (two brothers) Bigelow, Bull, and Nichols, beside Colonels Easton, Brown, and Warner, and Captain Dickinson.

After it had been determined in a council to set off the next morning early for "Ty," and some of the managers had retired, a second council was held, and it was concluded to proceed that very night, leaving Messrs. Blagden, Bigelow, and Nichols, with a party of men, thirty in all, officers included, to march early in the morning for Skeensborough, and secure Major Skeen, his negroes and tenants. This council might have been occasioned by the return of Captain Noah Phelps, who the day before, having disguised himself, entered the fort in the character of a countryman

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Surprize at Ticonderoga

wanting to be shaved. In hunting for a barber, he observed everything critically, asked a number of rustic questions, affected great ignorance, and passed unsuspected. Before night he withdrew, came and joined his party, and in the morning guided them to the place of destination.

Colonel Allen, with his two hundred and thirty *Green Mountain boys*, arrived at Lake Champlain, and opposite to Ticonderoga, on the 9th, at night. Boats were procured, with difficulty, when he and Colonel Arnold crossed over with eighty-three men, and landed near the garrison. Here a dispute took place between the colonels; the latter became assuming, and swore he would go in first; the other swore he should not. The gentlemen present interposed, and the matter was accommodated, upon the footing that both should go in together. They advanced alongside of each other, Colonel Allen on the right hand of Colonel Arnold, and entered the port leading to the fort, in the gray of the morning, (May 10.) A sentry snapped his fusee at Colonel Allen, and then retreated through the covered way to the parade; the main body of Americans followed, and immediately drew up. Captain De la Place, the commander, was surprised abed in his room. He was ordered to give up the fort; upon his asking by what authority, Colonel Allen replied, "I demand it in the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The Congress knew nothing of the matter, and did not commence their existence till some hours after. When they began their session, they chose the Honourable Peyton Randolph president, and Mr. Charles Thom-

son secretary, each with a unanimous voice; and having agreed "That the Reverend Mr. Duché be requested to open the Congress with prayers to-morrow morning," and appointed a committee to acquaint him with their request, adjourned till the next day. Had Captain De la Place been upon the parade with his men, he could have made no effectual resistance. The fort was out of repair, and he had but about thirty effectives. Could he have gained timely intelligence, he might have procured a reinforcement from St. John's.

After Colonel Allen had landed, the boats were sent back for the remainder of the men under Colonel Seth Warren; but the place was surprised before he could get over. Immediately upon his joining the successful party, he was sent off to take possession of Crown Point, where a sergeant and twelve men performed garrison duty; but the greatest acquisition was that of more than a hundred pieces of cannon. The complete command of Lake Champlain was of high importance to the Americans, and could not be effected without their getting possession of a sloop-of-war lying at St. John's, at the foot of the lake. It was determined to man and arm a schooner lying at South Bay, and that Colonel Arnold should command her; and that Colonel Allen should command the batteaux, a name generally affixed to boats of a particular construction, calculated for navigating the lakes and rivers, and drawing but little water, though heavily laden. The wind being fresh from the south, the schooner outsailed the batteaux, and Colonel Arnold surprised the sloop. The wind

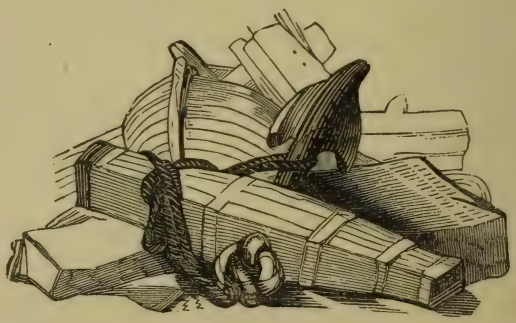
shifting suddenly to the north, and blowing fresh, in about an hour's time Colonel Arnold sailed with the prize and schooner for Ticonderoga, and met Colonel Allen with his party.

The surprise of Skeensborough was so conducted that the negroes were all secured, and Major Skeen, the son, taken while out shooting, and his strong stone house possessed, and the pass completely gained, without any bloodshed, the same as at Ticonderoga. Had the major received the least intimation, the attempt must have miscarried; for he had about fifty tenants near at hand, besides eight negroes and twelve workmen.

Colonel Allen soon left Ticonderoga under the command of Colonel Arnold, with a number of men who agreed to remain in garrison.

When the news of Ticonderoga's being taken reached the Continental Congress, they earnestly recommended it to the committees of the cities and counties of New York and Albany, immediately to cause the cannon and stores to be removed from thence to the south end of Lake George; but that an exact inventory should be taken of them, "in order that they may be safely returned, when the restoration of the former harmony between Great Britain and these colonies, so ardently wished for by the latter, shall render it prudent, and consistent with the overruling law of self-preservation." Whatever may have been the drift of a few in Congress, that body wished to keep the door open for an accommodation. This was apparent in the advice they gave the New Yorkers, three days before the preceding recommen-

dation. The city and county of New York applied to them for information how to conduct towards the troops expected there. The Congress resolved, "That it be recommended, for the present, to the inhabitants of New York, that if the troops which are expected should arrive, the said colony act on the defensive, so long as may be consistent with their safety and security; that the troops be permitted to remain in the barracks, so long as they behave peaceably and quietly, but that they be not suffered to erect fortifications, or take any steps for cutting off the communication between the town and country; and that if they commit hostilities or invade private property, the inhabitants should defend themselves and their property, and repel force by force; that the warlike stores be removed from the town; that places of retreat, in case of necessity, be provided for the women and children of New York; and that a sufficient number of men be embodied, and kept in constant readiness for protecting the inhabitants from insult and injury."



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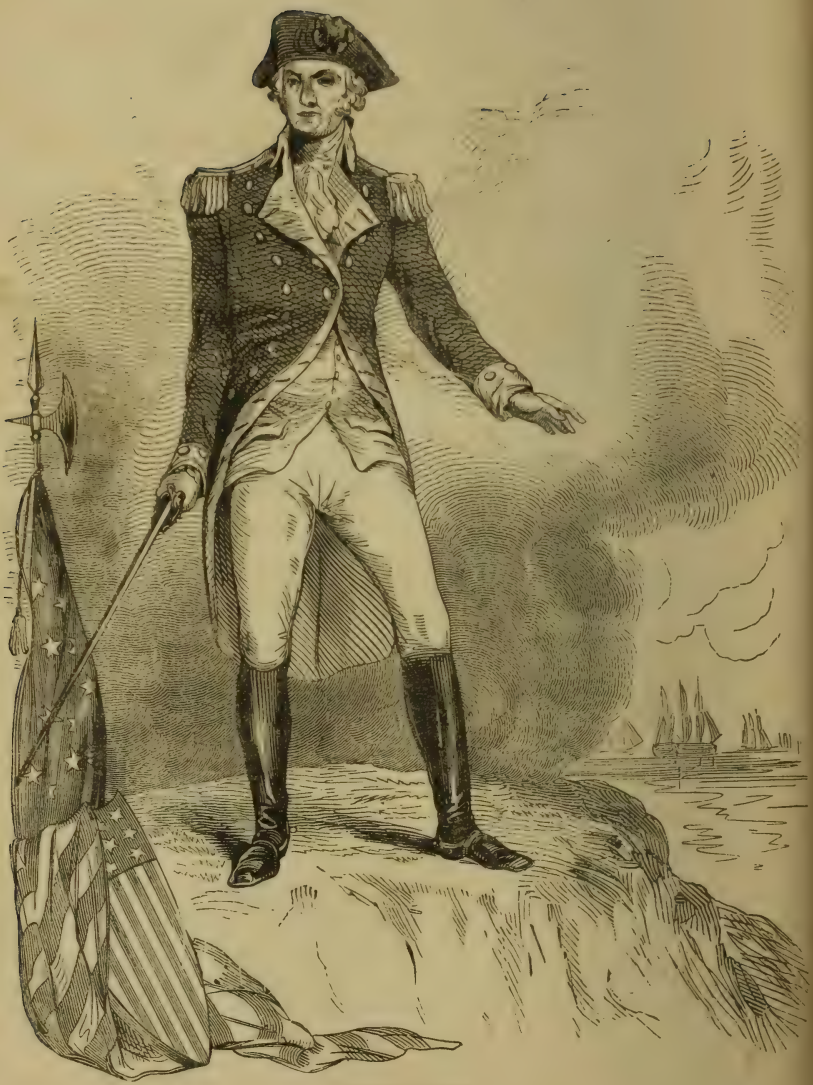
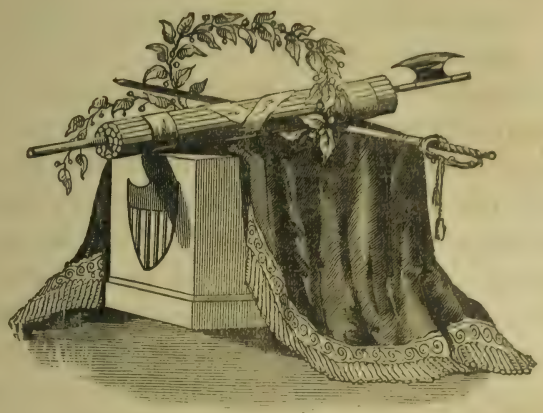


Washington.



SECOND CONTINENTAL CONGRESS -- WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT.

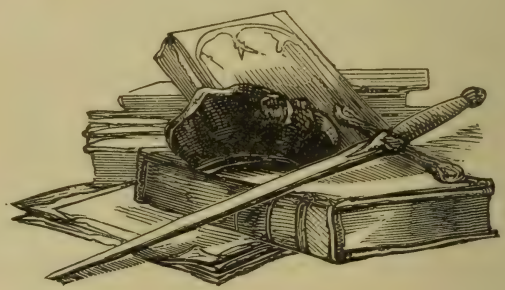
MEANTIME Congress, having met on the 10th of May, received a report of these transactions, which called for their most earnest consideration. Some, it is said, were unprepared for so serious a result; but the general resolution was to follow it up, and place all the colonies in a posture of military defence. Still, before adopting any active measures, they determined, though with some dissentient voices, to make fresh appeals to the king and people of Great Britain. To his majesty they professed as strongly as ever their devotion to his person, family, and government; their deep regret at any event which could weaken their connexion with

his crown, and their ardent desire for the restoration of harmony. To the people they strenuously repelled the charge of aiming at independence, which none of their actions were said to justify. They had never made overtures to any foreign power, nor availed themselves of the weak state of the cities, to become masters of them. The late hostilities had been merely the repulse of a wanton attack; they had lamented the wounds they were obliged to give, and had not yet learned to rejoice at a victory over Englishmen. The armies were said to be raised with objects purely defensive, and the fortresses seized merely as a preventive against invasion from Canada. Complaining, however, that the clemency of their sovereign was diverted, that their petitions were treated with indignity, and that their prayers were answered by insults; they dreaded that the nation wanted either the will or the power to assist them. In that case, they expressed a firm determination that, "while we revere the memory of our gallant and virtuous ancestors, we never can surrender those glorious privileges for which they fought, bled, and conquered;—your fleets and armies can destroy our towns and ravage our coasts; these are inconsiderable objects,—things of no moment to men whose bosoms glow with the ardour of liberty. We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and, without any sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want,—the luxury of being free."

Having emitted these declarations, Congress proceeded to make military arrangements which should

comprehend the whole range of the colonies. All the troops within their limits were to be now called the Continental Army; committees were appointed to devise ways and means for supporting and supplying it with arms and stores, and preparing regulations for its government. An issue of paper-money was voted to the amount of three millions of dollars. The first object was considered to be the choice of a commander, and in this respect they were singularly fortunate. There had at this time sprung up among them an uncommon number of men of distinguished abilities; and though some were in this respect superior to him, it was generally agreed that the fittest person was George Washington. Without very brilliant talents, or even very extensive information, he possessed sound sense, comprehensive views, a deep and devoted patriotism. These had been displayed in a manner so firm, simple, and manly, as rendered it impossible even to entertain a doubt of the thorough dependence which might be placed on his fidelity to the cause. A bold and enterprising spirit was tempered with a feeling of actual difficulties, sometimes even extreme, which prevented it from degenerating into rashness. His steady honour and humanity softened the horrors of a contest, which among the lower class of statesmen excited the most imbittered feelings. Apprehensions were entertained that Massachusetts, in virtue of her great exertions, would claim the nomination; but Mr. Adams, her leading deputy, was the first to propose the Virginian, and the recommendation, being submitted to ballot, was unanimously approved. Next day the choice was announced to

him, when, in a plain, modest reply, he expressed his high sense of the honour, not concealing the pain which arose from a consciousness that his abilities and military experience might not be equal to so mighty a trust. Yet he assured them he would enter on the momentous duty, and exert every power he possessed in so great a cause. Five hundred dollars monthly had been voted for his pay and expenses; but being possessed of an ample fortune, he declined anything beyond the reimbursement of his actual outlay.



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Siege of Boston.

SIEGE OF BOSTON.

THE colonists had thus experienced an almost uninterrupted career of success, and, with the exception of Boston, England had not a spot left in the whole range of their territory. Yet reflecting men easily saw, that they had prevailed only against an advanced guard and scattered detachments, and that the struggle had not yet commenced with the main force of the British empire. Washington, meantime, on proceeding to the army, was received in the most cordial manner, and without the smallest symptom of jealousy; the provincial congress sending a committee to meet him at Springfield on the frontier, and escort him to Boston. He there found fourteen thousand five hundred men, able-bodied,

zealous in the cause, and personally courageous, but destitute of almost every element of military organization. A great proportion wanted bayonets, and the alarming discovery was soon made that they had not above nine rounds of gunpowder. There were no tents, and clothes extremely deficient; there was neither commissary nor quartermaster-general. No combination existed between the troops drawn from different colonies; and the officers, mostly chosen by the men, could exercise scarcely any authority. These evils were the more difficult to remedy, as the army, enlisted only for a short period, would disband in a few months, and be replaced by one composed of raw recruits. In these circumstances, Washington anxiously desired to make an attack upon Boston, and dislodge the troops before the large expected reinforcements should arrive, when the prospects could not but become gloomy. Yet a council of officers decided, seemingly on good grounds, that such an attempt could have no chance of success; and he was obliged, very reluctantly, to await the turn which events might take.

In the meantime, Washington laboured under accumulated difficulties in prosecuting the blockade of Boston. The scarcity of ammunition, notwithstanding every effort of Congress, continued almost unabated; while the want of money, as well as of necessary equipments, was deeply felt on the advance of the rigorous season. With all his energy and firmness, he seems to have been exceedingly sensitive to troubles and opposition. He describes his situation as inexpressibly distressing,—the winter approaching

on an army at once naked and without a dollar; and declares that unless some remedy were devised, the force must be broken up. Amid all these distresses, it was necessary to keep up a good face towards the enemy, while many on his own side, exaggerating both the numbers and efficiency of his troops, wondered he should remain inactive, and not have already driven the English out of Boston. These criticisms touched him sensibly; yet, as a true patriot, he carefully concealed the explanation, which, reaching the opposite party, would have produced fatal effects. Even Congress, with a jealousy of military power, in his case very unjust, were indisposed to measures most requisite for the success of his army. As none of any importance could be taken without their concurrence, as well as that of the provincial assemblies, they were always delayed, and often obstructed.

An imminent danger now impended; December approached, when the troops, having been enlisted for only one year, were all entitled to return home. To this subject the commander earnestly solicited the attention of Congress, and on the 18th of October a committee of their number, Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison, arrived at his head-quarters. Being persons of judgment, they arranged matters very satisfactorily. Authority was given to levy twenty-six regiments, estimated at somewhat above twenty thousand men, independently of militia. Congress would not consent, however, to the enlistment for more than a year, nor would they, till the next January, agree to grant a bounty. Washington made the strongest appeals to the men, entreating them by

every motive of honour and patriotism to adhere to those standards under which they had gloriously fought. But that ardent impulse which had called them to arms was now sensibly cooled; and when the time arrived, not above five thousand had engaged. These were afterwards reinforced; but this dissolution of one army and assemblage of another, in the face of an enemy whose force was constantly increasing, placed the commander in a very critical situation.

He was also harassed from another quarter. The English in Boston, being straitened for provisions, sought to procure them by descents on different parts of the coast, treating the inhabitants, who were uniformly hostile, with very little ceremony. Falmouth suffered such a severe cannonade and bombardment as to reduce it to ashes, and it was reported or dreaded that a similar fate impended over the other seaports. Urgent applications were made to the commander-in-chief for aid; but he represented that his army was barely adequate to blockade Boston, and could not be broken down into detachments for local objects, which ought to be provided for by the militia of the districts. His views were sanctioned by Congress. He endeavoured, however, to protect the shore by forming a small marine, placing troops on board the vessels; and in a few weeks six schooners were fitted out. They were fortunate enough soon to capture a ship laden with military stores, most valuable for the supply of the army. In other respects this force was for some time inefficient, and its discipline very imperfect; but it was gradually improved;

prize courts and regulations were formed, and its privateering operations proved ultimately very harassing to the British.

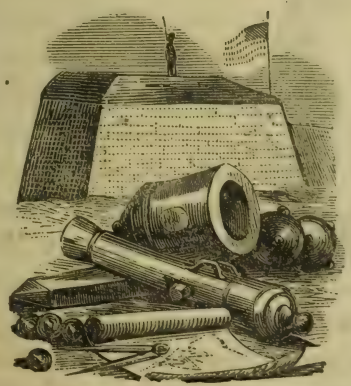
Meantime, General Gage remained inactive at Boston; a course generally condemned by historians as at once unaccountable and shameful. Yet, besides being by no means fully aware of Washington's weakness, he assigned other reasons which appear conclusive. Though he might have dislodged the Americans from their position, little would have been gained by marching into the interior of New England, a territory full of people animated with peculiar zeal in the cause of independence, and which, though containing many small towns, offered no central or leading point of attack. He must merely have moved from place to place, continually harassed by that desultory warfare in which they had shown themselves to excel. In the beginning of October he was recalled, without any expression of displeasure, yet probably under the impression of the disasters which the cause had sustained in his hands, and the hope that it might be more fortunate in those of another. The command then devolved upon Howe, who concurred with his predecessor as to the inexpediency of advancing into the interior of New England. He submitted to the cabinet another plan, by which Boston should be held only till the close of the winter, and the troops there, with all those expected from the mother country, be then concentrated at New York, and the main attack made from that quarter. The inhabitants were more loyal, and by striking at the heart of the Union he would separate

the northern and southern states, and then, according to circumstances, carry on operations against either.

Washington, meantime, was very slowly recruiting his army, which, at the beginning of February, did not reach quite nine thousand men. Being at that period permitted to offer a bounty, he had in a month collected above fourteen thousand, reinforced by six thousand Massachusetts militia. He considered this force sufficient to attack the city; but a council of officers decided, probably with reason, that such an attempt offered no chance of success. They proposed rather to seize and fortify the peninsular point named Dorchester Neck, whence the harbour would be in a great degree commanded, and the place, it was hoped, rendered untenable. To this he consented, though with great chagrin; and the execution of the movement was intrusted to General Ward. The British were amused two days by an incessant cannonade and bombardment,—till at nightfall of the 4th of March, General Thomas, with a working body of twelve hundred, a covering force of eight hundred, and three hundred carts of materials, marched undiscovered, and took possession of the most elevated part of the heights. The Americans, being chiefly practical farmers, were extremely skilful in intrenching, and laboured with such diligence, that in the morning the English with astonishment beheld them in a strongly fortified position. The admiral then gave notice to Howe, that the harbour could not be deemed secure as long as this post was held by the Americans. Lord Percy, with three thousand men, was employed to dislodge them; but a violent storm

rendered the operation impossible, and before it dispersed the works were considered beyond the reach of assault. Washington had prepared a select corps to attack the town, while its main force should be directed against the heights; but this project, never very feasible, was now of course given up. The British commander then prepared to evacuate the place.

On the 17th the enemy embarked in their ships, and after remaining a few days in Nantasket roads, sailed towards Halifax. General Putnam immediately entered Boston, which was found strongly fortified, and quite uninjured. Washington entertained great apprehension that the city would be destroyed, though the English seem never to have entertained any such idea; and some cannon and stores, which could not be carried away, became available to him.



INCIDENTS AT THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON.

THE circumstances which led to the evacuation of Boston, and a lively description of that joyous event, are given as follows by Dr. Thacher, one of the surgeons of General Washington's army, in his Military Journal of the Revolutionary War.

March 4th.—The object in view is now generally understood to be the occupying and fortifying the advantageous heights of Dorchester. A detachment of our troops is ordered to march for this purpose this evening; and our regiment, with several others, has

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Boston as seen from Dorchester.

received orders to march at four 'clock in the morning, to relieve them. We are favoured with a full bright moon, and the night is remarkably mild and pleasant; the preparations are immense; more than three hundred loaded carts are in motion. By the great exertions of General Mifflin, our quartermaster-general, the requisite number of teams has been procured. The covering party of eight hundred men advance in front. Then follow the carts with the intrenching tools; after which, the working party of twelve hundred, commanded by General Thomas, of Kingston. Next in the martial procession are a train of carts, loaded with fascines and hay, screwed into large bundles of seven or eight hundred weight. The whole procession moves on in solemn silence, and with perfect order and regularity; while the continued roar of cannon serves to engage the attention and divert the enemy from the main object.

5*th*.—At about four o'clock our regiment followed to the heights of Dorchester as a relief party. On passing Dorchester Neck I observed a vast number of large bundles of screwed hay, arranged in a line next the enemy, to protect our troops from a raking fire, to which we should have been greatly exposed, while passing and repassing. The carts were still in motion with materials; some of them have made three or four trips. On the heights we found two forts in considerable forwardness, and sufficient for a defence against small arms and grape-shot. The amount of labour performed during the night, considering the earth is frozen eighteen inches deep, is almost incredible. The enemy having discovered our works

in the morning, commenced a tremendous cannonade from the forts in Boston, and from their shipping in the harbour. Cannon-shot are continually rolling and rebounding over the hill; and it is astonishing to observe how little our soldiers are terrified by them. During the forenoon we were in momentary expectation of witnessing an awful scene; nothing less than the carnage of Breed's hill battle was expected. The royal troops are perceived to be in motion, as if embarking to pass the harbour, and land on Dorchester shore, to attack our works. The hills and elevations in this vicinity are covered with spectators to witness deeds of horror in the expected conflict. His excellency General Washington is present, animating and encouraging the soldiers, and they in return manifest their joy, and express a warm desire for the approach of the enemy; each man knows his place, and is resolute to execute his duty. Our breastworks are strengthened, and among the means of defence are a great number of barrels, filled with stones and sand, arranged in front of our works; which are to be put in motion and made to roll down the hill, to break the ranks and legs of the assailants as they advance. These are the preparations for blood and slaughter! Gracious God! if it be determined in thy providence that thousands of our fellow-creatures shall this day be slain, let thy wrath be appeased, and in mercy grant, that victory be on the side of our suffering, bleeding country.——The anxious day has closed; and the enemy has failed to molest us. From appearances, however, there are strong reasons to suppose that they have only postponed their meditated work

till another day. It is presumed that the martial fire, which has been enkindled in the breasts of our soldiery, will not be extinguished during the night, and that they will not rest quietly under their disappointment. Early in the morning of the 6th, our regiment was relieved from its tour of duty, and I bade adieu to Dorchester Heights, without being called to dress a single wound. Not more than two or three men were killed or wounded during the twenty-four hours. Some of the British troops were seen to embark, and pass down towards the Castle last evening, to be in readiness, as was supposed, in conjunction with others to attack our works this morning; but a most violent storm came on in the night, and still continuing, obliges General Howe to abandon his enterprise, and thus has a kind Providence seen fit to frustrate a design, which must have been attended with immense slaughter and bloodshed. General Howe must now be sensible of his exposed situation, and be convinced of the immediate necessity of evacuating the town of Boston, if he would prevent the sacrifice of his fleet and army.

7th.—There are strong indications in Boston that the king's troops are preparing to evacuate the town; and that no attempt will be made to dispossess our people of the works, which we have constructed on Dorchester Heights.

8th.—A flag of truce has come out of Boston with a message from the selectmen, acquainting General Washington that General Howe has come to the determination to evacuate the town, and that he would leave it standing, provided his army should be permitted to retire without being molested. At the same

time intimating, as is reported, that in case he should be attacked by our army, the town should be set on fire in different places, in order to secure his retreat.

We are unacquainted with the determination of his excellency respecting this proposition; but it is well known that he has been in favour of making an attack on the town; and that the necessary preparations were made, and the plan arranged, to be put in execution, in the event of the enemy's meditated attack on our works at Dorchester Heights. Four thousand troops, the first division commanded by General Sullivan, the second by General Greene, were ordered to be in readiness, in case the enemy had advanced and been defeated on the heights of Dorchester; this force, at a given signal, was to have rushed into the town and taken possession.

It is credibly reported from Boston, that on the morning when the British officers discovered our newly erected works, which, on account of a fog, loomed to great advantage, and appeared larger than the reality, General Howe, on viewing them, was heard to say in astonishment, "I know not what I shall do; the rebels have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in weeks." His admiral soon assured him that if the rebels were permitted to hold possession, he should not be able to keep a single ship in the harbour in safety.

Nothing of consequence occurred to observation till Sunday morning, March 17th, when at an early hour it was perceived that the royal army commenced their embarkation on board of transports. In the course of the forenoon we enjoyed the unspeakable

satisfaction of beholding their whole fleet under sail, wafting from our shores the dreadful scourge of war. It was in the power of the provincials by a cannonade to have annoyed the enemy's shipping and transports, as they passed Dorchester Heights, and to have occasioned great embarrassment and destruction among them; but no orders were given for this purpose, and they were suffered to pass unmolested. By this event we are happily relieved of a force consisting of seven thousand five hundred and seventy-five regulars, exclusive of the staff, which, with the marines and sailors, may be estimated at about ten thousand in the whole. This force greatly exceeds the five regiments, with which General Grant vauntingly boasted in England that he could march successfully from one end of the American continent to the other. A considerable number of tories, who had joined the royal standard, took passage with their families on board of the transports with the army, and bade adieu to their native country, without knowing what part of the world is to be their destiny.

Immediately after the enemy sailed from Boston harbour, General Washington ordered the major part of his army to march to New York, to secure that city against the apprehended invasion of General Howe. It was not till Wednesday, the 20th, that our troops were permitted to enter the town, when our regiment, with two or three others, were ordered to march in and take up our quarters, which were provided for us in comfortable houses. While marching through the streets, the inhabitants appeared at their doors and windows; though they manifested a

lively joy on being liberated from a long imprisonment, they were not altogether free from a melancholy gloom which ten tedious months' siege had spread over their countenances. The streets and buildings present a scene which reflects disgrace on their late occupants, exhibiting a deplorable desolation and wretchedness.

Boston, March 22d.—A concourse of people from the country are crowding into town, full of friendly solicitude; and it is truly interesting to witness the tender interviews and fond embraces of those who have been long separated, under circumstances so peculiarly distressing. But it is particularly unfortunate on this occasion, that the small-pox is lurking in various parts of the town, which deters many from enjoying an interview with their friends. The parents and sister of my friend Dr. Townsend have continued in town during the siege; being introduced to the family by the doctor, I received a kind and polite invitation to take up my abode with them, where I am enjoying the kindest attentions and civilities. I accompanied several gentlemen to view the British fortifications on Roxbury Neck, where I observed a prodigious number of little military engines, called caltrops, or crow-feet, scattered over the ground in the vicinity of the works, to impede the march of our troops in case of an attack. The implement consists of an iron ball, armed with four sharp points about one inch in length, so formed that which way soever it may fall, one point lies upwards to pierce the feet of horses or men, and are admirably well calculated to obstruct the march of an enemy.

23*d*.—I went to view the Old South Church, a spacious brick building near the centre of the town. It has been for more than a century consecrated to the service of religion, and many eminent divines have in its pulpit laboured in teaching the ways of righteousness and truth. But during the late siege, the inside of it was entirely destroyed by the British, and the sacred building occupied as a riding-school by Burgoyne's regiment of dragoons. The pulpit and pews were removed, the floor covered with earth, and used for the purpose of training and exercising their horses. A beautiful pew, ornamented with carved work and silk furniture, was demolished; and by order of an officer, the carved work, it is said, was used as a fence for a hog-sty. The North Church, a very valuable building, was entirely demolished, and consumed for fuel. Thus are our houses, devoted to religious worship, profaned and destroyed by the subjects of his Royal Majesty. His excellency the commander-in-chief has been received by the inhabitants with every mark of respect and gratitude, and a public dinner has been provided for him. He requested the Rev. Dr. Eliot, at the renewal of his customary Thursday lecture, to preach a thanksgiving sermon, adapted to the joyful occasion. Accordingly, on the 28th, this pious divine preached an appropriate discourse from Isaiah xxxiii. 20, in presence of his excellency and a respectable audience.

BURNING OF FALMOUTH.

CONGRESS having intimated to General Washington that an attack upon Boston was much desired, a council of war was called (October 18), but unanimously agreed that it was not expedient, at least for the present. On the same day Captain Mowat destroyed a hundred and thirty-nine houses, and two hundred and seventy-eight stores and other buildings, the far greatest and best part of the town of Falmouth, (now Portland, Maine), in the northern part of Massachusetts. The inhabitants, in compliance with a resolve of the provincial congress to prevent tories carrying out their effects, gave some violent obstruction to the loading of a mast-ship, which drew upon them the indignation of the admiral.

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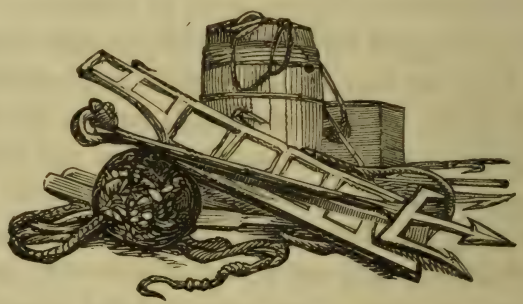
Burning of Falmouth.

Captain Mowat was despatched in the Canceaux of sixteen guns, with an armed large ship, schooner and sloop. After anchoring toward the evening of the 17th within gun-shot, he sent a letter on shore, giving them two hours for the removal of their families, as he had orders to fire the town, they having been guilty of the most unpardonable rebellion. A committee of three gentlemen went on board, to learn the particular reasons for such orders. He answered, that his orders were to set on fire all the seaports between Boston and Halifax; but agreed to spare the town till nine o'clock the next morning, would they consent to send him off eight small arms, which was immediately done. The next morning the committee applied afresh; he concluded to spare the town till he could hear from the admiral, in case they would send him off four carriage guns, deliver up all their arms, ammunition, &c. and four gentlemen of the town as hostages. That not being complied with, about half-past nine he began to fire from the four armed vessels, and continued it till after dark. With shells and carcasses, and about thirty marines whom he landed, he set the town on fire in several places. About a hundred of the worst houses escaped destruction, but suffered damage. The inhabitants got out a very considerable part of their furniture, and had not a person killed or wounded, though the vessels fired into the town about three thousand shot, beside bombs and carcasses.

General Lee reprobates their cowardice, in admitting such a paltry party to land with impunity, and set their town in flames, when they had at least two hundred fighting men, and powder enough for a battle.

In the private letter wherein he expressed these sentiments, he made no mention of the sailors being repulsed with the loss of a few men; though this might happen in the close of the day, and give occasion for its being related by others. The burning of Falmouth spread an alarm upon the sea-coast, but produced no disposition to submit to the power and mercy of the armed British agents. The people in common chose rather to abandon the seaports that could not be defended, than quit their country's cause; and therefore removed back, with their effects, to a safe distance.



Arnold.

ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC.

WASHINGTON having obtained pleasing accounts from Canada, being assured that neither Indians nor Canadians could be prevailed upon to act against the Americans, and knowing there was a design of penetrating into that province by Lake Champlain, concerted the plan of detaching a body of troops from head-quarters, through the province of Maine, across the country to Quebec. He communicated the same to General Schuyler, who approving it, all things were got in readiness. The corps was to be commanded by Colonel Arnold, aided by Colonels Christopher

Green and Roger Enos, and Majors Meigs and Bigelow, and was to consist of ten companies of musketmen and three companies of riflemen, amounting to eleven hundred.

In the evening of September 13th, 1775, the detachment marched from Cambridge for Newburyport, where, six days after, they embarked on board ten transports bound to Kennebec, fifty leagues distant. They entered the mouth of the Kennebec in the morning, and, favoured with the wind and tide, proceeded up to Gardner's town. It was only fourteen days from first giving orders for building two hundred batteaux, for collecting provisions, and for draughting the eleven hundred men, to their reaching this place.—Such was the despatch!

On the 22d of September the troops embarked on board the batteaux, and proceeded to Fort Western on the east side of the river. From thence, Captain Morgan, with three companies of riflemen, was sent forward by water, with orders to get on to the great carrying-place in the most expeditious manner, and to clear the road, while the other divisions came up. The second division embarked the next day, and the third the day after. As they advanced up the river the stream grew very rapid, and the bottom and shores were rocky. (Sept. 29.) By eleven in the morning, Major Meigs, with the third division, arrived at Fort Halifax, standing on a point of land between the rivers Kennebec and Sebasticook. In their progress up the river, ey met with two carrying-places, over which they were obliged to carry their batteaux, baggage, and every other article, till they came again to a part of

the river which was navigable, and no longer obstructed by water-falls, rapids, rocks or other incumbrances, as was that which they avoided. (October 3.) They got to Norridgewock, where the major's curiosity was entertained by the sight of a child fourteen months old, the first white one born in the place. After crossing over more carrying-places, he and his men encamped at the great carrying-place, (October 10,) which was twelve miles and a half across, including three ponds that they were obliged to pass. These ponds had plenty of trout. Two days after Colonel Enos arrived at the same place with the fourth division of the army, consisting of three companies of musket-men. Colonel Arnold meeting with an Indian, wrote to General Schuyler, and enclosed his letter to a friend in Quebec. Though he had no knowledge of the Indian, he venturously intrusted the packet with him, to be carried and delivered according to order. This strange confidence might have ruined his expedition, beside involving his friend in great trouble. (October 15.) The provision was so reduced, that the men were put to allowance, three-quarters of a pound of pork and three-quarters of a pound of flour a day for each. The next day they reached Dead river.

Colonel Enos having got up with his division in about three days, was ordered to send back the sick, and those that could not be furnished with provision; but, contrary to Colonel Arnold's expectation, returned to Cambridge with his whole division a few days after. Major Meigs received orders to push on with his division (October 19) for Chaudiere Head, with the greatest expedition. But they proceeded

very slowly, by reason of falls, carrying-places, and bad weather. Their course was only three miles. (October 22.) The rains made the river rise the preceding night in some parts eight feet perpendicular; and in many places it overflowed its banks, and rendered it very difficult for the men on shore to march. The next day the stream was so rapid, that, in passing it, five or six batteaux filled and overset, by which they lost several barrels of provisions, a number of guns, clothes, and other articles. Such was the rapidity of the stream, and interruptions by carrying-places, that it was with much fatigue they got on twenty-one miles within the three following days. To their great satisfaction they reached the carrying-place, (October 27,) which lies across the height of land that runs through the colonies to Georgia, and on the further side of which the streams run the reverse of the river they had ascended. They crossed the heights to Chaudiere river, and continued their march by land to Quebec. (November 1.) The marching through the woods was extremely bad. Major Meigs passed a number of soldiers who had no provisions, and some of whom were sick. It was not in his power to help or relieve them. But one or two dogs were killed, which the distressed soldiers ate with a relishing appetite, without sparing either feet or skin. A few ate their cartouch-boxes, breeches, and shoes, being several days without provision. The major and his men marched on upon the banks of the Chaudiere, (November 3,) and at twelve o'clock met with supplies, to the inexpressible joy of the soldiers, who were near starving.

Colonel Arnold, with a small party, made a forced march, and returned with provisions purchased of the inhabitants, on which the hunger-bitten adventurers made a voracious meal. (November 4.) The next day at eleven, Major Meigs and his men arrived at a French house, and were hospitably treated. It was the first house he had seen for thirty-one days, having been all that time in a rough, barren, and uninhabited wilderness, where he never saw a human being except those belonging to the detachment. He and his party were immediately supplied with fresh beef, fowls, butter, pheasants, and vegetables, at this settlement, called Sertigan, twenty-five leagues from Quebec. They were kindly entertained while marching down the country.

When Colonel Arnold got within two leagues and a half of Point Levi, (November 8,) he wrote to General Montgomery, that as he had received no answer either from General Schuyler or his friend, he made no doubt but that the Indian had betrayed his trust,—and that he was confirmed in it, upon finding that the inhabitants of Quebec had been some time apprised of his coming, and had destroyed all the canoes at Point Levi, to prevent the detachments from passing over. The fact was, the Indian, instead of delivering the packet as directed, carried it to the lieutenant-governor, who, on reading the letters, secured Mr. Mercier, the merchant, and began immediately to put the city in the best state of defence he could; whereas before it was wholly defenceless, and might easily have been carried by surprise.

On the 9th of November Colonel Arnold arrived

at Point Levi, where we leave him to remove, if possible, the embarrassments into which his own imprudence has brought him, by needlessly trusting an unknown Indian with despatches of the utmost consequence. The detachment suffered hardships beyond what can well be conceived of, in the course of the expedition. The men had to haul their batteaux up over falls, up rapid streams, over carrying-places, and to march through morasses, thick woods, and over mountains, for about three hundred and twenty miles. In many places they had to pass over the ground and the mountains several times, as without it they must have left much of their baggage behind, and have failed in the enterprise. They lost all their powder, except what was in cartridges and horns, while penetrating through the woods. But what proved the greatest trial to them, was the starving condition to which they were reduced when approaching the end of their tedious and distressing march. The pork being gone, they had for four days only half-a-pound of flour a day for each man. Their whole store was then divided, which yielded about four pints of flour per man—a small allowance for men near a hundred miles from any habitation or prospect of supply. It was used sparingly; but several, when they had baked and eaten their last morsel, discovered, to their great confusion, that they had thirty miles to travel before they could expect the least mouthful more. But their dread of consequences was soon removed, by the unexpected return of Colonel Arnold, with cattle. The soldiers exercised the greatest fortitude and patience under the difficulties and sufferings that

occurred; and when again in the midst of plenty, and an easy situation, soon lost all painful remembrance of what had happened, and gloried in having accomplished, by their indefatigable zeal and industry, an undertaking above the common race of men in this debauched age.

Let us attend to Colonel Enos. His return to camp excited both astonishment and indignation. (December 1.) A court martial was ordered to sit upon him; when it appeared that he had but three days' provision, and was about one hundred miles from the English settlements; that a council of war was called, which agreed upon the return of the colonel's whole division; and that he was for going on without, but that it was opposed. It was the unanimous opinion of the court that Colonel Enos was under a necessity of returning, and he was acquitted with honour. A number of officers, of the best character, were fully satisfied and persuaded that his conduct deserved applause rather than censure. Had he not returned, his whole division must have been starved.

SIEGE OF QUEBEC AND DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

THE Americans, finding all their proposals of alliance rejected, determined to view Canada as a hostile country. They observed that the British, almost entirely occupied in the attempt to put down the insurrection, had left this country very slightly defended. In September, 1775, two expeditions were fitted out, which were distinguished by tragical events, as well as by the brilliant and romantic valour of their chiefs. While the main body, under Montgomery, marched by Lake Champlain upon Montreal, Arnold, with eleven hundred men, sailed up the Kennebec, and proceeded through the vast forest that stretches between it and the St. Lawrence, hoping to

General Montgomery.

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surprise Quebec. His marcn through the wilderness we have already described. The sufferings of the party were extreme, being obliged to eat dog's flesh and the leather of their cartouch-boxes. Yet they arrived, on the 9th of November, at Point Levi, without any alarm having reached the capital; but all the shipping had unfortunately been removed from that side. Arnold was thus unable to cross, and in twenty-four hours the inhabitants were apprised of the danger. On the 14th that active officer contrived to pass the river and occupy the heights of Abraham, though his force was too small for active movements, till joined by Montgomery. This commander sent forward a reconnoitring party under Colonel Ethan Allen, who made a brave but rash attempt on Montreal, in which he was taken, with his party, and afterwards sent in irons to England.

Montgomery, however, having reduced the posts of St. John and Chambly, and made prisoners of their garrisons, which included a large proportion of the regular force in Canada, that city was quite unable to resist; and General Carleton, the governor, with difficulty escaped in a boat with muffled paddles. The American leader then advanced upon Quebec, and took the command of the united force. Carleton had under arms only eighteen hundred men, of whom not more than seventy were regulars; two hundred and thirty of Fraser's Highlanders, who had settled in the country, were re-embodied under Colonel M'Lean; the rest were British and Canadian militia, seamen, and others. The summons to surrender, however, was at once rejected; and Montgomery, after

pushing the siege during the month of December without any prospect of success, determined to carry the place by a night-assault. On the 31st, two storming parties were formed,—one under himself and the other under Arnold. They were to advance from opposite sides, and meet at the foot of Mountain Street, then force Prescott Gate, and reach the Upper Town. The first battery encountered by Montgomery was defended chiefly by a party of Canadian militia, with nine British seamen to work the guns. Having received some previous notice, they were on the watch; and, about daybreak, saw amid the snow a body of troops in full march from Wolfe's Cove. Orders were given by the British commander to make no movement; and the Americans having halted at the distance of fifty yards, sent forward an officer to reconnoitre, who found everything perfectly still. On his return the assailants rushed forward in double quick time to the attack. When they were close to the spot, Captain Barnsfare, at the critical moment, gave the signal for a general discharge of guns and musketry. It told with unexpected and fatal effect; for, among many others, Montgomery himself, the gallant chief, fell to rise no more. The troops, on witnessing this disaster, made a precipitate retreat.

Meantime Arnold, from the opposite side, pushed on his attack with desperate resolution. In assaulting the first barrier, he received a severe wound in the leg, which obliged him to quit the field. But his party, led on by Captain Morgan, carried the post, and pushed on to a second. Here, however, their efforts were vain; and General Carleton having sent a detachment upon

their rear, they were surrounded, and finally, to the number of four hundred and twenty-six, obliged to surrender. Neither of the parties thus reached the main point of attack at Prescott Gate, where the governor was stationed, with the determination to maintain it to the last extremity.

The British were not yet aware of all the results of the contest. As soon as the retreat of the first party was ascertained, they went out and collected, from under the snow which had already covered them, thirteen bodies. The surmise soon arose that one of them was that of the commander; yet some hours elapsed before an officer of Arnold's division identified him, with the deepest expressions of admiration and regret. Montgomery, a gentleman of good family in the north of Ireland, had served under Wolfe, but having afterwards formed a matrimonial connexion in America, he had adopted with enthusiasm the cause of the United States as that of liberty. His military character, joined to his private virtues, inspired general esteem, and has secured to him a place on the roll of noble and gallant chiefs who fell beneath the walls of Quebec.

Arnold succeeded to the command, and attempted still to maintain his ground; but the dispirited state of his men, still more than his actual loss, rendered him unable to keep up more than an imperfect blockade, at the distance of three miles. In April, 1776, his place was taken by General Wooster, who brought a reinforcement, and made some fresh attempts, but without success. Early in May, several vessels arrived from England with troops and supplies,

on which the Americans raised the siege, and fell back upon Montreal. Thence they retired from post to post, till, on the 18th of June, they finally evacuated the province, on which they never made any further attempt.

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Quebec

Sir Guy Carleton.

SCENES AT QUEBEC DURING THE SIEGE.

JUDGE HENRY, who was one of the prisoners taken by the British at Quebec, and whose opportunities of information appear to have been excellent, gives in his narrative of the campaign an account of the death of Montgomery, different from that which is given above on the authority of Murray, a British writer. Judge Henry's account is addressed to his children, and the extract given below commences after his account of

his own capture, which happened on the 31st of December, 1775, when Montgomery fell.

General Montgomery had marched at the precise time stipulated, and had arrived at his destined place of attack, nearly about the time we attacked the first barrier. He was not one that would loiter. Colonel Campbell, of the New York troops, a large, good-looking man, who was second in command of that party, and was deemed a veteran, accompanied the army to the assault; his station was rearward, General Montgomery, with his aids, were at the point of the column.

It is impossible to give you a fair and complete idea of the nature and situation of the place solely with the pen—the pencil is required. As by the special permission of government, obtained by the good offices of Captain Prentis, in the summer following, Boyd, a few others and myself, reviewed the causes of our disaster; it is therefore in my power, so far as my abilities will permit, to give you a tolerable notion of the spot. Cape Diamond nearly resembles the great jutting rock which is in the narrows at Hunter's Falls, on the Susquehanna. The rock, at the latter place, shoots out as steeply as that at Quebec, but by no means forms so great an angle, on the margin of the river; but is more craggy. There is a stronger and more obvious difference in the comparison. When you surmount the hill at St. Charles, or the St. Lawrence side, which to the eye are equally high and steep, you are on Abraham's Plains, and see an extensive champaign country. The bird's-eye view around Quebec bears

a striking conformity to the sites of Northumberland and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania; but the former is on a more gigantic scale, and each of the latter wants the steepness and cragginess of the back ground, and depth of river. This detail is to instruct you in the geographical situation of Quebec, and for the sole purpose of explaining the manner of General Montgomery's death, and the reasons of our failure. From Wolf's Cove, there is a good beach down to and around "Cape Diamond." The bulwarks of the city came to the edge of the hill, above that place. Thence down the side of the precipice, slantingly to the brink of the river, there was a stockade of strong posts, fifteen or twenty feet high, knit together by a stout railing, at bottom and top with pins. This was no mean defence, and was at the distance of one hundred yards from the point of the rock. Within this palisade, and at a few yards from the very point itself, there was a like palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill.

Again, within Cape Diamond, and probably at a distance of fifty yards, there stood a block-house, which seemed to take up the space between the foot of the hill and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a cartway or passage on each side of it. When heights and distances are spoken of, you must recollect that the description of Cape Diamond and its vicinity is merely that of the eye, made as it were running, under the inspection of an officer. The review of the ground our army had acted upon, was accorded us as a particular favour. Even to have stepped the spaces in a formal manner would have been dishonourable, if not a species of treason.

A block-house, if well constructed, is an admirable method of defence, which in the process of the war, to our cost, was fully experienced. In the instance now before us (though the house was not built upon the most approved principles), it was a formidable object. It was a square of perhaps forty or fifty feet. The large logs, neatly squared, were tightly bound together by dove-tail work. If not much mistaken, the lower story contained loop-holes for musketry, so narrow that those within could not be harmed from without. The upper story had four or more port-holes, for cannon of a large calibre. These guns were charged with grape or canister-shot, and were pointed with exactness towards the avenue at Cape Diamond. The hero Montgomery came. The drowsy or drunken guard did not hear the sawing of the posts of the first palisade. Here, if not very erroneous, four posts were sawed and thrown aside, so as to admit four men abreast. The column entered with a manly fortitude. Montgomery, accompanied by his aids, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, advanced in front. Arriving at the second palisade, the general, with *his own hands*, sawed down two of the pickets, in such a manner as to admit two men abreast. These sawed pickets were close under the hill, and but a few yards from the very point of the rock, out of the view and fire of the enemy from the block-house. Until our troops advanced to the point, no harm could ensue but by stones thrown from above. Even now there had been but an imperfect discovery of the advancing of an enemy, and that only by the intoxicated guard. The guard fled; the general

advanced a few paces. A drunken sailor returned to his gun, swearing he would not forsake it while undischarged. This fact is related from the testimony of the guard on the morning of our capture, some of those sailors being our guard. Applying the match, this single discharge deprived us of our excellent commander.

Examining the spot, the officer who escorted us, professing to be one of those who first came to the place after the death of Montgomery, showed the position in which the general's body was found. It lay two paces from the brink of the river, on the back, the arms extended—Cheeseman lay on the left, and M'Pherson on the right, in a triangular position. Two other brave men lay near them. The ground above described was visited by an inquisitive eye, so that you may rely with some implicitness on the truth of the picture. As all danger from without had vanished, the government had not only permitted the mutilated palisades to remain, without renewing the enclosure, but the very sticks, sawed by the hand of our commander, still lay strewed about the spot.

Colonel Campbell, appalled by the death of the general, retreated a little way from Cape Diamond, out of the reach of the cannon of the block-house, and called a council of officers, who, it was said, justified his receding from the attack. By rushing on, as military duty required, and a brave man would have done, the block-house might have been occupied by a small number, and was unassailable from without, but by cannon. From the block-house to the centre of the Lower Town, where we were, there was

no obstacle to impede a force so powerful as that under Colonel Campbell.

Cowardice, or a want of good-will towards our cause, left us to our miserable fate. A junction, though we might not conquer the fortress, would enable us to make an honourable retreat, though with the loss of many valuable lives. Campbell, who was ever after considered as a poltroon in grain, retreated, leaving the bodies of the general, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, to be devoured by the dogs.

The disgust caused among us, as to Campbell, was so great as to create the unchristian wish, that he might be hanged. In that desultory period, though he was tried, he was acquitted; that was also the case of Colonel Enos, who deserted us on the Kennebec. There never were two men more worthy of punishment of the most exemplary kind.

On the 3d or 4th of January, being as it were domesticated in the sergeant's mess in the *reguliers*, a file of men, headed by an officer, called to conduct me to the seminary. Adhering to the advice of Colonel M'Dougal, the invitation was declined, though the hero Morgan had solicited this grace from Governor Carleton, and had sent me a kind and pressing message. My reasons, which were explained to Morgan, in addition to the one already given, operated forcibly on my mind. Having lost all my clothes in the wilderness, except those on my back; and those acquired by the provident and gratuitous spirit of General Montgomery having remained at our quarters, and become a prey to the women and invalids of the army; nothing remained fitting me to

appear in company anywhere. Additionally, it had become a resolution, when leaving Lancaster, as my absence would go near to break the hearts of my parents, never to break upon my worthy father's purse. Dire necessity compelled me to rescind this resolution in part, in the wilderness, but that circumstance made me the more determined to adhere to the resolve afterwards. Again, my intimate friends were not in the seminary. Steele was in the hospital, and Simpson, by previous command, on the charming Isle of Orleans, which, from its fruitfulness, had become as it were our store-house. Add to all these reasons, it could not be said of the gentlemen in the seminary, "they are my intimates," except as to Captain Morgan, and Lieutenant F. Nichols of Hendrick's. Besides, my leather small-clothes, all in fritters, had been cast away, and a savage covering adopted until more auspicious times came. But even now, an idea of escape and vengeance inflamed the breasts of many, and we were here in a much superior situation for such a purpose than that of the seminary. All these facts and circumstances, induced me to decline the friendly solicitation of the kind-hearted Morgan.

On the third day after our capture, the generous Carleton despatched a flag to Arnold, to obtain what trifling baggage we had left at our quarters. Mine was either forgotton, or, miserable as it was, had been plundered; but as good luck would have it, the knapsack of one Alexander Nelson, of our company, who was killed when running to the first barrier, was disclaimed by all of our men. I, in consequence, laid

violent hands upon the spoil. It furnished my companion and myself with a large but coarse blue blanket, called a "stroud," and a drummer's regimental coat. The blanket became a real comfort, the coat an article of barter.

It was on this day that my heart was ready to burst with grief at viewing the funeral of our beloved general. Carleton had, in our former wars with the French, been the friend and fellow-soldier of Montgomery. Though political opinion, perhaps ambition or interest, had thrown these worthies on different sides of the great question, yet the former could not but honour the remains of his quondam friend. About noon the procession passed our quarters. It was most solemn. The coffin, covered with a pall, surmounted by transverse swords, was borne by men. The regular troops, particularly that fine body of men, the seventh regiment, with reversed arms, and scarfs on the left elbow, accompanied the corpse to the grave. The funerals of the other officers, both friends and enemies, were performed this day. From many of us it drew tears of affection for the deceased,—and speaking for myself, tears of greeting and thankfulness towards General Carleton. The soldiery and inhabitants appeared affected by the loss of this invaluable man, though he was their enemy. If such men as Washington, Carleton, and Montgomery, had had the entire direction of the adverse war, the contention, in the event, might have happily terminated to the advantage of both sections of the nation. M'Pherson, Cheeseman, Hendricks, and Humphreys, were all dignified by the manner of burial.

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On the same or the following day, we were compelled (if we would look) to a more disgusting and torturing sight. Many carioles, repeatedly one after the other, passed our dwelling loaded with the dead, whether of the assailants or of the garrison, to a place emphatically called the "dead-house." Here the bodies were heaped in monstrous piles. The horror of the sight, to us southern men, principally consisted in seeing our companions borne to interment, uncoffined, and in the very clothes they had worn in battle,—their limbs distorted in various directions, such as would ensue in the moment of death. Many of our friends and acquaintances were apparent. Poor Nelson lay on the top of half-a-dozen other bodies, his arms extended beyond his head, as if in the act of prayer, and one knee crooked and raised, seemingly, when he last gasped in the agonies of death. A flood of tears was consequent. Though Montgomery was beloved, because of his manliness of soul, heroic bravery, and suavity of manners—Hendricks and Humphreys, for the same admirable qualities, and especially for the endurances we underwent in conjunction, which caused many a tear—still my unhappy and lost brethren, though in humble station, with whom that dreadful wild was penetrated, and from whom came many attentions towards me, forced melancholy sensations.

From what is said relative to the "dead-house," you might conclude that General Carleton was inhumane or hard-hearted. No such thing. In this northern latitude, at this season of the year, according to my feelings (we had no thermometer), the

weather was so cold as usually to be many degrees below zero. A wound, if mortal, or even otherwise, casts the party wounded into the snow; if death should follow, it throws the sufferer into various attitudes, which are assumed in the extreme pain accompanying death. The moment death takes place, the frost fixes the limbs in whatever situation they may then happen to be, and which cannot be reduced to decent order until they are thawed. In this state the bodies of the slain are deposited in the "dead-house," hard as ice. At this season of the year the earth is frozen from two to five feet deep, impenetrable to the best pickaxe, in the hands of the stoutest man. Hence you may perceive a justification of the "dead-house." It is no new observation, that "climates form the manners and habitudes of the people."

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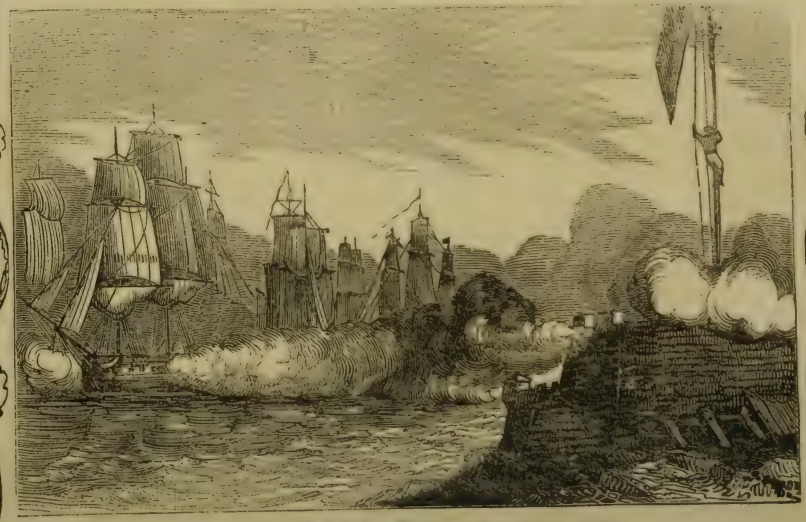
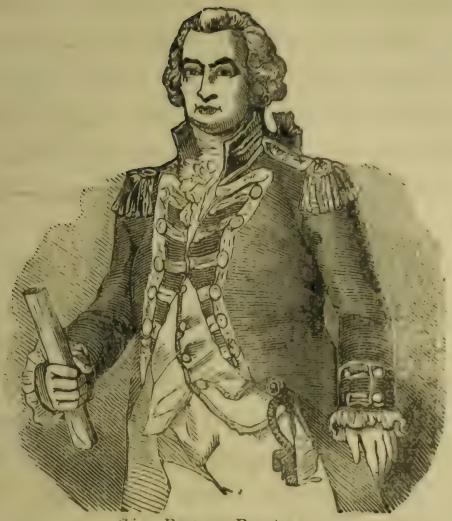


Attack on Fort Moultrie.



Sir Peter Parker.

EXPEDITION AGAINST CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON, the capital of South Carolina, stands on a point of land which lies between the rivers Cooper and Ashley, which fall into a bay of the Atlantic; and in the bay there are several islands. The people resolved to fortify the capital of the province; and for that purpose erected a fort on Sullivan's Island, which lies in the bay, about six miles below the town, and near the channel leading to it. The fort was con-

structed with the wood of the palmetto, a tree peculiar to the Southern States, which grows from twenty to forty feet high without branches, and terminates in a top resembling the head of a cabbage. The wood of the tree is remarkably spongy; and a ball entering it makes no extended fracture, but buries itself in the wood, without injuring the adjacent parts. The fort was mounted with about thirty cannon—thirty-two, eighteen, and nine-pounders.

In the latter part of the year 1775 and beginning of 1776, great exertions had been made in Britain to send an overwhelming force into America; and on the 2d of June the alarm-guns were fired in the vicinity of Charleston, and expresses sent to the militia officers to hasten to the defence of the capital with the forces under their command. The order was promptly obeyed; and some continental regiments from the neighbouring states also arrived. The whole was under the direction of General Lee, who had been appointed commander of all the forces in the Southern States, and had under him the continental generals, Armstrong and Howe.

The utmost activity prevailed in Charleston. The citizens, abandoning their usual avocations, employed themselves entirely in putting the town into a respectable state of defence. They pulled down the valuable storehouses on the wharves, barricaded the streets, and constructed lines of defence along the shore. Relinquishing the pursuits of peaceful industry and commercial gain, they engaged in incessant labour, and prepared for bloody conflicts. The troops, amounting to between five and six thousand men,

were stationed in the most advantageous positions. The second and third regular regiments of South Carolina, under Colonels Moultrie and Thomson, were posted on Sullivan's Island. A regiment, commanded by Colonel Gadsden, was stationed at Fort Johnson, about three miles below Charleston, on the most northerly point of James's Island, and within point-blank shot of the channel. The rest of the troops were posted at Haddrel's Point, along the bay near the town, and at such other places as were thought most proper. Amidst all this bustle and preparation, lead for bullets was extremely scarce, and the windows of Charleston were stripped of their weights, in order to procure a small supply of that necessary article.

While the Americans were thus busily employed, the British exerted themselves with activity. About the middle of February, an armament sailed from the cove of Cork, under the command of Sir Peter Parker and Earl Cornwallis, to encourage and support the loyalists in the southern provinces.

After a tedious voyage, the greater part of the fleet reached Cape Fear, in North Carolina, on the 3d of May. General Clinton, who had left Boston in December, took the command of the land forces, and issued a proclamation, promising pardon to all the inhabitants who laid down their arms; but that proclamation produced no effect. Early in June, an armament, consisting of between forty and fifty vessels, appeared off Charleston Bay, and thirty-six of the transports passed the bar, and anchored about three miles from Sullivan's Island. Some hundreds of

the troops landed on Long Island, which lies on the west of Sullivan's Island, and which is separated from it by a narrow channel, often fordable. On the 10th of the month, the Bristol, a fifty-gun ship, having taken out her guns, got safely over the bar; and on the 25th, the Experiment, a ship of equal force, arrived, and next day passed in the same way. On the part of the British everything was now ready for action. Sir Henry Clinton had nearly three thousand men under his command. The naval force, under Sir Peter Parker, consisted of the Bristol and Experiment, of fifty guns each; the Acteon, Solebay, and Syren frigates, of twenty-eight guns each; the Friendship, of twenty-two, and the Sphinx, of twenty guns; the Ranger sloop, and Thunder bomb, of eight guns each.

On the forenoon of the 28th of June, this fleet advanced against the fort on Sullivan's Island, which was defended by Colonel Moultrie, with three hundred and forty-four regular troops, and some militia, who volunteered their services on the occasion. The Thunder bomb began the battle. The Acteon, Bristol, Experiment, and Solebay followed boldly to the attack, and a terrible cannonade ensued. The fort returned the fire of the ships slowly, but with deliberate and deadly aim. The contest was carried on during the whole day with unabating fury. All the forces collected at Charleston stood prepared for battle; and both the troops and the numerous spectators beheld the conflict with alternations of hope and fear, which appeared in their countenances and gestures. They knew not how soon the fort might be silenced or passed by, and the attack made immediately upon them-

selves; but they were resolved to meet the invaders at the water's edge, to dispute every inch of ground, and to prefer death to what they considered to be slavery.

The Sphinx, Acteon, and Syren were ordered to attack the western extremity of the fort, which was in a very unfinished state; but as they proceeded for that purpose, they got entangled with a shoal, called the Middle Ground. Two of them ran foul of each other; the Acteon stuck fast; the Sphinx and Syren got off, the former with the loss of her bowsprit, the latter with little injury; but, happily for the Americans, that part of the attack completely failed.

It had been concerted that, during the attack by the ships, Sir Henry Clinton, with the troops, should pass the narrow channel which separates Long Island from Sullivan's Island, and assail the fort by land; but this the general found impracticable; for the channel, though commonly fordable, was at that time, by a long prevalence of easterly winds, deeper than usual. Sir Henry Clinton and some other officers waded up to the shoulders; but finding the depth still increasing, they abandoned the intention of attempting the passage. The seamen who found themselves engaged in such a severe conflict, often cast a wistful look towards Long Island, in the hope of seeing Sir Henry Clinton and the troops advancing against the fort; but their hope was disappointed, and the ships and the fort were left to themselves to decide the combat. Although the channel had been fordable, the British troops would have found the passage an arduous enterprise; for Colonel Thomson, with a strong detachment of riflemen, regulars, and militia, was posted on the east end of Sulli-

van's Island to oppose any attack made in that quarter.

In the course of the day the fire of the fort ceased for a short time, and the British flattered themselves that the guns were abandoned; but the pause was occasioned solely by the want of powder, and when a supply was obtained the cannonade recommenced as steadily as before. The engagement, which began about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, continued with unabated fury till seven in the evening, when the fire slackened, and about nine entirely ceased on both sides. During the night, all the ships except the Acteon, which was aground, removed about two miles from the island. Next morning the fort fired a few shots at the Acteon, and she at first returned them; but, in a short time, her crew set her on fire and abandoned her. A party of Americans boarded the burning vessel, seized her colours, fired some of her guns at Commodore Parker, filled three boats with her sails and stores, and then quitted her. She blew up shortly afterwards.

In this obstinate engagement both parties fought with great gallantry. The loss of the British was considerable. The Bristol had forty men killed, and seventy-one wounded; Mr. Morris, her captain, lost an arm. The Experiment had twenty-three men killed, and seventy-six wounded; Captain Scott, her commander, also lost an arm; Lord William Campbell, the late governor of the province, who served on board as a volunteer, received a wound in his side, which ultimately proved mortal; Commodore Sir Peter Parker received a slight contusion. The

Acteon had Lieutenant Pike killed, and six men wounded. The Solebay had eight men wounded. After some days the troops were all reimbarked, and the whole armament sailed for New York. The garrison lost ten men killed, and twenty-two wounded. Although the Americans were raw troops, yet they behaved with the steady intrepidity of veterans. In the course of the engagement the flag-staff of the fort was shot away; but Sergeant Jasper leaped down upon the beach, snatched up the flag, fastened it to a sponge staff, and, while the ships were incessantly directing their broadsides upon the fort, he mounted the merlon and deliberately replaced the flag. Next day President Rutledge presented him with a sword, as a testimony of respect for his distinguished valour. Colonel Moultrie, and the officers and troops on Sullivan's Island, received the thanks of their country for their bravery; and, in honour of the gallant commander, the fort was named Fort Moultrie.

The failure of the attack on Charleston was of great importance to the American cause, and contributed much to the establishment of the popular government. The friends of Congress triumphed; and numbers of them, ignorant of the power of Britain and of the spirit which animated her counsels, fondly imagined that their freedom was achieved. The diffident became bold; the advocates of the irresistibility of British fleets and armies were mortified and silenced; and they who from interested motives had hitherto been loud in their professions of loyalty, began to alter their tone. The brave defence of Fort Moultrie saved the Southern States from the horrors of war for several years.

Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE part taken by Adams and Jefferson in bringing about the Declaration of Independence, is thus described by Mr. Everett:

In 1774, and on the 17th of June, a day destined to be in every way illustrious, Mr. Adams was elected a member of the Continental Congress,

of which body he was signalized, from the first, as a distinguished leader. In the month of June in the following year, when a commander-in-chief was to be chosen for the American armies, and when that appointment seemed in course to belong to the commanding general of the brave army from Massachusetts and the neighbouring states, which had rushed to the field, Mr. Adams nominated George Washington to that all-important post, and was thus far the means of securing the blessing of his guidance to the American armies.

In August 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the Continental Congress, preceded by the fame of being one of the most accomplished and powerful champions of the cause, though among the youngest members of the body. It was the wish of Mr. Adams, and probably of Mr. Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775; but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure.

At length the accepted time arrived. In May 1776, the colonies, on the proposition of Mr. Adams, were invited by the General Congress to establish their several state governments. On the 7th of June the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the 11th a committee of five was chosen, to announce this resolution to the world; and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honourable duty, their elevated standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In their amicable contention and deference each to the other of the great trust of composing the all-important docu-

ment, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence of America. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of states; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, the justification of the great movement in human affairs which was then taking place; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a charter of public right, destined, or rather let me say, already elevated to an importance, in the estimation of men, beyond everything human, ever borne on parchment, or expressed in the visible signs of thought, this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who foresaw, and foreseeing broke the way for this great consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits, that united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequalled in power; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the declaration; and then, in the exercise of an eloquence as prompt as it was overwhelming, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it, this is the glory of John Adams.

Nor was it among common and inferior minds, that these men enjoyed their sublime pre-eminence. In the body that elected Mr. Jefferson to draft the Declaration of Independence, there sat a patriot sage, than whom

the English language does not boast a better writer, Benjamin Franklin. And Mr. Adams was pronounced by Mr. Jefferson himself the ablest advocate of independence, in a Congress which could boast among its members such men as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and our own Samuel Adams. They were great and among great men; mightiest among the mighty; and enjoyed their lofty standing in a body of which half the members might with honour have presided over the deliberative councils of a nation.

All glorious as their office in this council of sages has proved, they beheld the glory only in distant vision, while the prospect before them was shrouded with darkness and lowering with terror. "I am not transported with enthusiasm," is the language of Mr. Adams, the day after the resolution was adopted; "I am well aware of the toil, the treasure, and the blood it will cost, to maintain this declaration, to support and defend these states. Yet through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means." Nor was it the rash adventure of uneasy spirits, who had everything to gain and nothing to risk by their enterprise. They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire! They might have revelled in the royal bounty; they might have shared the imperial counsels; they might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice, that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements which called them to another choice. The dread voice

of authority; the array of an empire's power; the pleadings of friendship; the yearning of their hearts towards the land of their fathers' sepulchres—the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made venerable; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed; all the feelings which grew from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were anything but adventurers, anything but malecontents. They loved peace, they loved order, they loved law, they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority; but they chiefly loved freedom and their country; and they took up the ark of her liberties with pure hands, and bore it through in triumph, for their strength was in Heaven.

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

N evacuating Boston, General Howe retired with his forces to Halifax, and General Washington started for New York, where he soon arrived with his army. In that city the British interest had been more powerful than in any other place in the provinces; and the struggle between the friends of British domination and of American freedom had been more doubtful there than in any other quarter. But, by superior numbers and more

daring activity, the adherents of Congress had gained the ascendancy. On his arrival in the city, General Washington endeavoured to put it into a posture of defence; and as the British, by means of their fleet, had the command of the waters, he attempted to obstruct the navigation of the East and North Rivers, by sinking vessels in the channels. He also raised fortifications at New York, and on Long Island; and made every preparation in his power for giving the British army a vigorous reception.

General Howe remained some time at Halifax; but after the recovery of his troops from the fatigue and sickness occasioned by the blockade of Boston, he embarked, sailed to the southward, and on the 2d of July landed, without opposition, on Staten Island, which lies on the coast of New Jersey, and is separated from Long Island by a channel called the *Narrows*. His army amounted to nine thousand men; and his brother Lord Howe, commander of the British fleet, who had touched at Halifax expecting to find him there, arrived soon afterwards, with a reinforcement of about twenty thousand men from Britain. Thus General Howe had the command of nearly thirty thousand troops, for the purpose of subjugating the American colonies; a more formidable force than had ever before visited these shores. General Washington was ill prepared to meet such a powerful army. His force consisted of about nine thousand men, many of whom were ill-armed, and about two thousand more without any arms at all; but new levies were daily coming in.

On his arrival, Lord Howe, by a flag, sent ashore to Amboy a circular letter to several of the late royal

governors, and a declaration mentioning the powers with which he and his brother the general were invested, and desiring their publication. These papers General Washington transmitted to Congress, who ordered them to be published in the newspapers, that the people, as they alleged, might be apprised of the nature and extent of the powers of these commissioners, with the expectation of whom it had been attempted to amuse and disarm them. General Howe wished to open a correspondence with General Washington, but without acknowledging his official character as commander-in-chief of the American armies; and for this purpose he sent a letter to New York, addressed to "George Washington, Esquire." That letter the general refused to receive, because it was not addressed to him in his official character. A second letter was sent, addressed to "George Washington, &c. &c. &c." That also, the general declined to receive; but acted in the most polite manner towards Adjutant-General Paterson, the officer who bore it; who, on his part, behaved himself in a manner becoming his character as a gentleman. Congress approved of the conduct of General Washington on the occasion; and ordered that none of their officers should receive letters or messages from the British army unless addressed to them according to their respective ranks. But this dispute about a point of form was soon succeeded by the din of arms and the horrors of active warfare. The American army was not very formidable. In the month of July, indeed, it amounted to about seventeen thousand men, but a much greater number had been expected; of fifteen thousand new levies, that had been ordered, only five

Washington declining Howe's Letter.

thousand had arrived in camp. But the quality and equipment of the troops were more discouraging than their numbers: they were ill-disciplined, ill-armed, and little accustomed to that subordination and prompt obedience, which are essential to the efficiency of an army. They were as deficient in ammunition as in armour; and, instead of being cordially united in the common cause, they were distracted by provincial jealousies, prejudices, and animosities.

This raw and ill-armed multitude was opposed to thirty thousand troops, many of them veterans, all of them excellently equipped, and provided with a fine train of artillery. The Americans soon had the mortification to find that all their endeavours to obstruct

the navigation of the rivers were ineffectual; for several British ships-of-war passed up the North River, without receiving any considerable damage from a heavy cannonade directed against them from the shore.

The American army was posted partly at New York, and partly on Long Island. General Greene commanded in the latter place; but that officer being taken ill, General Sullivan was appointed in his room. General Howe, having collected his troops on Staten Island, and finding himself sufficiently strong to commence active operations, on the 22d of August crossed the Narrows without opposition, and landed on Long Island, between two small towns, Utrecht and Gravesend.

The American division on the island, about eleven thousand strong, occupied a fortified camp at Brooklyn, opposite New York. Their right flank was covered by a marsh, which extended to the East River near Mill Creek; their left, by an elbow of the river named Wallabach Bay. Across the peninsula, from Mill Creek to Wallabach Bay, the Americans had thrown up intrenchments, secured by abattis, or felled trees with their tops turned outwards, and flanked by strong redoubts. In their rear was the East River, about thirteen hundred yards wide, separating them from New York. In front of the fortified camp, and at some distance from it, a woody ridge obliquely intersected the island; and through that ridge there are passages by three different defiles—one at the southern extremity near the Narrows, another about the middle on the Flatbush road, and a third near the northeast extremity of the hills on

the Bedford road. Those defiles General Greene had carefully examined; and as it was evident that the British army must debark on the further side of the ridge, he resolved to dispute the passage of the defiles. General Sullivan, who succeeded to the command on the illness of General Greene, was not equally sensible of the importance of those passes. On the landing of the British, however, he sent strong detachments to guard the passes near the Narrows, and on the Flatbush road; but the more distant pass he did not duly attend to, merely sending an officer with a party to observe it, and give notice if the enemy should appear there. That was no adequate precaution for the security of the pass; and the officer appointed to watch it discharged his duty in the most slovenly manner.

General Howe soon learned that there would be little difficulty in marching by the most distant defile, and turning the left of the Americans. Accordingly, early in the morning of the 27th of August, assisted by Sir Henry Clinton, who had joined him some time before with the troops that had been employed in the unsuccessful attack on Sullivan's Island, he marched with a strong column towards that defile. In order to divert the attention of the Americans from that movement, he ordered Generals Grant and Heister, with their respective divisions, to attack the passes near the Narrows and on the Flatbush road. General Grant proceeded to the southernmost defile. The American advanced guard fled on his approach; but the commander of the detachment appointed to guard that pass afterwards occupied an advantageous po-

sition, and bravely maintained his ground. General Heister, with the Hessians, skirmished on the Flatbush road.

While the attention of the Americans was engaged by the operation of those two columns, the main body of the British army proceeded without interruption through the most remote pass; and the American officer appointed to observe that road, performed his duty so ill, that General Howe's column had nearly gained the rear of the American detachment who defended the pass on the Flatbush road, before he gave the alarm. That division had hitherto steadily resisted the Hessians; but being apprised of the progress of the hostile column on their left, and being apprehensive of an attack on their rear, they began to retreat. That movement, however, was too late; for they were met by the British who had now gained their rear, and who drove them back on the Hessians, who, in their turn, compelled them to retreat towards the British. Thus they were driven backward and forward between two fires, till, by a desperate effort, the greater part of them forced their way through the British line, and regained their camp.

The division which opposed General Grant fought bravely, and maintained their ground until informed of the defeat of the left wing, when they retreated in confusion; and, in order to avoid the enemy, who were far advanced on their rear, the greater part of them attempted to escape along the dike of a mill-dam, and through a marsh, where many of them perished, but a remnant regained the camp. This division suffered severely, and the loss was much regretted, be-

cause many young men of the most respectable families in Maryland belonged to it, and fell on the occasion.

The British soldiers behaved with their usual courage, and it was with difficulty that they were restrained from instantly attacking the American camp: but General Howe, who always exercised a laudable care of the lives of his men, checked their impetuosity; perceiving that, without any great loss, he could compel the Americans to surrender, or to evacuate their camp. On that disastrous day the Americans lost two thousand men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners; among the latter were Generals Sullivan, Woodhull, and Alexander, titular Lord Stirling. They also lost six pieces of artillery. The British and Hessians had between three and four hundred men killed or wounded.

To attempt the defence of the islands against an enemy with a triumphant navy was an error in the American plan of the campaign; but the loss of the battle, or at least the easy victory of the British, was owing to the incapacity of General Sullivan. He was full of confidence, and paid no due attention to the more distant pass; but the issue of the day showed him, that confidence was not always the harbinger of success. Had Greene commanded, the result would probably have been somewhat different.

In the evening, the victorious army encamped in front of the American works; and on the morning of the 28th, broke ground about six hundred yards from the redoubt on the left. The Americans soon

Retreat from Long Island

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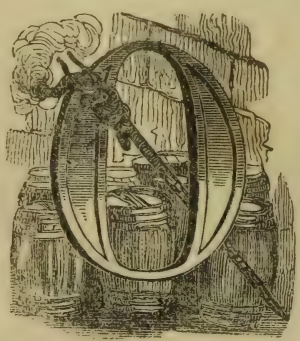
became sensible that their position was untenable, and a retreat was resolved on; but the execution of that measure presented great difficulties. The East River, nearly a mile broad, and sufficiently deep to float vessels of war, was in their rear; the British had a strong fleet at hand; and the victorious army was in front. Escape seemed impracticable; but in the face of all those difficulties, the Americans, to the number of nine thousand men, with their ammunition, artillery, provisions, horses, and carriages, on the evening of the 29th and morning of the 30th of August, passed over from Brooklyn to New York, without the loss of a man. The retreat took thirteen hours, during part of which time it rained; and, on the morning of the 30th, a thick fog hung over Long Island, and concealed from the British the operations of the Americans, while at New York the atmosphere was perfectly clear. The fog disappeared about half an hour after the American rear-guard had left the island. Thus, by great exertions and a fortunate combination of circumstances, the American army escaped from the perilous situation in which it had been placed.

General Charles Lee.

WASHINGTON'S RETREAT THROUGH JERSEY—CAPTURE OF GENERAL LEE.



N the 12th of November, General Washington had crossed the North River with part of his army, and taken a position not far from Fort Lee, having left upwards of seven thousand men at North Castle, under the command of General Lee.

At that time, the American army was in a critical and alarming state. It was composed chiefly of militia, and of men engaged for a short time only. The term of service of many of them was about to expire; and the republican military force was on the point of dissolution, in the presence of a well-disciplined, well-appointed, and victorious enemy.

In that threatening posture of public affairs, General Washington applied to the state of Massachusetts for four thousand new militia; and General Lee besought the militia under his command to remain for a few days after their term of service was expired. But the application of the commander-in-chief was not promptly answered; and the earnest entreaties of General Lee were almost utterly disregarded.

On the fall of Forts Washington and Lee, General Washington, with his little army, of about three thousand effective men, ill armed, worse clad, and almost without tents, blankets, or utensils for cooking their provisions, took a position behind the Hackensack. His army consisted chiefly of the garrison of Fort Lee, which had been obliged to evacuate that place with so much precipitation as to leave behind them the tents and most of the articles of comfort and accommodation in their possession. But although General Washington made a show of resistance by occupying the line of the Hackensack, yet he was sensible of his inability to dispute the passage of that river; he therefore retreated to Newark. There he remained some days, making the most earnest applications in every

Retreat through New Jersey.

quarter for reinforcements, and pressing General Lee to hasten his march to the southward and join him.

On the advance of Earl Cornwallis, General Washington abandoned Newark, and retreated to Brunswick, a small village on the Raritan. While there, the term of service of a number of his troops expired, and he had the mortification to see them abandon him. From Brunswick the Americans retreated to Trenton. There General Washington received a reinforcement of about two thousand men from Pennsylvania. He had taken the precaution of collecting and guarding all the boats on the Delaware from Philadelphia for seventy miles higher up the river. He sent his sick to Philadelphia, and his heavy artillery and baggage across the Delaware. Having taken these precautionary measures, and being somewhat encouraged by the reinforcements which he had received, he

halted some time at Trenton, and even began to advance towards Princeton; but being informed that Earl Cornwallis, strongly reinforced, was marching against him, he was obliged to seek refuge behind the river Delaware. On the 8th of December he accomplished the passage at Trenton ferry, the van of the British army making its appearance just as his rear-guard had crossed.

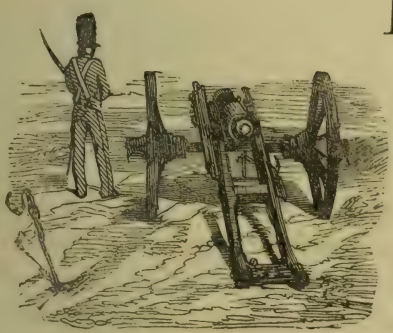
General Washington was careful to secure all the boats on the south side of the river, and to guard all those places where it was probable that the British army might attempt to pass; so that his feeble army was secured from the danger of an immediate attack. The British troops made demonstrations of an intention to cross the river, and detachments were stationed to oppose them; but the attempt was not seriously made. In this situation the American commander anxiously waited for reinforcements, and sent some parties over the river to observe and annoy the enemy.

While General Washington was retreating through the Jerseys, he earnestly desired General Lee, who had been left in command of the division of the army at North Castle, to hasten his march to the Delaware and join the main army. But that officer, notwithstanding the critical nature of the case, and the pressing orders of his commander, was in no haste to obey. Reluctant to give up his separate command, and subject himself to superior authority, he marched slowly to the southward, at the head of about three thousand men; and his sluggish movements and unwary conduct proved fatal to his own

personal liberty, and excited a lively sensation throughout America. He lay carelessly, without a guard, and at some distance from his troops, at Baskingridge, in Morris county, where, on the 13th of December, Colonel Harcourt, who, with a small detachment of light horse, had been sent to observe the movements of that division of the American army, by a gallant act of partisan warfare made him prisoner, and conveyed him rapidly to New York. For some time he was closely confined, and considered not as a prisoner of war, but as a deserter from the British army. The capture of General Lee was regarded as a great misfortune by the Americans; for at that time he enjoyed, in a high degree, the esteem and confidence of the friends of Congress; on the other hand, the British exulted in his captivity, as equal to a signal victory, declaring "that they had taken the American palladium."

General Knox.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.



IN that alarming state of affairs which presented itself in the winter of 1776, the American leaders still maintained an erect posture, and their brave and persevering commander-in-chief did not despair. Congress actively employed all the means in their power for supporting their independence, and General Washington applied in every quarter for

reinforcements. He perceived the security of the British commander-in-chief, and the advantages which the scattered cantonment of his troops presented to the American arms. "Now," exclaimed he, on being informed of the widely dispersed state of the British troops, "is the time to clip their wings, when they are so spread;" and, accordingly, he resolved to make a bold effort to check the progress of the enemy. For that purpose he planned an attack on the Hessians at Trenton. General Putnam, who was stationed in Philadelphia, might have been useful in creating a diversion on that side; but in that city the disaffection to Congress was so great, and the friends of Britain so strong, that it was deemed inexpedient to withdraw, even for a short time, the troops posted there. But a small party of militia, under Colonel Griffin, passed the Delaware near Philadelphia, and advanced to Mount Holly. Count Donop marched against them, but, on their retreat, he returned to Bordentown.

General Washington formed his troops into three divisions, which were almost simultaneously to pass the Delaware, at three different places, on the evening of the 25th of December, hoping to surprise the enemy after the festivities of Christmas. One division, under General Cadwalader, was to pass the river in the vicinity of Bristol, but failed through inattention to the state of the tide and of the river, as they could not land on account of the heaps of ice accumulated on the Jersey bank. The second division, under General Irving, was to pass at Trenton ferry, but was unable to make its way through the ice. The third and main division, under the command of

General Washington in person, assisted by Generals Sullivan and Greene, and Colonel Knox of the artillery, accomplished the passage, with great difficulty, at M'Konkey's ferry, about nine miles above Trenton. The general had expected to have his troops on the Jersey side about midnight, and to reach Trenton about five in the morning. But the difficulties arising from the accumulation of ice in the river were so great, that it was three o'clock in the morning before the troops got across, and nearly four before they began to move forwards. They were formed into two divisions, one of which proceeded towards Trenton by the lower or river road, and the other by the upper or Pennington road.

Colonel Rhalle had received some intimation that an attack on his post was meditated, and probably would be made on the evening of the 25th. Captain Washington, afterwards much distinguished as an officer of cavalry, had for some days been on a scouting party in the Jerseys with about fifty foot soldiers; and, ignorant of the meditated attack on the evening of the 25th, had approached Trenton, exchanged a few shots with the advanced sentinels, and then retreated. The Hessians concluded that this was the threatened attack, and became quite secure. Captain Washington, in his retreat, met the general advancing against Trenton by the upper road, and joined him. Although some apprehensions were entertained that the alarm excited by Captain Washington's appearance might have put the Hessians on their guard; yet, as there was now no room either for hesitation or delay, the Americans

steadily continued their march. The night was severe: it sleeted, snowed, and was intensely cold, and the road slippery. But General Washington advanced firmly, and at eight o'olock in the morning reached the Hessian advanced posts, which he instantly drove in; and, so equal had been the progress of the columns, that in three minutes afterwards the firing on the river road announced the arrival of the other division.

Colonel Rhalle, who was a courageous officer, soon had his men under arms, and prepared for a brave defence; but, early in the engagement, he received a mortal wound, and his men being severely galled by the American artillery, about one thousand of them threw down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war; but a considerable body of them, chiefly light horse, retreated towards Bordentown and made their escape.

In this attack not many Hessians were killed, and the Americans lost only four or five men, some of whom were frozen to death by the intense cold of the night. Some of General Washington's officers wished him to follow up his success, and he was much inclined to pursue that course; but a council of war was averse from the measure, and he did not think it advisable to act contrary to the prevailing opinion. On the evening of the 26th he repassed the Delaware, carrying his prisoners along with him, and their arms, colours, and artillery.

This enterprise, although it failed in several of its parts, was completely successful in so far as it was under the immediate direction of the commander-in-chief, and it had a happy effect on the affairs of

America. It was the first wave of the returning tide. It filled the British with astonishment; and the Hessians, whose name had before inspired the people with fear, ceased to be terrible. The prisoners were paraded through the streets of Philadelphia to prove the reality of the victory, which the friends of the British government had denied. The hopes of the Americans were revived, and their spirits elevated; they had a clear proof that their enemies were not invincible, and that union, courage, and perseverance, would insure success.

Battle Ground at Trenton.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

ALTHOUGH General Cadwalader had not been able to pass the Delaware at the appointed time, yet, believing that General Washington was still on the Jersey side, on the 27th he crossed the river with fifteen hundred men, about two miles above Bristol; and even after he was informed that General Washington had again passed into Pennsylvania, he proceeded to Burlington, and next day marched on Bordentown, the enemy hastily retiring as he advanced.

The spirit of resistance and insurrection was again fully awakened in Pennsylvania, and considerable

numbers of the militia repaired to the standard of the commander-in-chief, who again crossed the Delaware and marched to Trenton, where, at the beginning of January, he found himself at the head of five thousand men.

The alarm was now spread throughout the British army. A strong detachment, under General Grant, marched to Princeton; and Earl Cornwallis, who was on the point of sailing for England, was ordered to leave New York, and resume his command in the Jerseys.

On joining General Grant, Lord Cornwallis immediately marched against Trenton. On his approach, General Washington crossed a rivulet named the Asumpinck, and took post on some high ground, with the rivulet in his front. On the advance of the British army on the afternoon of the 2d of January, 1777, a smart cannonade ensued, and continued till night, Lord Cornwallis intending to renew the attack next morning; but soon after midnight General Washington silently decamped, leaving his fires burning, his sentinels advanced, and small parties to guard the fords of the rivulet, and, by a circuitous route through Allentown, proceeded towards Princeton.

It was the most inclement season of the year, but the weather favoured his movement. For two days before it had been warm, soft, and foggy, and great apprehensions were entertained lest, by the depth of the roads, it should be found impossible to transport the baggage and artillery with the requisite celerity; but about the time the troops began to move, one of those sudden changes of weather which are not unfre-

quent in America happened. The wind shifted to the northwest, while the council of war which was to decide on their ulterior operations was sitting. An intense frost set in; and instead of being obliged to struggle through a miry road, the army marched as on solid pavement. The American soldiers considered the change of weather as an interposition of Heaven in their behalf, and proceeded on their way with alacrity.

Earl Cornwallis, in his rapid march towards Trenton, had left three regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, at Princeton, with orders to advance on the 3d of the month to Maidenhead, a village about half way between Princeton and Trenton. General Washington approached Princeton towards daybreak, and shortly before that time Colonel Mawhood's detachment had begun to advance towards Maidenhead, by a road at a little distance from that on which the Americans were marching. The two armies unexpectedly met, and a smart engagement instantly ensued. At first the Americans were thrown into some confusion; but General Washington, by great personal exertions, restored order, and renewed the battle. Colonel Mawhood, with a part of his force, broke through the American army, and continued his route to Maidenhead; the remainder of his detachment, being unable to advance, retreated by different roads to Brunswick.

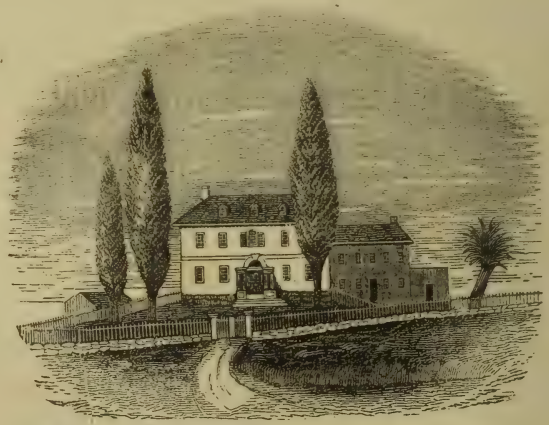
In this encounter a considerable number of men fell on each side. The Americans lost General Mercer, whose death was much lamented by his countrymen. Captain Leslie, son of the Earl of

Leven, was among the slain on the side of the British; and he was buried with military honours by the Americans, in testimony of respect not to himself merely, but to his family also.

Early in the morning Earl Cornwallis discovered that General Washington had decamped; and soon afterwards the report of the artillery in the engagement with Colonel Mawhood near Princeton, convinced him of the direction which the American army had taken. Alarmed for the safety of the British stores at Brunswick, he advanced rapidly towards Princeton. In the American army it had indeed been proposed to make a forced march to Brunswick, where all the baggage of the British army was deposited; but the complete exhaustion of the men, who had been without rest, and almost without food for two days and nights, prevented the adoption of the measure. General Washington proceeded towards Morristown, and Lord Cornwallis pressed on his rear; but the Americans, on crossing Millstone river, broke down the bridge at Kingston, to impede the progress of their enemies; and there the pursuit ended. Both armies were completely worn out, the one being as unable to pursue as the other was to retreat. General Washington took up a position at Morristown, and Lord Cornwallis reached Brunswick, where no small alarm had been excited by the advance of the Americans, and where every exertion had been made for the removal of the baggage, and for defending the place.

General Washington fixed his head-quarters at Morristown, situated among hills of difficult access, where he had a fine country in his rear, from which

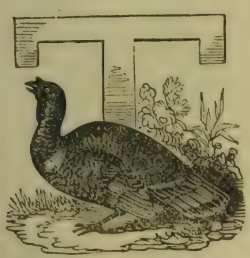
he could easily draw supplies, and was able to retreat across the Delaware, if needful. Giving his troops little repose, he over-ran both East and West Jersey, spread his army over the Raritan, and penetrated into the county of Essex, where he made himself master of the coast opposite Staten Island. With a greatly inferior army, by judicious movements, he wrested from the British almost all their conquests in the Jerseys. Brunswick and Amboy were the only posts which remained in their hands, and even in these they were not a little harassed and straitened. The American detachments were in a state of unwearied activity, frequently surprising and cutting off the British advanced guards, keeping them in perpetual alarm, and melting down their numbers by a desultory and indecisive warfare.



Washington's Headquarters at Morristown.

Capture of General Prescott.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT.



HIS capital exploit of Colonel Barton took place on the 10th of July, 1777. The British general, Prescott, was commander of Rhode Island, and had his head-quarters on the west side of the island, near Narraganset Bay, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and at some distance from any body of troops. He was but slightly guarded, trusting chiefly for security to the numerous cruisers, and to a guard-ship, which lay in a bay opposite his quarters.

Colonel Barton, at the head of forty men, officers

and volunteers, passed by night from Warwick Neck to Rhode Island; and although they had a passage of ten miles by water, yet, by keeping near the land, they eluded the vigilance of the British ships-of-war and guard-boats which surrounded the island. They conducted their enterprise with such silence and address, that, about midnight, they reached the general's quarters undiscovered, secured the sentinel, surprised the general in bed, and, without giving him time to put on his clothes, hurried him on board, with one of his aides-de-camp, and conveyed him safely to Providence. This event was very mortifying to General Prescott, and to the royal army; but occasioned much exultation among the Americans. Hitherto General Howe had absolutely refused to release General Lee, but he soon agreed to exchange him for General Prescott; and General Lee again joined the American army.

La Fayette leaving France.

BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

THE commander-in-chief, General Washington, distinctly understood the nature of the contest in which he was engaged; and, sensible of the inferiority of his raw and disorderly army to the veteran troops under Sir William Howe, he wished to avoid a general engagement; but, aware of the effect which the fall of Philadelphia would produce on the minds of the people, he determined to make every effort in order to retard the progress and

defeat the aim of the royal army. Accordingly, he marched to meet General Howe, who from want of horses, many of which had perished in the voyage, and from other causes, was unable to proceed from the head of Elk before the 3d of September, 1777. On the advance of the royal army, General Washington retreated across the Brandywine, a stream which falls into a branch of the Delaware at Wilmington. He took post, with his main body, opposite Chad's Ford, where it was expected the British would attempt the passage; and ordered General Sullivan, with a detachment, to watch the fords above. He sent General Maxwell, with about one thousand light troops, to occupy the high ground on the other side of the Brandywine, to skirmish with the British, and retard them in their progress.

On the morning of the 11th of September, the British army advanced in two columns; the right, under General Knyphausen, marched straight to Chad's Ford; the left, under Lord Cornwallis, accompanied by the commander-in-chief and Generals Grey, Grant, and Agnew, proceeded by a circuitous route towards the Forks, where the two branches of the Brandywine unite, with a view to turn the right of the Americans and gain their rear. General Knyphausen's van soon found itself opposed to the light troops under General Maxwell. A smart conflict ensued. General Knyphausen reinforced his advanced guard, and drove the Americans across the rivulet, to shelter themselves under their batteries on the north bank, and a cannonade was carried on with the American batteries on the heights beyond the ford.

Meanwhile the left wing of the British crossed the fords above the Forks. Of this movement General Washington had early notice; but the information which he received from different quarters, through his raw and unpractised scouts, was confused and contradictory, and consequently his operations were embarrassed. After passing the fords, Lord Cornwallis took the road to Dilworth, which led him on the American right. General Sullivan, who had been appointed to guard that quarter, occupied the heights above Birmingham church, his left extending to the Brandywine, his artillery judiciously placed, and his right flank covered by woods. About four in the afternoon Lord Cornwallis formed the line of battle and began the attack: for some time the Americans sustained it with intrepidity, but at length gave way. When General Washington heard the firing in that direction, he ordered General Greene with a brigade to support General Sullivan. General Greene marched four miles in forty-two minutes, but, on reaching the scene of action, he found General Sullivan's division defeated and fleeing in confusion. He covered the retreat; and, after some time, finding an advantageous position, he renewed the battle, and arrested the progress of the pursuing enemy.

General Knyphausen, as soon as he heard the firing of Lord Cornwallis's division, forced the passage of Chad's Ford, attacked the troops opposed to him, and compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. General Washington, with the part of his army which he was able to keep together, retired,

with his artillery and baggage, to Chester, where he halted, within eight miles of the British army, till next morning, when he retreated to Philadelphia. Night, and the exhaustion of the British troops, saved the discomfited Americans from pursuit.

In Philadelphia the American commander-in-chief remained two days, collecting his scattered troops, replacing the stores lost in the battle, and making arrangements for his future movements. On the third day after the engagement he marched up the north side of the Schuylkill, crossed it at Swede's Ford, and proceeded towards Lancaster.

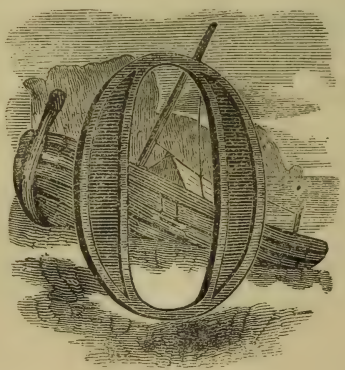
In the battle of the Brandywine the Americans suffered considerable loss, having about three hundred men killed, six hundred wounded, and four hundred taken prisoners. They also lost ten small field-pieces and a howitzer. The loss of the British was much less, not exceeding five or six hundred killed and wounded. In the battle several foreign officers of distinction served in the American army: among these was the celebrated Marquis de la Fayette; he was only about twenty years of age, and, animated by a youthful and enthusiastic love of liberty, had quitted his country, a plentiful fortune, and all the endearments of polished society, to fight under the banners of the infant republic at the most gloomy period of the contest. At his own expense he purchased and fitted out a vessel to convey him to the American continent, and sailed, notwithstanding a prohibition of the French government, which did not then deem it expedient to throw off the mask. This

battle was his first military service in the American cause, and in it he received a wound in the leg, but did not leave the field. Some other French officers were in the battle on the same side, and also Count Pulaski, a Polish nobleman.

Costume of British Naval Officer, 1777.

General La Fayette.

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.



N the evening after the battle of Brandywine, General Howe sent a party to Wilmington, who seized in bed Mr. M'Kinlay, governor of the state of Delaware, and took a shallop lying in the rivulet loaded with the rich effects of

some of the inhabitants, together with the public records of the county, and other valuable and important property.

General Wayne, with a detachment of fifteen hundred men, had taken post in the woods on the left of the British army, with the intention of harassing it on its march. On the evening of the 20th of September, General Grey was despatched to surprise him, and successfully executed the enterprise; killing or wounding, chiefly with the bayonet, about three hundred men, taking nearly one hundred prisoners, and making himself master of all their baggage. General Grey had only one captain and three privates killed, and four wounded.

On the evening of the 18th, Congress left Philadelphia for the second time, and proceeded first to Lancaster, and afterwards to York. On the afternoon of the 22d, and early on the 23d of September, Sir William Howe, contrary to the expectation of the American commander-in-chief, crossed the Schuylkill at Fatland and Gordon's Ford. The main body of his army encamped at Germantown, a long village, seven miles from Philadelphia; and, on the 26th, with a detachment of his troops, he took peaceable possession of the city, where he was cordially received by the Quakers and other royalists. During these movements, both armies were much incommoded by cold and heavy rains.

On receiving information of the success of the royal army under his brother at Brandywine, Admiral Lord Howe left the Chesapeake and steered for the Delaware, where he arrived on the 8th of October. As

soon as General Howe had gained possession of Philadelphia, he began to clear the course of the river, in order to open a free communication with the fleet.

The Americans had laboured assiduously to obstruct the navigation of the Delaware; and, for that purpose, had sunk three rows of chevaux-de-frise, formed of large beams of timber bolted together, with strong projecting iron spikes, across the channel, a little below the place where the Schuylkill falls into the Delaware. The upper and lower rows were commanded by fortifications on the banks and islands of the river, and by floating batteries.

While the detachments employed in assisting to clear the course of the river weakened the royal army at Germantown, General Washington, who lay encamped at Skippach Creek, on the north side of the Schuylkill, about seventeen miles from Germantown, meditated an attack upon it. Germantown consisted of one street about two miles long; the line of the British encampment bisected the village almost at right angles, and had its left covered by the Schuylkill. General Washington having been reinforced by fifteen hundred troops from Peekskill, and one thousand Virginian militia, marched from Skippach Creek on the evening of the 3d of October, and at dawn of day next morning attacked the royal army. After a smart conflict he drove in the advanced guard, which was stationed at the head of the village, and, with his army divided into five columns, prosecuted the attack; but Lieutenant-Colonel Musgrave of the 40th regiment, which had been driven in, and who had been able to keep five companies of the regiment together,

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Battle of Germantowu.

threw himself into a large stone house in the village, which stood in front of the main column of the Americans, and there almost a half of General Washington's army was detained for a considerable time. Instead of masking the house with a sufficient force, and advancing rapidly with their main body, the Americans attacked the house, which was obstinately defended. This saved the British army; for the critical moment was lost in fruitless attempts on the house; the royal troops had time to get under arms, and be in readiness to resist or attack as circumstances required. General Grey came to the assistance of Colonel Musgrave; the engagement for some time was general and warm; at length the Americans began to give way, and effected a retreat with all their artillery. The morning was very foggy, a circumstance which had prevented the Americans from combining and conducting their operations as they otherwise might have done, but which now favoured their retreat by concealing their movements.

In this engagement the British had six hundred men killed or wounded; among the slain were Brigadier-General Agnew and Colonel Bird, officers of distinguished reputation. The Americans lost an equal number in killed and wounded, besides four hundred who were taken prisoners. General Nash, of North Carolina, was among those who were killed. After the battle, General Washington returned to his encampment at Skippach Creek.

Battle of Red-Bank.

BATTLE OF RED-BANK.

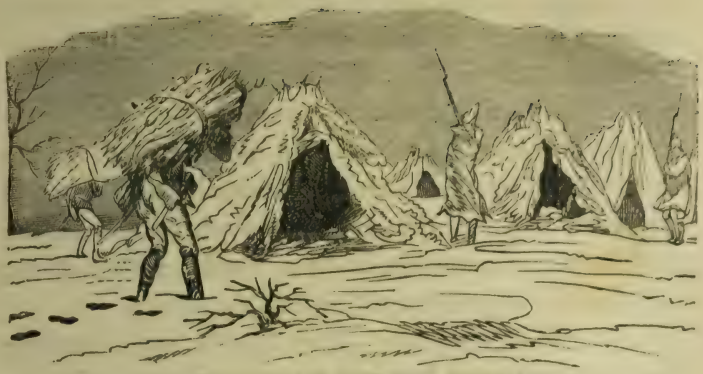
THE British army had been successful in repulsing the Americans, yet their situation was not comfortable; nor could they easily maintain themselves in Pennsylvania unless the navigation of the Delaware were opened, and a free communication established between the fleet and army. The upper line of chevaux-de-frise was protected by a work named Fort Mifflin, erected on a marshy island in the Delaware, called

Mud Island, formed by an accumulation of sand and vegetable mould near the Pennsylvania bank of the river, and by a redoubt called Red-Bank, on the Jersey side. At a small distance below Mud Island, and nearly in a line with it, are two others, named Province and Hog's Islands; between these and the Pennsylvania bank of the river was a narrow channel, of sufficient depth to admit ships of moderate draught of water. The reduction of Forts Mifflin and Red-Bank, and the opening of the Delaware, were of essential importance to the British army in the occupation of Philadelphia. In order, therefore, that he might be able more conveniently to assist in those operations, General Howe, on the 19th of October, withdrew his army from Germantown and encamped in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

He despatched Colonel Count Donop, a German officer, with three battalions of Hessian grenadiers, the regiment of Mirbach, and some light infantry, to reduce Red-Bank. This detachment crossed the Delaware at Philadelphia on the evening of the 21st of October, and next afternoon reached the place of its destination. Count Donop summoned the fort to surrender; but Colonel Christopher Greene, of Rhode Island, who commanded in the redoubt, answered that he would defend his post to the last extremity. Count Donop immediately led his troops to the assault, advancing under a close fire from the fort, and from the American vessels-of-war and floating batteries on the river; he forced an extensive and unfinished outwork, but could make no impression on the redoubt. The count was mortally wounded; the second in command

also was disabled; and, after a desperate conflict and severe loss, the assailants were compelled to retreat under a fire similar to that which had met them in their advance. Colonel Donop was made prisoner, and soon died of his wounds.

The disaster did not terminate here. That part of the fleet which co-operated in the attack was equally unfortunate. The Augusta, Roebuck, Liverpool, Pearl, and Merlin, vessels-of-war, had passed through an opening in the lower line of chevaux-de-frise; and on the commencement of Count Donop's attack, moved up the river with the flowing tide. But the artificial obstructions had altered the course of the channel, and raised sand-banks where none existed before. Hence the Augusta and Merlin grounded a little below the second row of chevaux-de-frise. At the return of the tide every exertion was made to get them off, but in vain. In the morning the Americans, perceiving their condition, began to fire upon them, and sent fireships against them. The Augusta caught fire; and, the flames spreading rapidly, it was with the utmost difficulty that the crew were got out of her. The second lieutenant, chaplain, gunner, and some seamen perished in the flames; but the greater part of the crew was saved. The Merlin was abandoned and destroyed.



Encampment at Valley Forge.

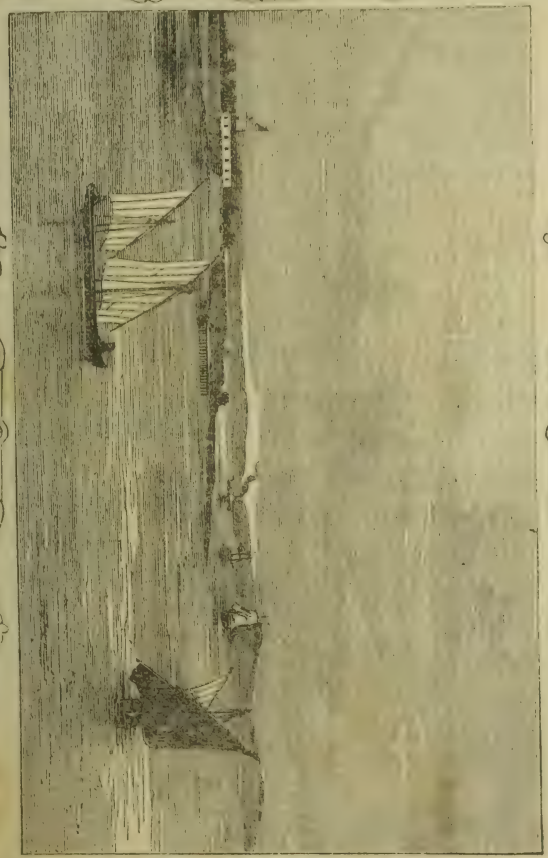
ATTACK ON FORT MIFFLIN--RETIREMENT OF THE ARMY TO VALLEY FORGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING these misfortunes, the operations requisite for reducing the forts on the river were carried on with great activity. Batteries were erected on the Pennsylvania bank opposite Mud Island; but from the difficulty of constructing works on marshy ground, and of transporting heavy artillery through swamps, much time was consumed before they could be got ready to act with effect. The British also took possession of Province Islana; and, although it was almost wholly overflowed, erected works upon it.

On the 15th of November, everything was ready for a grand attack on Fort Mifflin. The Vigilant armed ship and a hulk, both mounted with heavy cannon, passed up the strait between Hog and Province islands and the Pennsylvania bank, in order to take their station opposite the weakest part of the fort. The Isis, Somerset, Roebuck, and several frigates, sailed up the main channel, as far as the second line of chevaux-de-frise would permit them, and placed themselves in front of the work.

The little garrison of Fort Mifflin, not exceeding three hundred men, had greatly exerted themselves in opposing and retarding the operations of the British fleet and army against them; and in this desperate crisis their courage did not forsake them. A terrible cannonade against Fort Mifflin was begun and carried on by the British batteries and shipping; and was answered by the fort, by the American galleys and floating batteries on the river, and by their works on the Jersey bank. In the course of the day the fort was in a great measure demolished, and many of the guns dismounted. The garrison, finding their post no longer tenable, retired, by means of their shipping, during the night. Two days afterwards, the post at Red-Bank was evacuated also. Lord Cornwallis marched against it; but the garrison retreated before his arrival.

The American shipping in the river, being now left unprotected, retired up the stream: part of it, by keeping close to the Jersey side, passed the batteries at Philadelphia during the night, and escaped; the rest was set on fire, and abandoned. Even the part



Fort Mifflin.

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of it, however, which escaped at this time, was afterwards destroyed. Thus the navigation of the Delaware was opened, and a free communication established between the fleet and army; but the defence of the river was so obstinate, that a considerable part of the campaign was spent in clearing it.

General Washington having received a reinforcement from the northern army, after the termination of the campaign in that quarter, left his strong camp at Skippach Creek, and, advancing nearer the British, occupied an advantageous position at White Marsh, fourteen miles from Philadelphia. He had a valley and rivulet in front, and his right was protected by an abattis, or fence of trees cut down, with their top branches pointed and turned outwards.

Sir William Howe thinking that General Washington, encouraged by his reinforcements, would hazard a battle for the recovery of the capital of Pennsylvania, or that a successful attack might be made on his position, marched from Philadelphia on the evening of the 4th of December, and next morning took post on Chestnut Hill, in front of the right wing of the American army. During the two succeeding days, General Howe made several movements in front of Washington's encampment and some skirmishing ensued. But General Washington remained within his lines; and Sir William Howe, deeming it unadvisable to attack him there, and seeing no probability of being able to provoke him to engage on more equal terms, returned with his army, on the 8th of December, to Philadelphia. At that time the two armies were nearly equal in point of numerical force,

each consisting of upwards of fourteen thousand men. Soon afterwards General Washington quitted White Marsh, crossed the Schuylkill, and took post at Valley Forge, where he spent the winter, about twenty-six miles from Philadelphia.

The sufferings of the army at Valley Forge were dreadful beyond description. Quartered in wretched tents, without clothing suitable for the inclement season, and without shoes, these heroic men bore all with a patience and courage which never ceased to command the eulogies of their countrymen. The example and exhortations of Washington were incessantly exerted to keep up their spirits; and the greatness of the cause for which they were suffering, made them endure all without a murmur. In fact, the army was almost defenceless in the neighbourhood of a powerful enemy; but Providence destined them to rise from the clutches of the oppressor, and still achieve triumphs for the cause of liberty.

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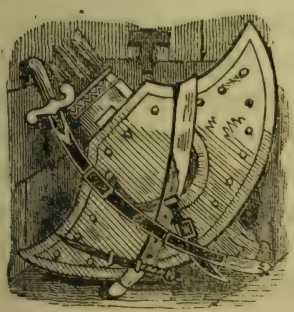
General Stark.

Battle of Bennington.

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.



THE advance of General Burgoyne's army from Canada towards New York, which took place in the summer of 1777, threw the whole country into the most vivid alarm. When he had captured Fort Ticonderoga, and

advanced as far as Fort Edward, he received a sudden check in an attempt to supply his army with provisions.

It was well known that the American army received live cattle from New England, which were collected at Bennington, twenty-four miles east from the Hudson, where a large deposit of carriages, corn, flour, and other necessaries, had been made. For this purpose he moved down the east side of the Hudson, and encamped nearly opposite Saratoga, which place the American army left on the 15th of August, and retreated to the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. He sent his van across the river by a bridge of boats; and at the same time despatched Colonel Baum, a German officer, with five hundred men, partly cavalry, two pieces of artillery, and one hundred Indians, to surprise Bennington.

General Stark, with the New Hampshire militia, four hundred strong, happened to be in that vicinity, on his way to join General Schuyler. He heard first of the approach of the Indians, and soon afterwards was informed that they were supported by a regular force. He collected his brigade, sent expresses to the neighbouring militia to join him, and also to Colonel Warner's regiment at Manchester. On the morning of the 14th of August, he marched against the enemy at the head of seven hundred men; and sent Colonel Gregg, with two hundred men, to skirmish in their front and retard their progress. He drew up his men in order of battle; but, on coming in sight of him, Baum halted on advantageous ground; sent an express to General Burgoyne informing him

of his situation; and fortified himself as well as circumstances would permit.

Some small skirmishing parties of the Americans killed several Germans, and two Indian chiefs, without sustaining any loss; and this slight success not a little elated them. In a council of war, it was resolved to attack Baum next day; but next day it rained incessantly, and the attack could not be made, although there was some skirmishing.

On the morning of the 16th, Stark, having received some reinforcements, sent detachments by the right and left of the enemy, with orders to unite in their rear, and begin the attack in that quarter. But before they met, the Indians retreated between the columns, and, receiving a fire as they passed, sustained some loss. The detachments, according to orders, began the attack on the rear of the enemy, and were assisted by Stark, who instantly advanced to the charge in front. Baum made a brave defence; the battle lasted two hours, during which he was furiously assailed on every side by an incessant discharge of musketry. He was mortally wounded; his troops were overpowered; a few of them escaped into the woods and fled, pursued by the Americans; the rest were killed or taken prisoners. Thus, without artillery, with old rusty firelocks, and with scarcely a bayonet, these American militia entirely defeated five hundred British veterans, well armed, provided with two pieces of artillery, and defended by breastworks.

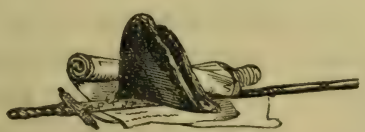
After the victory the greater part of the militia dispersed in quest of booty, and their avidity for spoil nearly proved fatal to them; for, on receiving Baum's

express, General Burgoyne ordered Colonel Brehman, who had before been sent forward to Batten Hill for the purpose, to march to the assistance of his countrymen with the Brunswick grenadiers, light infantry, and chasseurs, amounting to five hundred men. Colonel Brehman set out at eight in the morning of the 15th; but the roads were rendered almost impassable by incessant rains; and, although he marched with the utmost diligence, yet it was four the next afternoon before he reached the vicinity of the place where his countrymen had been defeated. The first notice which he received of Baum's disaster was from the fugitives whom he met. He easily repulsed the few militia who were in pursuit of them; and, from the scattered state of Stark's troops, had the prospect of being able to make himself master of the stores, which were the great object of the expedition. But, at that critical moment, Colonel Warner's regiment of continentals arrived, and instantly engaged Brehman. The firing reassembled the scattered militia, who joined in the battle as they came up. Colonel Brehman maintained the conflict till dark; when, abandoning his artillery and baggage, he retreated, and, escaping under cover of night, with the shattered remnant of his detachment, regained the camp.

In these engagements the Americans took four brass field-pieces, about one thousand muskets (a most seasonable supply to the ill-armed militia), nine hundred swords, and four baggage-wagons. Exclusive of Canadians and other loyalists, the loss of the royal army could not be less than seven hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, although

General Burgoyne stated it at only about four hundred. The Americans admitted the loss of about one hundred in killed and wounded; but this was certainly under the truth.

This was the first check which General Burgoyne's army had met with, and it was a severe one, and had a fatal influence on the campaign. The loss of a few hundred men was nothing compared with the effects which it produced upon the minds of the people: it greatly elated them, and gave the militia, who had been much dispirited by the late defeats, confidence in themselves, and encouraged them to hasten to the army in great numbers, in order to consummate the work which they had begun. Before the events in the vicinity of Bennington, dejection and alarm pervaded the northern provinces; but those events dispelled the gloom, infused spirit and vigour into the militia, and gave a new aspect to affairs on the Hudson.



Murder of Miss M'Crea.

MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.

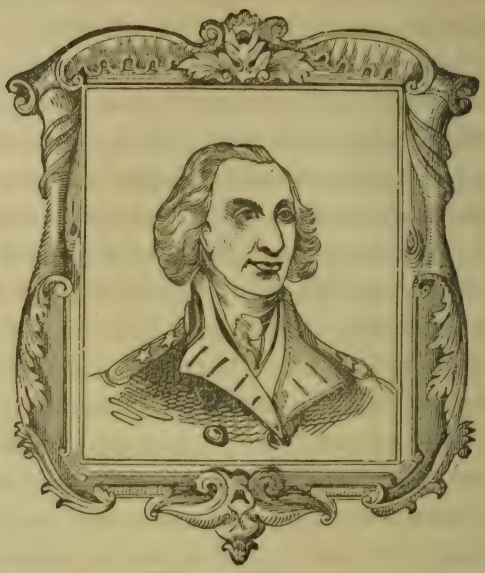
THIS thrilling event has been variously related by various authorities. The following account, from Dr. Thacher's Military Journal, has the advantage of coming from an intelligent person who was near the scene of action at the time.

General Gates has issued a proclamation to counteract any influence which Burgoyne's sanguinary manifesto might have produced, interdicting all communication with the royal army, and endeavouring to calm the fears of the inhabitants, by promising them all the protection in his power. Burgoyne's manifesto, however, denouncing fire and sword, instead of alarming into submission, excites universal indignation and contempt; instead of conciliating, and increasing the number of his friends, serves only to exasperate and augment our means of resistance and opposition to his views. It was not long, indeed, before some innocent persons were made victims of savage barbarity, by means of the tomahawk and scalping-knife, in the hands of the barbarians under his command. Among the first of these victims was Miss Jenny M'Crea, who was murdered in a manner extremely shocking to the feelings of humanity. The father of Miss M'Crea was friendly towards the royalists, and the young lady was engaged to marry a refugee officer in Burgoyne's army, by the name of Jones, and awaited his arrival in order to have the marriage consummated. When our army retreated from Fort Edward, Miss M'Crea had the indiscretion to remain behind, probably with the expectation of meeting her lover. The Indians, however, soon made her their prisoner; and on their return towards Burgoyne's camp, a quarrel arose to decide who should hold possession of the fair prize. During the controversy, one of the monsters struck his tomahawk into her skull, and immediately stripped off her scalp.

General Gates complains to General Burgoyne of

this and other outrages in the following words:—"A young lady, Miss M'Crea, lovely to the sight, of virtuous character and amiable disposition, engaged to be married to an officer in your army, was, with other women and children, taken out of a house near Fort Edward, carried into the woods, and there scalped and mangled in the most shocking manner. Two parents, with their six children, were all treated with the same inhumanity, while quietly residing in their own happy and peaceful dwellings. The miserable fate of Miss M'Crea was peculiarly aggravated by her being dressed to receive her promised husband—but met her murderer, employed by you. Upwards of one hundred men, women, and children, have perished by the hands of ruffians, to whom it is asserted you have paid the price of blood." This appears since to be rather an exaggerated charge. In General Burgoyne's reply, he says:—"The fact was no premeditated barbarity; on the contrary, two chiefs who had brought Miss M'Crea off, for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion in the one from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim." He expresses sorrow and regret for the tragic scenes, and further states that he obliged the Indians to give up the murderer into his hands, and he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had he not been convinced that a pardon on his terms would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent further mischief. That he paid for scalps he denies; but the Indians were to receive compensation for

prisoners. This cruel conduct of the royalists is contemplated with horror and detestation by all ranks of people, except their friends and adherents. It is impossible not to detest that cause and that army which accepts the aid of savage auxiliaries, and encourages them in inhuman slaughter and bloodshed. This measure was certainly countenanced and recommended by the king and his ministers, and General Burgoyne acknowledges that he allowed the Indians to take the scalps of the dead. It must be painful for the impartial historian to record, and it will require the strongest faith of the reader in future ages to credit, the disgraceful story, that Britons, who pride themselves on their civility and humanity, employed the wild savages of the wilderness in a war against a people united to them by the ties of consanguinity; that age, and the helpless invalid, women, and children at the breast, are all alike subjected to the merciless fury of barbarians; that British generals should be so regardless of the dignity of their station, and the voice of humanity, as to receive from the hands of these ferocious wretches the scalps torn from the skulls of innocent persons!



General Schuyler.

BATTLE OF STILLWATER.

GENERAL GATES, who succeeded General Schuyler in the command of the army, having been reinforced by all the fresh continental troops destined for the northern department, and also by considerable bodies of militia, left the strong position which General Schuyler had taken at the confluence of the Mohawk and Hudson, eight miles above Albany, proceeded sixteen miles up the river towards the

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Burgoyne's Encampment on the Hudson.

enemy, and formed a strong camp near Stillwater. The two armies were only about twelve miles distant from each other; but the bridges between them were broken down, the roads were bad, and the country was covered with woods; consequently the progress of the British army, encumbered by its fine train of artillery and numerous wagons, was slow, and it was attended by some skirmishing.

On the evening of the 17th of September, 1777, General Burgoyne encamped within four miles of the American army, and spent the next day in repairing the bridges between the two camps, which he accomplished with some loss. About mid-day, on the 19th of September, he put himself at the head of the right wing of his army, and advanced through the woods towards the left of the American camp: General Frazer and Colonel Brehman, with the grenadiers and light infantry, covered his right flank; and the Indians, loyalists, and Canadians proceeded in front. The left wing and artillery, commanded by Generals Philips and Reidesel, proceeded along the great road near the river.

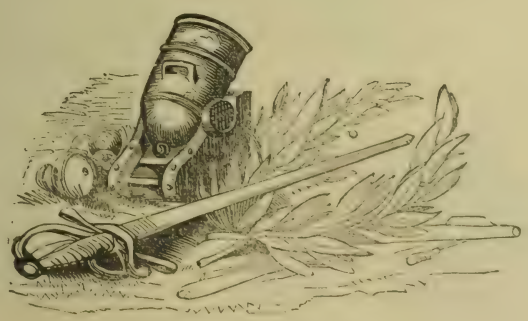
The nature of the ground prevented the contending armies from observing the movements of each other; but General Gates, whose scouts were in constant activity, was soon informed of the advance of the British army. He detached Colonel Morgan, a bold and active partisan, with his riflemen, to observe the motions and impede the progress of the enemy. Morgan soon met the advanced parties in front of the British right wing, and drove them back. General Burgoyne supported them by a strong detachment;

and, after a severe conflict, Morgan, in his turn, was compelled to give way. But General Gates reinforced him, and the engagement became more general. The Americans attempted to turn the right flank of the British army, with the view of attacking it in the rear; but being opposed by Frazer and Brehman, they made a rapid movement, and commenced a furious attack on the left of the British right wing. The combatants were reinforced; and between three and four in the afternoon, General Arnold, with nine continental regiments and Morgan's riflemen, was closely engaged with the whole right wing of the British army. Both parties fought with the most determined courage; and the battle ended only with the day. When it became dark, the Americans withdrew to their camp; and the royal troops lay all night on their arms on the field of battle. On hearing the firing at the beginning of the engagement, General Philips with some artillery forced his way through the woods, and rendered essential service.

In this battle, in which each party had nearly three thousand men actually engaged, the British lost upwards of five hundred in killed and wounded, and the Americans about four hundred men. Night separated the combatants: each side claimed the victory, and each believed that with a part only of its own force, it had beaten the whole of the hostile army. But although neither army was defeated, it was evident who had gained the advantage; General Burgoyne had failed in the attempt to dislodge his enemy, and his progress was arrested. His communication with the lakes was cut off, and his resources were daily failing;

while the Americans had the same opportunities of gaining supplies as before, and their strength was still increasing by the arrival of fresh troops. In such circumstances, to fight without a decisive victory was to the British nearly equivalent to a defeat; and to fight without being beaten was to the Americans productive of many of the consequences of victory.

Accordingly, the news of the battle was received with joy and exultation throughout the United States, and the ruin of the invading army was confidently anticipated. The militia were encouraged to take the field, and assist in consummating the work so auspiciously begun. At that time the army under the command of General Gates did not much exceed seven thousand men; but it was soon considerably increased.



BATTLE OF BEMIS' HEIGHTS, AND RETREAT OF BURGOYNE.

AFTER the battle of Stillwater, the safety of the British army lay only in retreat. It was unable to advance; to fall back on the lakes and return to Canada, although difficult, was not then impossible. But every hour lessened the probability of victory, and rendered retreat more impracticable. General Burgoyne, however, could not at once dismiss all the splendid visions of conquest and glory

General Gates.

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which had so long dazzled his imagination; and he flattered himself with the hope of a powerful co-operation on the side of New York, which had not been concerted, and was not to happen. Under those delusions he lingered in his strong camp from the 20th of September till the 7th of October. During that interval daily skirmishes happened, which accustomed the raw troops of America to the face of an enemy. General Gates, sensible that delay was in his favour, meditated no immediate attack on the hostile camp, but diligently took measures to prevent the escape of the royal army from the toils in which it was entangled.

General Burgoyne's difficulties were great, and daily increasing. His army was reduced to five thousand regular troops; his provisions were almost exhausted, and his men put on short allowance; his horses were perishing for want of forage; he was so environed by his enemy that he could procure no fresh supplies, and he had received no recent intelligence from Sir Henry Clinton. He could not long remain in the position which he then occupied, and he was not ignorant of the difficulty and danger of a retreat. In these circumstances, he resolved to try the fortune of another battle; as a victory would enable him either to advance, or to retreat with safety.

Accordingly, on the 7th of October, he led out fifteen hundred men, well provided with artillery, and, accompanied by Generals Philips, Reidesel, and Frazer, marched against Gates, leaving his camp on the high grounds under the care of Generals Hamilton and Specht, and the redoubts and posts

adjacent to the river under General Gell. General Burgoyne's detachment had scarcely formed within about half a mile of the American intrenchments, when its left, where the grenadiers were posted, was furiously assailed. The Germans, who were on the right of the grenadiers, were also soon engaged. Three regiments, under General Arnold, proceeded to attack the right of the British detachment in front, while another division endeavoured to turn its flank and gain its rear. In order to frustrate this intention, General Frazer, with the light infantry and part of the 24th regiment, was ordered to cover the right; but, while he was making a movement for that purpose, the left was overpowered and gave way. To save it from destruction, Frazer hastened to its assistance; but met with an American corps of riflemen, which briskly attacked him, and he was mortally wounded in the conflict. The whole royal detachment now gave way; and, with the loss of most of its artillery, retreated to the camp. The Americans closely pursued, and, under a tremendous fire of grape-shot and musketry, fiercely assaulted the works throughout their whole extent. Arnold, who conducted the assault, urged on his men; but was ultimately repulsed by the British under the immediate orders of General Burgoyne, after having had his horse shot under him, and being wounded in the same leg which had been injured at Quebec. The left of the American detachment, under Colonel Brooks, was more successful. It turned the right of the royal encampment, stormed the works of the German reserve, under Colonel Brehman, who was killed, and

his troops retreated, with the loss of all their artillery and camp equipage; while Brooks maintained the ground which he had gained.

Darkness, as on the 19th of September, put an end to the bloody conflict; and the Americans lay all night on their arms, about half a mile from the lines, with the intention of renewing the assault in the morning. The advantage which they had gained was great. Without any considerable loss, they had killed many of the enemy, made upwards of two hundred prisoners, among whom were several officers of distinction, taken nine pieces of brass artillery, all the baggage and camp equipage of a German brigade, obtained a large supply of ammunition, of which they stood much in need, and had entered the royal lines, and gained a position which threatened their rear. About midnight, General Lincoln with his division marched from the American camp to relieve the troops who had been engaged, and to occupy the ground which they had won.

General Burgoyne's situation was now critical and distressing. Since he had come fairly into contact with his enemy he had met with an obstinacy of resistance and a vigour of attack wholly unexpected. In the late encounters, the Americans had shown themselves a match for the best veteran troops, and capable of improving any advantage which they might obtain. Sensible, therefore, of the danger of encountering the events of next day on the ground which he then occupied, General Burgoyne resolved on a total change of position. Accordingly, in the course of the night, in a silent and orderly manner, and without any interrup-

tion from the Americans, he moved his camp to the hills, extending his right up the river. The entire change of front extricated him from the immediate danger with which he was threatened; and induced the Americans to make new dispositions.

On the 8th, General Burgoyne made some attempts to provoke General Gates to attack him in the strong position which he had taken: but those attempts were ineffectual; for General Gates, fully aware of his own advantages and of the difficulties to which his adversary was reduced, declined an immediate attack; but was active in taking every precaution to prevent the escape of the royal army. He posted fourteen hundred men on the heights opposite the ford of Saratoga, and sent strong detachments to guard the fords higher up the river.

The 8th of October was spent in skirmishing and cannonading. About sunset, the body of General Frazer, who had been mortally wounded on the preceding day, was, agreeably to his own desire, carried up the hill, to be interred in the great redoubt, attended only by the officers who had lived in his family. Generals Burgoyne, Philips, and Reidesel, in testimony of respect and affection for their late brave companion in arms, joined the mournful procession, which necessarily passed in view of both armies. The incessant cannonade, the steady attitude and unfaltering voice of the chaplain, and the firm demeanour of the company during the funeral service, though occasionally covered with the earth torn up by the shot from the hostile batteries ploughing the ground around them, the mute expression of feeling

Burgoyne's Retreat up the Hudson.

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pictured on every countenance, and the increasing gloom of the evening, all contributed to give an affecting solemnity to the obsequies. General Gates afterwards declared, that if he had been apprised of what was going on, he would at least have silenced his batteries, and allowed the last offices of humanity to be performed without disturbance, or even have ordered minute-guns to be fired in honour of the deceased general.

General Burgoyne being informed that an American column was advancing with the intention of gaining his right flank, resolved immediately to retreat to Saratoga, about ten miles up the river. He began his march about nine in the evening of the 8th, leaving behind him several boats loaded with provisions and baggage, and his hospital, containing about three hundred sick and wounded men, towards whom General Gates behaved with his usual humanity; but the roads were so bad, and the heavy rain so incessant, that it was the evening of the next day before the British army, much fatigued, reached Saratoga; and it was not till the forenoon of the 10th that the rear passed the fords of Fishkill Creek, a little further north. On arriving at the ground which he intended to occupy, General Burgoyne found a party of the Americans already in possession of it; but on his approach they retreated, and joined their countrymen on the east of the river.

CAPTURE OF FORTS CLINTON AND MONTGOMERY.

THE attack on Forts Clinton and Montgomery, which had been delayed till the arrival of reinforcements from Europe, had been successfully made. The voyage of those reinforcements was tedious; but they arrived at New York in the end of September, and Sir Henry Clinton without delay embarked three thousand men in vessels of different descriptions, and, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commodore Hotham, sailed up the Hudson.

Forts Clinton and Montgomery, against which the expedition was directed, were situated on high ground of difficult access, on the western bank of the river, about fifty miles above New York. They were separated by a rivulet, which, flowing from the hills, empties itself into the Hudson. Under cover of the guns, a boom was stretched across the river from bank to bank, and strengthened by an immense iron chain in front, as well as supported by chevaux-de-frise sunk behind it. Above this strong barrier, a frigate and galleys were

moored, so as to be able to direct a heavy fire against any vessels that might attempt to force a passage. This seemed to present an insuperable obstacle in the way of the British shipping towards Albany. Fort Independence stood four or five miles below, on a high point of land, on the opposite side of the river. Fort Constitution was six miles above the boom, on an island near the eastern bank: Peekskill, the headquarters of the officer who commanded on the Hudson, from Kingsbridge to Albany, was just below Fort Independence, on the same side. General Putnam then held that command, and had about two thousand men under him.

On the 5th of October Sir Henry Clinton landed at Verplanck's Point, a little below Peekskill, on the same side of the river. General Putnam, apprehending that the enemy intended to attack Fort Independence, and to march through the highlands on the east of the river towards Albany, retired to the heights in his rear; and, entertaining no suspicion of the real point of attack, neglected to strengthen the garrisons of the fort on the western bank.

The British fleet moved higher up the river, in order to conceal what was passing at the place where the troops had landed; and, on the evening of the day on which he had arrived at Verplanck's Point, Sir Henry Clinton embarked upwards of two thousand of his men, leaving the rest to guard that post. Early next morning he landed at Stony Point, on the west side of the river, and immediately began his march over the mountains towards the forts. The roads were difficult, and the enterprise perilous; for

a small body of men, properly posted, might not only have arrested his progress, but repulsed him with much loss. He, however, reached the vicinity of the forts before he was discovered; there he fell in with a patrole, who immediately retreated, and gave warning of the approaching danger.

Between four and five on the afternoon of the 6th of October, the British appeared before the forts, which they summoned to surrender; and, on receiving a refusal, instantly advanced under a heavy fire to the assault. Both forts, garrisoned by about six hundred men, were attacked at the same time; Fort Montgomery, by Colonel Campbell at the head of nine hundred men; and Fort Clinton, the stronger of the two posts, by Sir Henry Clinton with twelve hundred men. Fort Montgomery was soon taken; but Colonel Campbell fell in the attack. Most of the garrison, favoured by the darkness and by their knowledge of the passes, made their escape. At Fort Clinton the resistance was more obstinate; but that fort also was stormed, and a considerable number of the garrison killed or made prisoners.

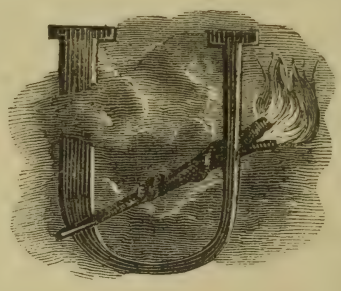
General Putnam had no suspicion of the real point of attack till he heard the firing, when he despatched five hundred men to the assistance of the garrisons; but the forts were taken before they arrived, and consequently they returned to camp. In storming the forts, the British had about one hundred and fifty men killed or wounded. Besides Colonel Campbell, Captain Stewart, Major Still, and Count Grabousky, a Polish nobleman who served as a volunteer in the royal army, were among the slain. The Americans

lost three hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The American vessels-of-war in the river, being unable to escape, were burnt by their crews, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British, who removed the boom and chain, and opened the navigation of the river. Fort Independence was evacuated; and Fort Constitution, where the navigation was obstructed by a boom and chain, was also abandoned, without any attempt to defend it. The British proceeded up the river, destroying everything in their power. They advanced to Esopus, which they laid in ashes; but proceeded no further. In this expedition they took or destroyed a large quantity of American stores.

General Putnam retreated up the river, informed General Gates that he was unable to arrest the progress of the enemy, and advised him to prepare for the worst. But although his rear was threatened, General Gates was eager in improving the advantages he had gained over the British army, which was now reduced to the most distressing circumstances.

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.



NDER the pressure of his misfortunes, General Burgoyne, having been defeated in his intention of repairing the road to Fort Edward, called a council of war, which adopted the desperate resolution of abandoning their baggage, artillery, and stores, and, with their arms only, and such provision as they could carry on their backs, marching in the night to Fort Edward, crossing the river at the ford there, or at one a little above it, and forcing their way to Fort George. The distance was only about thirty miles; but the

scouts who had been sent out to examine the route, reported that the two fords were already guarded by strong detachments provided with artillery, so that the resolution which had been taken could not be executed. In these hopeless circumstances, General Burgoyne again summoned his council of war, and, by the unanimous advice of the members, opened a correspondence with General Gates, on the 13th of October; and, on the 16th, terms of capitulation were agreed on, by which it was stipulated that the troops under General Burgoyne should next day march out of their camp, with the honours of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, and pile their arms at the verge of the river; that a free passage should be granted them to Great Britain, on condition of not serving in North America during the war, unless exchanged; and that they should embark at Boston. To these a number of articles of less importance were added, relating to the property of the officers, Canadians, and loyalists, the march of the troops though New England, and other similar points. On the 17th, the British army piled their arms agreeably to the capitulation.

When the British army left Ticonderoga it consisted of about ten thousand men, exclusive of Indians; but, by the casualties of war, and by desertion, it was reduced to about six thousand at the time of the surrender. It contained six members of parliament. General Gates had then under his command upwards of nine thousand continentals and four thousand militia. On this occasion the Americans gained a remarkably fine train of brass artillery, amounting to forty pieces

of different descriptions, and all the arms and baggage of the troops. Such was the fate of that army which had excited high expectations in Britain, and which, at first, spread alarm and dismay throughout the United States of America.

In consequence of the capitulation at Saratoga, the British were unable to retain possession of the forts on the lakes. They therefore destroyed the works of Ticonderoga and its dependencies, threw the heavy artillery into the lake, and retreated to Isle aux Noix and St. John's.

Silas Deane.

THE TREATY WITH FRANCE.

NO EVENT could be more gratifying to the Americans than the treaty with France. On the 16th of December, 1777, the preliminaries of a treaty between France and America were agreed on; and the treaty itself was signed at Paris, on the 5th of February, 1778,—an event of which the British ministry got information in little more than forty-eight hours after

the signatures were affixed. The principal articles of the treaty were, that if Britain, in consequence of the alliance, should commence hostilities against France, the two countries should mutually assist each other; that the independence of America should be effectually maintained; that if any part of North America, still possessing allegiance to the crown of Britain, should be reduced by the colonies, it should belong to the United States; that if France should conquer any of the British West India Islands, they should be deemed its property; that the contracting parties should not lay down their arms till the independence of America was formally acknowledged, and that neither of them should conclude a peace without the consent of the other.

Lord North's conciliatory bills reached America before the news of the French treaty, and excited in Congress considerable alarm. There were a number of loyalists in each of the colonies: many, though not unfriendly to the American cause, had never entered cordially into the quarrel; and the heavy pressure of the war had begun to cool the zeal and exhaust the patience of some who had once been forward in their opposition to Britain. Congress became apprehensive lest a disposition should prevail to accept of the terms proposed by the British government, and the great body of the people be willing to resign the advantages of independence, in order to escape from present calamity.

The American legislature referred the bills to a committee of their number, which, after an acute and severe examination, gave in a report, well calculated

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Signing of the Treaty with France.

to counteract the effects which it was apprehended the bills would produce on the minds of the timid and wavering. They reported as their opinion, that it was the aim of those bills to create divisions in the states; and "that they were the sequel of that insidious plan, which, from the days of the stamp act down to the present time, hath involved this country in contention and bloodshed; and that, as in other cases, so in this, although circumstances may at times force them to recede from their unjustifiable claims, there can be no doubt but they will, as heretofore, upon the first favourable occasion, again display that lust of domination which hath rent in twain the mighty empire of Britain."

They further reported it as their opinion, that any men, or body of men, who should presume to make any separate or partial convention or agreement with commissioners under the crown of Great Britain, should be considered and treated as open and avowed enemies of the United States. The committee further gave it as their opinion, that the United States could not hold any conference with the British commissioners, unless Britain first withdrew her fleets and armies, or in positive and express terms acknowledged the independence of the states.

While these things were going on, Mr. Silas Deane arrived from Paris, with the important and gratifying information that treaties of alliance and commerce had been concluded between France and the United States. This intelligence diffused a lively joy throughout America; and was received by the people as the

harbinger of their independence. The alliance had been long expected; and the delays thrown in the way of its accomplishment had excited many uneasy apprehensions. But these were now dissipated; and, to the fond imaginations of the people, all the prospects of the United States were gilded with the cheering beams of prosperity. Like Penn's famous treaty with the Indians, that of the United States with the French government was destined to be faithfully observed. The misunderstanding which subsequently followed, was with the revolutionists who had overthrown the ancient government.

Death of Pulaski.

ATTACK ON SAVANNAH AND DEATH OF PULASKI.

TO the American arms, the 9th of October, 1779, was a day of misery, disaster, and defeat. For five days, nine mortars and fifty-two cannon had poured their iron showers upon the English lines; but now the allied armies gathered their legions for a closer and more terrible struggle. Forty-five hundred men

arranged themselves in two columns, and moved to the attack. On the left of the enemy's line was the flower of the troops, led on by D'Estaing and Lincoln; the other column was led by Count Dillon; while a third movement was made against the enemy's centre and left, to attract attention, and press any advantage which might be derived from the assault on the left.

The morning was dark and lowering. A dense mist hung over the city and river, shrouding the opposing forces from sight; while the thick, damp air, clogged with the exhalations of night, depressed each spirit as it contemplated the work before it.

Under this thick cloud the Americans advanced to the attack. Onward through thick darkness they move, with nothing to disturb the harrowing silence but their muffled tread. Led on by D'Estaing and Lincoln, the first column presses forward, until the enemy's fortifications, magnified through the surrounding mist, are dimly seen in the distance. They have advanced undiscovered; but at that moment a fiery sheet flashes through the gloom, a roar like thunder follows, and iron showers are crushing and tearing among their ranks. Then there was a pause —the words of command rung out, the broken lines united, and the column moved on. Nearer and nearer they draw, until the frowning batteries of the enemy are distinctly seen. The artillery reopens, and the long lines reel and stagger before it. Yet still the two commanders hurry from point to point, the stern column recloses, the soldiers press on. Then the British open all their guns—full in front of the

moving mass that dark fortification glares and thunders like a volcano, and troop and company wither before it. Yet over the uproar of battle the shouts of command rang along the line, and kept each man to duty. Fear had given way to callous indifference—a stern resolution of vengeance. They sweep along under the iron hurricane, face the guns, and stretch forward to leap the parapet. In that terrible moment, while victory is oscillating in the balance, no one pauses to look for the other column—no one knows that it has been bewildered in the darkness, lost its path, and failed in co-operation. Those iron men leap the breastwork, plant their standards, and close with the foe.

Now began the fierce struggle for conquest. The British were commanded at that point by the gallant Colonel Maitland, whose voice could drive the troops upon the hottest battery. Now it rang with thrilling energy along the battlements, and invited each soldier to his post. The cannon was hushed; then a loud roll of musketry died away; then bayonet crossed with bayonet, and all was still. It was not the silence of repose or expectation—but of gloom and horror, and racking energy.

At this moment the grenadiers and marines were brought up to charge the American flank. Full of ardour and resolution, these fresh troops poured upon our worried column, sweeping away all resistance, and hurling the former shouting victors into the ditches or through the abattis. Then they encountered the rear, and there was a period of wild and obstinate struggling. The commanders of France and America

still called their broken legions round them, and vied with each other in feats of daring. Undismayed by heavy loss, the troops closed with the enemy, and fought with a heroism unsurpassed in the annals of our country.

At this critical moment, two hundred horsemen came dashing through the works, crushing and blasting everything that opposed them. The British commander grew dark at the sight, for he knew that Pulaski was heading that resistless avalanche. There was a moment of fearful excitement—of outcry and confusion; then those furious riders swept on against the British rear. Pulaski sprung upward in his stirrups, his sword flashing through the smoke of battle, and his terrible voice ringing like a spirit's through the stirring uproar. The next moment he fell from his horse, his bosom torn and shattered. Then a cry of horror went up to heaven, the iron hoof ceased its tramplings, the charge was stayed. Loud shouts went up from the British line, fresh troops poured in overwhelming torrents on the exhausted Americans, till slowly and sadly they commenced their retreat. Then the artillery reopened, tearing and scattering their drooping regiments until the camp was gained. Seven hundred Frenchmen, and two hundred and fifty Americans, were left dead and wounded around the works of Savannah.

The retreat of the Americans was conducted in good order. No attempt to convert it into a rout was made by the British general, who, having gained his object, wisely refrained from hazarding by this measure the safety of the town and garrison. Being protected

by skilfully constructed works, his total loss was but about one hundred in killed and wounded.

In this attack, everything was done by the assailants which brave men could do. The darkness of the morning produced the loss of punctual combination between the columns, which unfortunate occurrence probably led to the repulse. The daring effort of Pulaski to retrieve the day, with his much regretted fall, presents additional proof of the high spirit which actuated the besiegers, and demonstrates that every difficulty was encountered, every danger braved, to crown the enterprise with success. The real causes of defeat are to be found in the character of the operations previous to the assault.

Storming of Stony Point.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

PERHAPS the most brilliant event of our revolutionary struggle was the storming of Stony Point; and indeed it has few equals in the whole history of offensive warfare. It was a source of as great astonishment to the British as of exultation to the Americans, and raised the character of our troops in the estimation of all Europe.

As the position of the enemy at Stony Point enabled them to do much mischief, General Wayne requested of Washington permission to form a corps

of light infantry, with which he should march against it. To this the commander agreed, and drew up for the intrepid general a plan of attack.

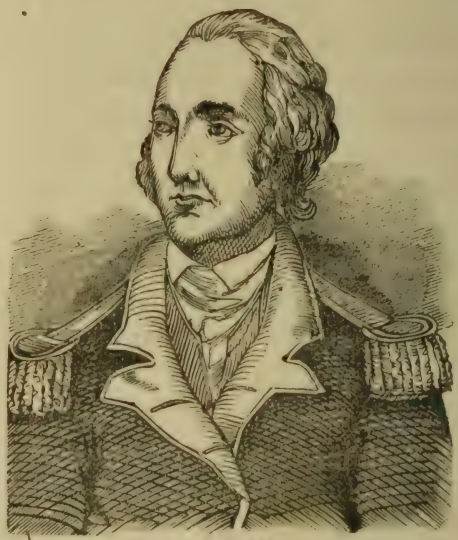
Early on the evening of the 15th of July, Wayne arrived within a mile and a half of the fortress, and commenced a final reconnoissance. The steep hill that supported the fort, was washed on two sides by the Hudson, while on a third was a deep marsh. The only ascent was rugged and precipitous; while high over all, as though defying the utmost efforts of the assailant, the fort commanded every advance, and was glittering with cannon and musketry. The evening was beautiful; and as the cloudless heavens looked on that frowning height, and on the little band below, they formed strange contrast with the warring, jarring passions of man.

The orders issued to the soldiers that night were in keeping with the stern and terrible nature of their duties. They were to march with empty muskets, utter no word, make no attempt at retreat under pain of death. And they were strictly obeyed—the assault was a triumph of military discipline. At half-past eleven, when all around was wrapped in slumber, the troops moved up in perfect silence. The army was divided into two columns, each preceded by twenty men acting as a forlorn hope. All command was given in a whisper; the tread of heavy columns was soft as falling snow; and a stillness, more thrilling than the grave, brooded over their march. On arriving at the marsh, it was found flooded with water; but the officers waded through, followed by their troops. Then a sentry-gun broke amid the

gloom, followed by another and another. Our troops had been discovered. In a moment there was a rushing of confused preparation, of alarm-guns, and shouts of command; the next instant the rock was blazing and heaving with artillery. But each soldier remembered his orders; there was no more whispering orders; Wayne's dreadful voice came pealing through the lines, and each soldier sprang forward through the withering sleet with renewed energy. Still those raging batteries poured down their blasts, and a sheet of livid fire leaped along the ramparts from six hundred muskets; but over rocks and precipices, and dead and dying, the wildly shouting hero leads his men. The advance reach the parapet, and employ their picks and axes to open a passage; man after man falls, yet silently they continue their work. Now the troops have gained the last ascent—but a little before them is the object of their dreadful labour. But the struggle to win it is terrible. The balls bore through and through their column, piling the dead and dying on every rock and every eminence. Wayne falls; but supporting himself on one knee, he exclaims, "March on! carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column." Snatching him in their arms, they bore him to the rampart, and leaped among the enemy. The artillery ceased, and British valour recoiled before the iron shower that swept the breastwork. On, on through the fort the stern Americans charged, until the columns from either side met in the centre. Then the work of death was over; the fort was gained; Wayne had triumphed: and one wild, uproarious shout told this and much more, as it

was repeated again and again among those towering cliffs.

In this assault the Americans lost sixty-three killed, and about forty wounded. General Wayne's wound in the head, believed at first to be mortal, proved but slight. The garrison had twenty killed and seventy-four wounded, including six officers. Our troops captured five hundred and forty-three soldiers and officers, besides a considerable quantity of ordnance and military stores.



General Sullivan.

GENERAL SULLIVAN'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOHAWKS.

IN sundry expeditions carried on against the Indians, during the revolutionary war, ample vengeance had been taken on some of them; but these partial successes produced no lasting benefit. The few who escaped had it in their power to make thousands of our settlers miserable. For the permanent security of the frontier,

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Sullivan's Expedition against the Indians.

it was resolved, in the year 1779, to carry a decisive expedition into the Indian country. Accordingly, a considerable body of continental troops was selected for this purpose, and placed under the command of General Sullivan.

Upon receiving intelligence of this movement, the Indians collected their forces, upon advantageous ground, and fortified themselves with strength and precision. In the latter part of August, Sullivan arrived in the neighbourhood of their fort, having marched several hundred miles through an utter wilderness, and experienced hardships both numerous and formidable. The enemy were now in sight, but intrenched behind extensive works, from which nothing could drive them but a fierce exterminating battle. On the 29th, battle was given. It was an action replete with ferocity and bloodshed. One by one, friend and foe were picked off, by the unerring rifle, while a wail of sorrow pierced lamentably through the dread confusion. Dashing the dead from their stations, the Indians stood by their defences with loud shouts, and for two hours defied every effort of their assailants. Exasperated by mutual outrages, each party fought with a desperation worthy of victory. But at length the discipline of regular troops prevailed. The works were reached, the trenches forced, and the savages obliged to flee on all sides.

The consternation occasioned by this defeat, was so great that the Indians abandoned all their settlements, and fled towards Canada. General Sullivan advanced through rows of the richest corn fields, blooming orchards, and thriving villages. Over these the with-

ering hand of retaliation was spread, and ruin and desolation blasted the labour of years. Towns and settlements were broken up, vegetation levelled with the ground, and all portable property captured. At night the glare of fire reflected from the sky, showed where the cottage was consuming; while in the distance the wretched red man was chafing in wild, but impotent fury, or casting one sad look on his ruined home.

The quantity of corn destroyed was immense. Orchards in which were several hundred fruit trees, were cut down—many of these had been planted for a number of years. The Indians were made to feel the calamities they had so often inflicted upon others; and the sufferings they experienced, together with a fear of their repetition, should they recommence their depredations, rendered their invasions cautious and timid.

Meanwhile (July 23d), a party of sixty Indians and twenty-seven whites, under the infamous Brandt, attacked the Minisink settlement, fired a fort, two mills, and a number of other dwellings, and carried off some prisoners and booty. About one hundred and fifty militia assembled and pursued them; but acted with so little caution, that they were defeated by the Indians.

Another defeat experienced by the Indians about this time, contributed, in no little degree, to prevent for a short time the numerous outbreaks which they had so long carried on. General Williamson and Colonel Pickens entered the Indian country adjacent to South Carolina, burned and destroyed the corn of eight towns, pursued the warriors from post to post,

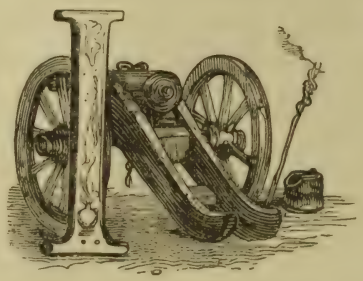
and finally insisted upon their removing immediately from their habitations into the more remote settlements.

In 1781, the Cherokee Indians commenced hostilities in the district of Ninety-Six, burning some houses, and murdering several families. General Pickens promptly collected a party of three hundred and ninety-four horsemen; and, after a march of fourteen days, arrived in their country. To the savages his progress was terrible. Forty were killed, a large number taken prisoners, and thirteen of their towns and villages destroyed. In this expedition, the troops fought in a manner altogether unique—the horsemen rushing forward on horseback, and charging the Indians with drawn swords.

This was the most rapid and decisive of all the invasions of the Indian country during the war. Not an American was killed, and but two wounded. The vanquished Cherokees sued for peace in the most submissive manner, promising to deliver to the United States all royalists who should hereafter instigate them to hostilities.

Some other disturbances happened with various tribes, previous to the close of the war. The suffering produced in some of these was fearful. Not only warriors, but women and children were indiscriminately massacred, and whole settlements involved in flames. Each party was a scourge to the other; and war was rendered doubly distressing, by the dispersion of families, the breaking up of settlements, and a savage devastation of those objects which conduce to the comfort of life.

TARLETON'S QUARTERS.



IMMEDIATELY after the fall of Charleston (May 12th, 1780), Lieut. Colonel Buford, commanding the remnant of the continental force in the south, broke up his camp near Camden, and retired hastily toward North Carolina. At this time all who still adhered to the American cause were in alarm. The royalists overran the country; British garrisons were stationed at every important post, and the lives and property of the patriots were in continual danger.

At this time Cornwallis was near the Santee; and having heard of Buford's precipitate retreat, determined to push a detachment after him. This command, consisting of one hundred and seventy cavalry, aided by one hundred mounted infantry, was intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton. This impetuous officer entered upon his duty with alacrity; and fearing lest his prey should escape, hurried forward with the cavalry alone. One hundred and fifty miles were passed in fifty-four hours; while terror and flight ever preceded the approach of that fierce cavalry. On the 29th his jaded horses reached the friendly settlement of the Waxhaws, where Buford

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Tarleton's Quarters.

with his force was stationed. Tarleton immediately demanded a surrender, on the same terms which had been offered to the garrison at Charleston. During the negotiation, Tarleton made preparations for an attack; and the moment a refusal was sent to his request, he ordered his cavalry to charge. The Americans were totally unprepared for battle, and beheld the coming of the furious horsemen with the wildest terror. Beneath that headlong charge, led by Tarleton himself, the ground trembled, and the militia sent up a cry of terror that echoed dreadfully along the plain. Before the first rude shock, man and horse and rider were flung to earth, mashed, distorted, lifeless. On those iron men drove, grinding the shrieking wretches into the sand, and overthrowing everything in their course. The cry for quarter rose above the ringing conflict; but it was met by jeers, and imprecations, and fiendish laughter. Youth and age, the suppliant wailing on his knees, and the soul too proud, too patriotic to bend, went down together. Throbbing hearts that but an hour ago were bounding with youth and buoyancy, now were crushed from their bosoms by the charger's iron heel. Still the trampling, the shouting, the ringing of sabres, and life's last piteous appeal went up, and satiated the ear of Death with savage butchery. Riding backward and forward over the mangled companies, Tarleton glutted his eyes on the terrible spectacle, and cheered on his men to their work. The prayer for mercy was music to his ears; and his haughty eye grew more bright, more intensely thrilling, as he saw the blood of the helpless oozing

among the parched sands. Through and through the ranks were those horsemen driven, until their jaded steeds could no longer leap the piles of dead that obstructed their course. Gradually the battle shout was hushed, and low agonizing moans, with yells of insufferable anguish, grew more and more distinct. On that dreadful plain the taunts of the cruel Briton sharpened the horrors of the last mortal hour, and filled up the measure of that day's iniquity.

Of four hundred American infantry engaged in this affair, but eighty or ninety escaped; a few cavalry, under Colonel Buford, accompanied them. One hundred and thirteen were killed, one hundred and fifty so badly wounded as to be left on the ground, and fifty-three taken prisoners. Most of the wounded died upon the field.

This tragic event filled the Americans with the utmost indignation, and afforded a precedent for many acts of retaliation which subsequently disgraced the proceedings of the Southern war. It was stigmatized by the appellation of Tarleton's Quarters, and caused the character of that officer to be held in universal abhorrence.

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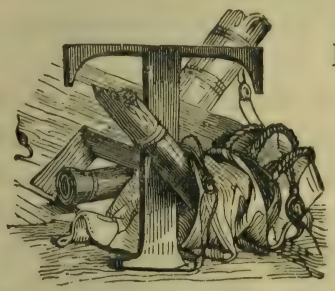
Battle of Camden.

BATTLE OF CAMDEN AND DEATH OF DE KALB.



THE defeat of Gates at Camden (August 16, 1780), was the most terrible of all the disasters experienced by our Southern army during the war of the Revolution. It annihilated the army, ruined the fame of its general, filled the country with alarm, and, but for the genius of Greene, would have won the Southern States to Great Britain.

At dawn of day, the American artillery opened, and the left of the line, under General Stephens, was ordered to advance. Exhorting his soldiers to rely principally on the bayonet, this officer advanced with his accustomed intrepidity. Lieutenant-Colonel Otho Williams preceded him with a band of volunteers, in order to invite the fire of the enemy before they were in reach of the militia, so that experience of its inefficiency might encourage the latter to do their duty. Upon discovering this movement, the British general gave orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Webster to lead into battle with the right. That gallant officer entered upon his duties with his accustomed judgment and courage; and, in a few minutes, General Stephens had the mortification to observe his brigade flying before overpowering numbers. The North Carolina brigade followed the shameful example; Stephens, Caswell,

Gates himself, struggled to stop the fugitives; but every feeling was absorbed in a desire to preserve life. The only troops left to oppose the enemy, were the continentals, and Dixon's regiment of North Carolinians, of which every corps acted with the most determined resolution.

Meanwhile, the Baron de Kalb, enveloped in the hottest of the battle, was struggling for victory on the right. A corps of the enemy who advanced against Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, were met and nobly driven out of line; and for a moment victory inclined with the Americans. Then Lord Rawdon collected the strength of his wing and came down like an avalanche upon the brigade of General Gist. But, calling his little band around him, that officer pointed to the coming storm, and ordered each man to his post. For days and nights he had toiled with his brave Marylanders, in every hardship and every danger; he had stood the hottest of the battle, and now, heedless of fatigue, he sternly awaited the living mass that was poured upon him. On they came—hundreds of muskets flashed before them, and their artillery tore and withered his ranks like a hurricane. Then came the fearful charge—and in a moment the disappointed foe were rolling back, repulsed, disheartened. High over the uproar, De Kalb's iron voice pealed along, and each soldier knew that victory or death was near. Again and again, Lord Rawdon rushed on the devoted brigade, while at each time a confused rush, a fearful silence, and then the hurryings of retreat, announced that patriotism was still triumphant. Chafing like a wounded lion, Rawdon dashed from point to point,

driving his worried legion on the foe; while, on the other side, the voice of Gist, buoyant with hope and victory, thrilled the bosom of every American. Dense and resistless, his band commenced their onward movement, and the terrified British shrank at their approach.

But the moment of triumph was short. The flight of the militia on the other wing having left Colonel Webster unemployed, he detached some light troops with Tarleton's cavalry in pursuit, and opposed himself to the reserve brought up by Smallwood to replace the fugitives. The languor of repulse was succeeded by the renewed shock and terrible wrestling for victory. All alone, opposed to overwhelming numbers, the Marylanders threw themselves into a square, and received the hurried rush of the enemy's artillery. Rank sunk down upon rank, until but a remnant was left. These the baron rallied around him, and, ignorant of Gates's disaster, prepared for a final effort. That charge was not the slow deliberate advance, when whole columns sink down before they reach the foe. It was hurled on the British like a whirlwind, sweeping away all resistance. Part of the enemy broke in confusion, with the loss of many prisoners. It was a moment of high hopes, and bounding exultation—and but a moment. So inferior was the force of the Americans, that while Smallwood covered the flank of the second brigade, his left became exposed; and Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, ever on the alert to seize an advantage, turned against this devoted flank his light infantry and the 23d regiment. But though almost surrounded by superior numbers, the first

brigade maintained the conflict until literally pushed from the ground. But the next moment they rallied, and advanced to the desperate struggle; again they were driven back, and again rallied, rushing over bleeding masses, to the very bayonets of the enemy. Near them De Kalb, with his Maryland veterans, was fighting hand to hand with the disciplined hosts of Britain.

At length Lord Cornwallis concentrated his forces, and ordered a decisive charge. Then there was a period of wild rushing, of confused uproar, and racking suspense. Even the tones of command died in the intensity of that terrible moment. Then the cloud of battle dispersed, and De Kalb had disappeared. Pierced with eleven wounds, he had fallen beneath the trampling armies. Long rows of bayonets sprang madly toward him; but his aid, Lieutenant-Colonel du Buyssen, threw himself upon his friend,—and while crying out, "Spare the Baron de Kalb," received the keen weapon intended for his friend.

Our troops were broken; and after having wrestled all day against the flower of the enemy's army, were compelled to fly to the neighbouring woods and swamps. The pursuit was continued until not a fugitive could be seen; the road was heaped with the dead and dying; and arms, artillery, horses, and articles of baggage, were strewn in every direction.

The baron was treated with every attention by the victors, but he survived the battle only a few days. His last moments were spent in dictating a letter

to General Smallwood, his successor in command, breathing in every word his sincere and ardent affection for officers and soldiers; expressing his admiration of their late noble though unsuccessful stand; reciting the eulogy which their bravery had extorted from the enemy, and the lively delight which such testimony of their valour had excited in his own mind. Then, feeling the pressure of death, he extended his quivering hand to his friend Du Buyssen, and breathed his last in benedictions on his faithful, brave division.

Andre.

ARNOLD'S TREASON.

THE most disgraceful event of the revolutionary war, and one which, but for its timely discovery, would have been productive of the most direful consequences, was the treason of General Arnold. Brave as was this officer, and capable, through his influence among the soldiers, of sweeping the hosts of a superior army like a whirl-

wind, he yet possessed qualities of mind that tarnished most of his actions, and stamped him as a man dangerous alike to civil and military government. Proud, ambitious, unable to control his passions, he frequently became involved in difficulties from which he found it impossible to extricate himself. His extravagance and pomp of living were far beyond his means, and consequently he was often embarrassed in pecuniary concerns. These circumstances were aggravated by the neglect and ingratitude of Congress, who refused to bestow upon him that distinction which his great services merited, and which had been extended to officers inferior to him in even military accomplishment. The consequence was, deep rancour toward that body, a determination of revenge, and a discontent and heartlessness with the service.

After the capture of Burgoyne, in which he acted a splendid part, he suddenly became inactive, and requested of Washington the command of West Point, a station of entire ease. This petition was urged in a manner so entirely in contrast with all his former conduct, as to excite astonishment in the commander, and even cause belief that Arnold was in jest. In order, therefore, to afford him an opportunity for military display, Washington gave him command of the left wing in the main army, during the excursion of Sir Henry Clinton up the Hudson. He continued, however, restless and dissatisfied, alleging inability for active duty on account of his wounded leg, and continued his application for West Point. His request was then granted, and, in the summer of 1780, he took command of that important station.

Previous to this, Sir Henry Clinton had received letters through his aid, Major André, from an unknown correspondent, conveying important information relative to the American forces. After much reflection, he became convinced that the writer was no other than General Arnold. This conviction was strengthened, when, upon the latter taking command at West Point, Sir Henry received a proposal to deliver up a valuable portion of the American army to Great Britain. The affair had now assumed a complexion of the utmost importance; and though the British commander managed his part with the utmost secrecy, yet he contrived to assure himself beyond doubt that his correspondent was General Arnold.

West Point was at that time the most important military station held by the Americans. Besides containing a large amount of valuable military stores, provisions and vessels, it was the proposed depot of the French and continental armies during their intended attack upon New York, and the key of communication between the Middle and Northern States. It also commanded the navigation of the Hudson. By a surrender of this place to the British arms, a fine garrison and stores would be lost, the attack upon Sir Henry frustrated, the combination between Washington and Rochambeau rendered ineffective, and all intercourse with the north made hazardous if not impossible. Accordingly, Clinton determined to use every effort in order to accomplish events of so much magnitude.

At the suggestion of Arnold, Major André was

despatched across the Hudson for the purpose of having a personal interview with him, and arranging matters which could only be hinted at under the disguise of a mercantile correspondence. On the 21st of September he was conveyed from the Vulture sloop-of-war to Arnold's presence, and the plot, together with the necessary plan of operations, was matured. The conspirators were unable to finish the conference before morning; and in the meantime the Vulture was obliged to change its position, in consequence of being fired on by the Americans. During the whole of the 22d, therefore, André remained on the American side, and at last was totally unable to obtain conveyance across the river. Arnold then furnished him with a passport and horse, in order to reach New York by land, concealing in his boots important papers intended for Sir Henry Clinton. Leaving behind him his military coat, and accompanied by one Smith, who had hitherto been the dupe of Arnold's proceedings, he rode to King's Ferry, crossed the river from Stony Point to Verplanck's Point, and pushed on toward the White Plains. After passing several parties, Smith left his companion, and the latter pursued his journey alone. Instead, however, of pursuing his original route across the White Plains, he moved off toward the Hudson river, and entered the Tarrytown road.

The region in which André was now travelling, had lately become notorious on account of the frequent plunderings from parties on both sides, which left no security to either person or property. Several young men had been on the alert to arrest some of these

marauders, dividing themselves into small parties, and remaining concealed among the woods or bushes. When near Tarrytown, André was stopped by three of these, and instead of immediately showing his pass, he commenced a hurried conversation with them, which resulted in his capture. The particulars of this affair were given in their subsequent evidence during the trial of that unfortunate officer, of which the following are extracts.

"Myself (John Paulding), Isaac Van Wert, and David Williams, were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarrytown, and about fifteen miles above King's Bridge, on Saturday morning between nine and ten o'clock, the 23d of September. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently one of the young men who were with me said, 'There comes a gentlemanly-looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him.' On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand. Then I asked him which way he was going. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I hope you belong to our party.' I asked him what party; and he replied, 'The lower.' I told him I did, and he said, 'I am a British officer out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute.' To show he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch, when I told him to dismount. He then said, 'My God, I must do anything to get along,' and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled

Capture of André.

out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains, and below. Upon that he dismounted. Said he, 'Gentlemen, you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble; for your stopping me will detain the general's business. I am going to Dobb's Ferry, to meet a person there, and get intelligence for General Arnold.' Upon that I told him not to be offended, that we did not mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people going along the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one."

"We took him into the bushes," said David Williams, in his evidence, "and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but, on searching him narrowly, we could not find any sort of writings. We told him

to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot, and could find nothing; but we found that there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking, next to his foot, on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot, within his stocking.

"Upon this, we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said, 'Yes;' and told us he would direct them to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, 'No! if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you shall not stir one step.' I then asked the person who had called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power, and he answered that he would. I told him that I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he would come to any commander he would reveal all."

There can be little doubt that, had André showed his pass immediately on being arrested, he would have been permitted to continue his journey. His neglect to do so will appear the more excusable, when we remember that he was now near Clinton's head-quarters,

and that he had been informed on the previous evening of a large party of British marauders being near Tarrytown; and, in consequence of this very information, he had changed his route in the morning.

André was conveyed by his captors to North Castle, where a party of dragoons was stationed under Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson. The six papers found about his person were also delivered to that officer. These were writings of the utmost importance, defining the force and positions of the garrison; a return of the different forts, batteries, &c.; detached sketches of Washington's designs during the remainder of the campaign; with other valuable information.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson acted in a manner both foolish and reprehensible. The captured papers were in Arnold's hand-writing, with which he was well acquainted, and contained most indubitable marks of treachery; yet he determined to send his prisoner to Arnold, together with a letter, detailing the circumstances of his arrest. Washington observed subsequently that, in consequence either of his "egregious folly, or bewildered conception, he seemed lost in astonishment, and not to know what he was doing."

André was accordingly despatched towards West Point; while the papers found about his person, were sent by express to General Washington. Immediately after the departure of the prisoner, Major Tallmadge, second in command, arrived at North Castle, from an excursion to White Plains; and on being informed of what had transpired, expressed his utter astonishment at the conduct of his superior. The representations of the major had no other effect with Jameson, than the

obtaining of an order for André's return to North Castle; yet the notice to Arnold was still permitted to proceed.

André was brought back to Jameson's quarters before daylight of the following morning. It was determined to send him to Lower Salem, a place of greater security than North Castle, and the head-quarters of Colonel Sheldon. He was escorted by Major Tallmadge, and on arriving at the colonel's station, requested permission to write a letter to General Washington. In this he declared his real name and station, gave the reasons of his being within the American lines, with the circumstances of his capture, and asked permission to write to Sir Henry Clinton. Not a word was said of Arnold, or that could in the least involve any one in the conspiracy. Before folding the letter, he presented it to Major Tallmadge, who perused it with the strongest emotion. The first sight of André had convinced him of his being a military man; but he had not imagined him to be an officer of such high rank. His former suspicions of Arnold's fidelity were now strengthened, and the folly of Colonel Jameson rendered more inexplicable than ever. Jameson's want of sagacity was the the first cause of Arnold's escape; but there were several others, and indeed, so fortunately did circumstances combine in his favour, as to appear little less than miraculous. On the 24th of September, General Washington arrived within eighteen miles of West Point, and after stopping to partake of some refreshment, rode forward until within three miles of Arnold's head-quarters. Here he unexpectedly met with the French minister, Monsieur de la

Luzerne, who prevailed on him to return to his place of stoppage (Fishkill), for the purpose of laying before him matters of importance. This prevented him from reaching West Point that evening, as he had intended.

On the following morning, Washington, accompanied by La Fayette, and other officers, set out for Arnold's quarters; but on the road the commander seems to have changed his mind, and turned his horse toward the river. Thinking this to be a mistake, La Fayette said, "General, you are going in a wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us, and that road will take us out of our way." Washington replied in a playful manner, stating that he wished to see the redoubts on the river, but gave the party permission to proceed to Arnold's station. This they declined, and accompanied the general, after sending two aids to apprise their host of the change of intention.

Slight as was this incident, it probably saved Arnold. While his family and the two aids were at breakfast, Jameson's letter arrived, giving the stunning intelligence of André's capture. It was a moment of terrible feeling; yet, so perfectly was Arnold master of himself, that while reading it he betrayed no unusual excitement. Informing the aids that a sudden and unexpected event required his presence at West Point, he rose hastily from the table, ordered a horse, and retired to Mrs. Arnold's apartment. He then sent for her, and revealed the plot, telling her they must part for ever, since his life depended on his escape to the enemy. She immediately fainted; but,

reckless of everything in the wild hurry for life, he left her senseless, rushed from the house, mounted his horse, and dashed toward the Hudson. Here he found a boat containing six men, whom he ordered to row as for life, telling them that he was bearing a flag of truce, and wished to get back in time to meet General Washington. By displaying a white handkerchief, Arnold escaped the suspicions of both British and Americans, and reached the Vulture in safety. He was mean and cruel enough to detain as prisoners the men to whom he owed his life; but on their arrival at New York, they were set at liberty by Sir Henry Clinton.

Meanwhile, Washington arrived at Arnold's house; and ascertaining that he had gone to West Point, he hurried breakfast, and, accompanied by all the officers except Hamilton, set out for the fort. As he drew near the shore with his barge, the officers expected to hear Arnold's cannon by way of salute; but all was silent. Their astonishment was increased when the commandant hurried to the shore, and began to apologize for not making any preparations to receive such distinguished visiters, as he had been totally ignorant of their approach. "How is this, sir?" replied Washington; "is not General Arnold here?" "No, sir; he has not been here these two days, nor have I heard from him within that time." Astonished at this unexpected intelligence, Washington entered the fort, and though evidently waiting for Arnold, commenced a review of the works. After spending more than an hour in this manner, he reentered the barge, and set out for Robinson's house.

On the way they were met by Hamilton, who took the commander aside, and spoke to him in a quick hurried tone. Those few hurried words were of fearful power, fraught with the news of Arnold's treason.

The bearer of Jameson's despatches had missed Washington, in consequence of the latter changing his route. On reaching Robinson's house he handed them to Colonel Hamilton, with the remark that they contained intelligence of the utmost importance. That officer opened them, and, on discovering their contents, rode immediately to meet the commander.

On perusing the papers, Washington ordered Hamilton to ride with all haste to Verplanck's Point, to arrest Arnold, if possible, before he could cross the river; and then calling La Fayette and Knox, he calmly disclosed to them the conspiracy, merely remarking—"Whom can we trust now?" The same dignity and forbearance characterized him throughout the day. When dinner was announced, he took the head of the table, and said—"Come, gentlemen; since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony."

Meanwhile, the situation of Mrs. Arnold was truly deplorable. "For a considerable time," says Hamilton, "she entirely lost herself. The general (Washington) went to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, and then she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of

innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct. We have every reason to believe that she was entirely unacquainted with the plan, and that the first knowledge of it was when Arnold went to tell her he must banish himself from his country, and from her, for ever. She instantly fell into convulsions, and he left her in that situation."

The arrest of André entirely frustrated the conspiracy; and though Arnold made good his escape, and everything was in readiness for an immediate attack upon West Point, yet far from attempting it, the British commander turned his whole attention to the safety of his friend. Hamilton received a letter from Arnold to Washington, boasting of his rectitude of intention, and requesting that Mrs. Arnold might be attended to. It was accompanied by another from one Beverly Robinson, on board the Vulture, requesting the release of André.

After writing to Greene to advance with the left wing of the army, and taking other precautionary measures, orders were sent to Colonel Jameson to despatch André to Robinson's house. He arrived there on the 26th of September, under the care of Major Tallmadge, having travelled all night through a heavy rain. He was subsequently removed to Tappan.

On the 29th, Washington summoned a court of inquiry, to investigate the subject of André's capture, and report their opinion concerning him. It was composed of six major-generals, eight brigadiers, and General Greene as president. All necessary documents were laid before them, and every effort made

by the commander-in-chief to insure a correct and unbiassed verdict.

After the names of the officers had been read to him, André was informed that it was optional with him to answer any question which might be asked, and that he might have his own time to reflect upon them. After having acknowledged the identity of certain papers with those found about his person when captured, and also given the board a short account of the circumstances attending his landing from the Vulture, he was asked whether he considered himself as having acted under a flag. He replied that it was "impossible for him to suppose, that he came on shore under the sanction of a flag," adding, "that if he came on shore under that sanction, he might certainly have returned under it." His whole behaviour throughout the investigation was open, dignified, and manly; he offered no excuse, not even a palliating remark for his conduct; and on being asked at the close if he had anything to remark, he replied in the negative. The hearing was long and tedious, and after a careful summary of all the facts presented to them, the board arrived at the conclusion "that Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that agreeably to the laws and usages of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death." In this opinion Washington concurred, and appointed five o'clock, P. M., October 1st, as the time of execution.

On that day, however, a last effort was made by Sir Henry Clinton to save his friend. He informed Washington that a committee of gentlemen would

be sent from the army to confer with him, and present facts to prove the major's innocence. Only one of these deputies (General Robertson), was permitted to come on shore. He was met by General Greene on the part of Washington, every exertion was made to prove that André was not a spy, and to influence the feelings of the American commissioner in his behalf. A letter was presented from Arnold to General Washington, and Robertson further offered to refer the decision of André's true position to General Knyphausen and Count Rochambeau. Greene listened with the deepest attention, promising to lay these views before General Washington; and Robertson seems to have believed that he had effected his purpose, as he immediately wrote to Clinton that André would not be harmed. In the morning he was stunned by the intelligence from Greene, that after weighing the facts presented during the conversation, Washington's opinion was still unchanged.

All efforts to ameliorate André's fate having failed, he was executed on the 2d of October, 1780. In the morning he received the communication of his fate without emotion, and while all present were affected with gloom, his mind was composed, and his countenance firm. When his servant entered in tears, he exclaimed, "Leave me, till you can show yourself more manly." His breakfast being sent him from Washington's table, as had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and having shaved and dressed himself, he said to the guard officers, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." He then walked from the house, arm in arm

with two subaltern officers. A large detachment of troops was paraded, amid an immense concourse of people.

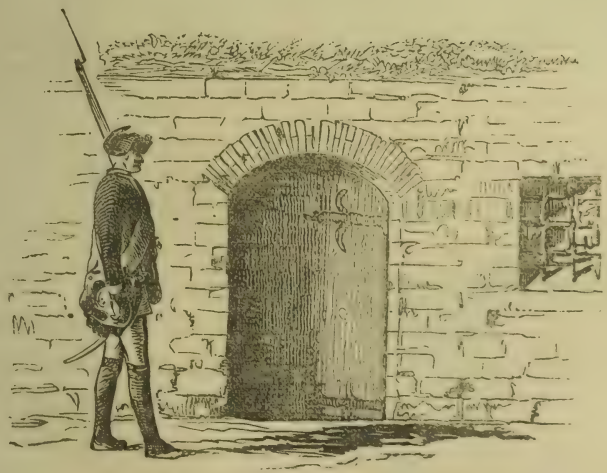
Nearly all the general and field-officers were present on horseback, except General Washington and staff. Gloom and melancholy pervaded all ranks, and the scene was deeply affecting. The major betrayed no want of fortitude, retaining a complacent countenance, and occasionally bowing to gentlemen whom he knew. The method of his death had been concealed from him until the last moment; for although in a touching letter he had requested to be shot, yet Washington wished not to wound his feelings by informing him the request could not be granted. When in sight of the gallows, he involuntarily started; but recovered himself, with the remark—"I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode." While stepping into the wagon, he appeared to falter for a moment; but suddenly rallying himself, he exclaimed, "It will be but a momentary pang;" and taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, he tied one over his eyes, and permitted his hands to be pinioned with the other. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted it to his neck without the aid of the executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak; when, raising the bandage from his eyes, he said—"I pray you to bear me witness, that I meet my fate like a brave man!"—then, readjusting the handkerchief, the wagon was removed, and after a momentary pang the gallant and accomplished André was no more.

At his death Major André was about twenty-nine years of age, well-proportioned, tall, and graceful, with a countenance indicative of amiability and intelligence. His talents were of a highly respectable order, and being cultivated in early life, he had become proficient in literary and other attainments. As an officer he was skilful, brave, and enterprising, and is reported to have been humane to the American prisoners in New York. The main spring of his actions, the sole object of his youthful aspirations, was military glory; and he was advancing rapidly in the gratification of his ambitious views, when a misguided zeal blasted all prospects, and stained him as the victim of a traitor's guile. The heart of sensibility mourns when a life of so much worth is sacrificed on a gibbet; yet was it in strict accordance with the laws of war, by which every spy is doomed to the gallows.

The circumstances attending the entrance of André into the army, heightens the sympathy occasioned by his fate. In early life he had become enamoured of a young lady, who returned his affection, and agreed upon marriage. This, however, was frustrated by the opposition of her father, and four years afterward she married with another gentleman. This was a terrible blow to André. He had ever kept her picture about his person, and hoped that time would at length unite them; but now his happiness was blasted for ever, and he resolved to join the army. In 1775 he was taken prisoner by Montgomery, at St. John's, and deprived of everything except the picture of his *Honora*, executed by his own hand, and which he concealed in his mouth. He met with various

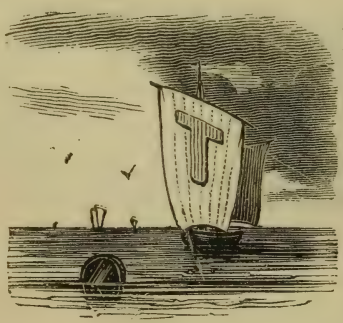
adventures, until exchanged, when he joined the family of Sir Henry Clinton, by whom he was greatly esteemed. While awaiting execution, he requested of Sir Henry Clinton that his commission might be sold for the benefit of his mother and sisters. This was immediately done by his friend, who also petitioned the king in the most faithful manner, that something further might be granted to these bereaved relatives. The monarch granted a pension to his parent, and the order of knighthood to his mother.

Arnold received the stipulated reward of his treachery, being appointed colonel of a regiment in the British service with the rank of brigadier-general, and receiving six thousand three hundred and fifty pounds sterling.



Captain Biddle.

THE LOSS OF THE RANDOLPH.



HE name of Capt. Nicholas Biddle will ever stand conspicuous on our military journals, not only as that of a man among the first of our patriotic seamen, but as distinguished alike for his brilliant successes,

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Loss of the Randolph.

and his tragic end. During the early part of the Revolution, he performed the greatest service in capturing British merchantmen; and for the rapidity and success with which he managed all such affairs, he had acquired a decided superiority among all our naval officers.

In February, 1777, he sailed from Charleston with three hundred and five men, in the frigate Randolph, of thirty-six guns, and accompanied by the smaller vessels Polly, Fair American, General Moultrie, and Notre Dame. On the evening of the 7th of March, he was descried by the British ship Yarmouth, of seventy-four guns, commanded by Captain Vincent. At nine o'clock the latter came up with the Randolph, and ordered her to hoist colors, or he would fire Biddle ran up the American flag, and poured a broadside into his enemy, which was immediately returned. The stirring scene of a naval action by night now commenced. Not knowing the strength of his adversary, Captain Biddle poured forth one broadside after another of heavy ordnance, which the British commander, confident of victory, answered. It was a sight wild and imposing. The thick, curtain-like darkness, would suddenly be broken by a quick sheet of flame, then a dazzling meteor flew from ship to ship, sparkling and whizzing in the air, and then crashing through masts, spars, and timber. The surges dashed and foamed under the stunning reports, and each vessel reeled heavily amid the pitchy night. Then one low, stifled wail would come riding through the interim of confusion, with a strange unearthly

tone, that jarred discordantly with the uproar of battle.

Soon after the commencement of the action, Captain Biddle was wounded in the leg. Instead of retiring, he called for a chair, and seating himself amid the havoc around, exhorted his men to their duty. Nobly did they fulfil it. Three broadsides were fired by the Randolph to one of the Yarmouth, and during the greater part of the action she appeared in an entire blaze. For a few minutes the captain and crew of the Fair American believed that the enemy were on fire, and bore down to salute their commander.

This brilliant commencement was succeeded by a fearful end. The Randolph blew up with an explosion that shook the air for miles around, scattering deck, spars, and mangled limbs, far abroad among the waters. Of that gallant captain and his crew nothing more was ever seen. Four men clung to a piece of wreck, on which they floated for four days, subsisting on rain-water, which they sucked from a piece of blanket. These men were picked up by Captain Vincent, and treated by him with the greatest attention and kindness.

The Yarmouth was so much injured in the action, as to be unable to pursue the small ships of the squadron, which accordingly made their escape.

Captain Biddle was twenty-seven years old at the time of his death, and had given ample promise of one day becoming a bright ornament to his profession. Notwithstanding his disparity of force, he would pro-

bably have escaped, but for the unfortunate explosion; for the British ship was in a shattered condition at the close of the action. But one of the other ships took an active part, and it was placed in so unfavourable a position as to inflict as much injury upon the Randolph, as upon her adversary.

THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIPS.

IN many instances during their wars with the United States, the British have behaved with a degree of cruelty and ferocity, which must ever stamp their character with a heartlessness, suitable only for the savage. This was the case, in an especial manner, during the revolutionary contest, when they considered themselves warring against rebel mobs, entitled to no respect and no quarter. Even when the stormy battle had rolled by, and the passions had had time to subside, the rancour of established malice broke forth upon the unfortunate ones, whom the vicissitudes of war had placed

Prison.

in their hands. In all countries and armies, prisoners of war have a just claim on the duties of humanity. From the moment of their capture, the sword should be sheathed; hostilities should cease. Being themselves disarmed, no arm can of right be lifted against them; but while they conduct themselves in a manner becoming their condition, they are entitled to lenient treatment, and every necessary comfort.

To obtain a correct idea of the situation of the prisoners in British ships, we must imagine them torn from home, from the felicity of health, comfort, and domestic enjoyment, in the very prime of life, and when the mind was buoyant with wild dreams of hope and ambition. They had gazed on the prospect of liberty, on the blessings it would bestow upon their trampled country, until the fervour of patriotism thrilled their bosoms; and they rushed to the battle-field in order to wrestle and suffer for the glorious treasure. They were the men who had sternly faced death at Lexington and Concord, and drove back the emissaries of oppression before their withering fire. But the price of victory was to be paid. They were captured, one by one, party by party, some at Boston, some at their homes, and others by the quiet road-side. They were eagerly seized by the minions of Britain, and hurried to General Howe, at New York. Here every sympathy turned from them. Friends who had smiled in happier hours now frowned with scornful vengeance; and a traitor's name, precursor of a traitor's fate, followed their weary journey. Without trial or hearing, they were packed in the holds of vessels, prisons of the vilest of the vile, of the felon and midnight

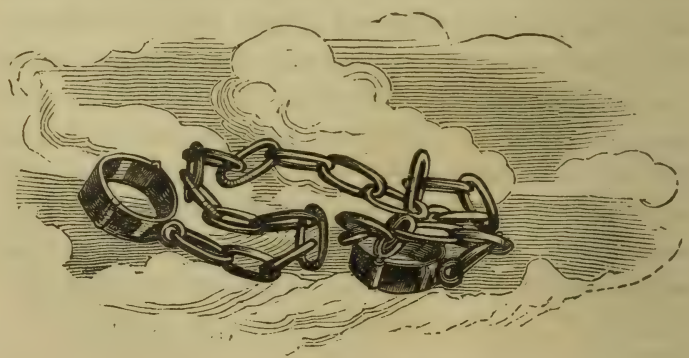
assassin. The atmosphere of these awful abodes, thick and dark with stagnation, and blazing with the fires of dissolution, insinuated itself among the delicate textures of vitality, and at the first inspiration blasted health and spirits. Here, amid utter darkness, company after company of those brave young spirits, the unfortunate defenders of their country's liberty, were crowded, and the doors closed. Then arose a scene at which humanity shudders. Accustomed to active movements in the open air, some sank at once amid heaps of putrefaction, and expired. Others crowded and crushed toward the air-holes, withering their last energies in fruitless efforts. Some sat down and wept; while in another place a convict would smile in demoniac despair at the vain exertions which he himself had so often tested. In a few hours disease and fever commenced their work, and the sufferings were terrible beyond description. Here and there were wretches moaning for water, while shrieks, imprecations, and the howlings of agony, mingled in one frightful uproar. Amid the dead and dying, a few bowed down their heads and wept for home; and then that same deep meaning word of home came wildly out amid the ravings of the maniac. Hearts that had nerved up against all suffering until that word was pronounced, now were crushed and broken. Gradually they sank down, the dying and the dead together. In the last wild struggle with death, the groaning spirit prayed and agonized for one gasp of air, one ray of light. The wretch tossed and foamed amid putrid bodies, while suffocation stifled his utterance, and the fevered blood tore and rattled along his shattered lungs. Afar

from this scene the cheering heavens were making to the giddy world the changes of night and day; but no night, no day visited the American sufferers. For seventy-five hours many lay in those charnel-houses amid every variety of misery, without having one drop of water or a particle of bread. In a few weeks fifteen hundred died. Their bodies were dragged from the ships, and placed in piles, each about large enough to fill a cart. One pile after another was dragged away, thrown into ditches, and covered with mud and offal. Over that grave no sister was present to weep, nor clergyman to dedicate the soul to heaven. Youth and manliness, and early pride, and the high throbbings of manhood's early dream, were there buried in disgrace, and buried for ever, because they had been devoted to freedom.

For want of opportunity, some of the prisoners were not treated quite so rigorously. There being a scarcity of prison-ships, these were placed in ruined churches, dilapidated dwellings, and open sugar-houses; where, in consequence of the deficiency of roofing, it was impossible to deprive them of fresh air. Still, without fire, and almost without clothing, they were exposed to piercing cold, heavy rains, hunger and thirst. These bodily sufferings were augmented by the insult and tantalization of British officers, who pronounced them the just punishment of rebellion. These honourable assurances were seconded by the tories, whose common language was: "You have not yet received all you deserve, nor half you shall receive; but if you will enlist in his majesty's service, you shall have victuals and clothing

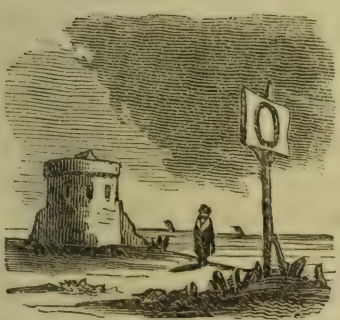
enough." In one instance, four wounded American officers of respectable rank were placed in a common cart, and paraded through the streets as objects of derision, amid the jeers of the beholders.

Such were the sufferings of the American captives in the commencement of the struggle for independence. Menaced by hostile armies, and threatened with the halter, they rose to maintain their rights. Citizens as they were, they commenced their preparation for a campaign on the battle-field; and, after rolling back the enemy, prepared to follow up their victory. When captured, they were offered life and affluence to forsake their cause; but scornfully refused, and marched to prison and slavery with proud independence. The sequel has been told. Now no monumental epitaph marks their graves, nor have even their names been handed to us. Yet with them were buried the hopes and happiness of families, the long-cherished expectations of parents and relatives; and their fearful sufferings have stamped their oppressors with everlasting infamy.



Commodore Jones.

CAPTURE OF THE SERAPIS.



N the 17th of September, 1778, Commodore Paul Jones, with the two vessels, Bon Homme Richard, and Pallas, came in sight of a fleet of merchantmen, escorted by the Serapis, and Countess of Scarborough. At seven in the evening, after a tedious

chase, Jones, in the Bon Homme Richard, was hailed by the commander of the Serapis, when within pistol-shot, and immediately answered by a whole broadside. He then ran his ship across the enemy's bow, seized the bowsprit with his own hands, and lashed both vessels together. Sails, yards, rigging, all became eventually entangled, and the opposing cannon touched each others' muzzles. In that fearful position was fought one of the most terrible battles on naval record.

The batteries of each vessel now opened. Red-hot iron flew through and through the hulls, tearing everything in their maddening course. The water broke and dashed around them, and then rolled off in glittering waves, until lost in the surrounding darkness. But, like the hurried shock of two thunder-clouds, those ships clung to each other, pouring sheets of widening flame along their sides, and strewing each deck with mangled victims. One by one the American batteries became useless, until but three cannon were fit for service. Every gun of the British was in full blast. But the iron heart of the bold sailor could not yield. Pacing on deck, from point to point, he shouted his men to their duty. Showers of death were shrieking around him, and spar after spar went down in crashing ruin. Yet still, over all that uproar, and over the groans of agony, and thunder of battle, his voice pealed like a spectre's, and sternly bound his men to duty. The waves were rushing in at every seam, until the pumps were useless, and then one appalling cry of *fire*, told that long resistance was impossible. Jones gazed around. On every side

Capture of the Serapis

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smothered flames were struggling to break forth. Yet on, on, like a fretted tiger, he spurned along that shattered deck, his arms folded, his face like rigid iron, and his stern shout ringing fearfully through the darkness. Once only did he pause. Three under officers, overcome by the awful scene, had called to the British commander, who now demanded if Jones had struck. "No," was the response; and the conflict reopened.

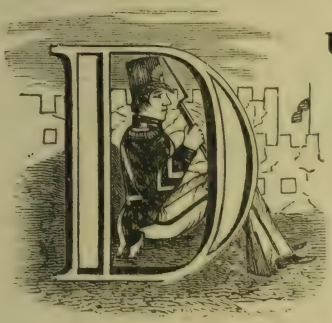
During all this time, the soft rays of the full moon were sleeping on the rippling water, mellowing everything beneath their silvery shroud. Hundreds and thousands of spectators gazed in breathless and struck wonder, at the uproar on the waters; men of ordinary mould grew pale and nervous, at the spirit-like wrestlings of giant souls.

At half past nine o'clock, another ship hove in sight. It was the Alliance, a vessel lately deserted from Jones's squadron. Joy was diffused over the gallant crew—but it was of short duration. A broadside came rushing over the waters, splitting and rending the stern of Jones's vessel. He called to them for God's sake to forbear; but the false one swept like lightning through the waters, hurling shot after shot at the devoted ship, killing and wounding the men, and opening leaks in every direction. Cries of fear and despair rose from the little crew; the master at arms turned loose all the prisoners; and the officers crowded around their commander, praying him to surrender. But with startling energy he stamped on the burning deck, and ordered each man to his post. Then the calmness of subdued energy returned, his voice again rang out, and

his men forgot to fear. Gradually the British fire slackened, their mainmast began to shake, and at half past ten they struck. Scarcely was there time to transport the wounded to the prize, when the Bon Homme Richard sank. The Serapis was herself on fire, and had five feet of water in the hold. "A person," says Jones himself, "must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, which everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences."

The Serapis was a new ship of forty-four guns, constructed in the most approved manner, with two complete batteries; one of them eighteen-pounders. She was commanded by Commodore Richard Pearson.

PUTNAM'S FEAT AT HORSENECK.



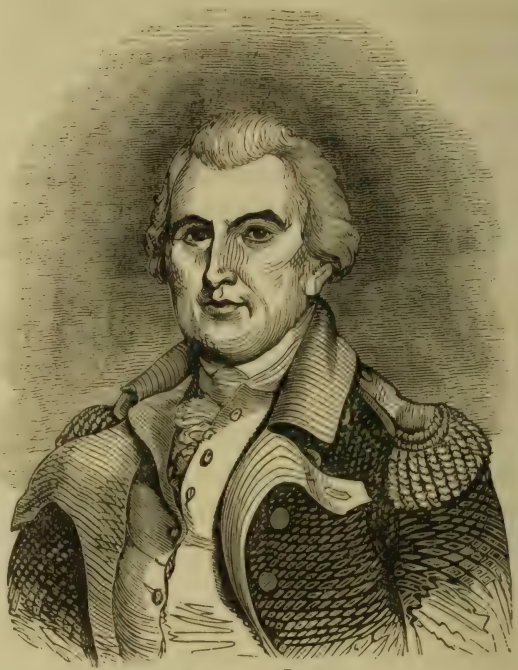
URING the invasion of Connecticut by Governor Tryon, General Putnam, with the main body of his force, was stationed at Reading, in that state. On one occasion, while superintending a picket of one hundred and fifty men at Horseneck, he was suddenly surprised by a body of fifteen hundred troops, both cavalry and infantry, led by Tryon himself. His situation was perilous. The picket were on the brow of a hill, so steep that nearly one

hundred steps had been cut in its sides for the accommodation of foot passengers. On each side of this steep path was a swamp impervious to cavalry.

Undismayed by the vastly superior force of his opponent, Putnam drew up his little band in front of the morass, and, exhorting them to be cool and fearless, he commenced a cannonade of the enemy with two small field-pieces. Enveloped in flame and smoke, that iron heart bore up against the fearful odds, and moved like a giant spirit amid his faithful followers. For a little while the British were fairly held at bay; while the Americans, elated by success, poured their blasting volleys in quick succession amid the astonished foe.

At length the cavalry prepared for a charge; and, foreseeing the fatal consequences, Putnam ordered his men to conceal themselves in the swamp. They had scarcely time to do this, when the dragoons were within pistol-shot. Every eye was now turned to their commander. He could not follow them, and destruction appeared inevitable. Calm and dignified he sat on his horse, until the last soldier had gained the thicket, and all was safe. Sure of their prize, the dragoons spurred desperately forward, and rose in the stirrup to cut down the warrior with a decisive blow. But Putnam's plan had been formed. Urging his horse to the precipice, he hung one moment on its verge, and in the next was dashing headlong down the steps. Involuntarily the bewildered cavalry discharged their pistols, and reined upon the giddy brink. Not one of that host durst follow where

Putnam led. Their prey had slipped from their grasp; and, as they gazed at his furious riding, execrations deep and vengeful were pressed between their teeth. One momentary hope remained—that horse and rider might tumble headlong. Indeed, it appeared inevitable. But the daring horseman fell not. Buoyed above fear, he sat as upright as though on parade; while his steed seemed gifted with supernatural power. The whirl of excitement, the period when none dared breathe, was but for a moment. Putnam gained the plain unharmed; and, after stopping long enough to bestow one meaning smile on the spectators above, hurried forward to his main army. After receiving reinforcements, he faced about and pursued Tryon on his return.



General Greene.

BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

THERE is often a parallel to be observed in the fortunes of great men. As Washington, after a period of long and vexatious inaction, crowned his military course with the capture of Cornwallis; so his most active officer, Gen. Greene, completed his brilliant course by the victory of Eutaw Springs. That great man found the

South a conquered province. A fine army led by an indefatigable general, and flushed with victory, was ready to crush the least signs of rebellion or opposition; and so sure did Cornwallis consider his conquest, that he was ready to march into Virginia before Greene had arrived to supersede General Gates. How the American general rose as difficulties pressed him,—how his comprehensive mind embraced in one sweep, all the plans and requisites for a successful campaign,—how he gave spirit and discipline to the defeated Americans; led them cheerfully into battle; made them veterans, and wrung from his astonished opponent the long-worn laurels of the South—are familiar to all. The reward of his brilliant career, the natural consequence of his toil and suffering and anxiety, was the action at Eutaw Springs.

The evening of the 7th of September, 1781, was serene and beautiful. On the wide stretching plains of the South, the blue sky with her thousand stars looked down with a stillness and solemnity, that lent a magic influence to all around, and raised the feelings of man from earth to heaven. Yet, even amid that quiet scene, dark and terrible passions were rankling, for five thousand men lay in arms waiting for the dawn to light, to guide them to death and slaughter.

For three days previous to this, General Greene had advanced by easy marches toward the enemy's position. But to his astonishment the latter appeared to have no intimation of his approach, and although the American scouts came within reconnoitering distance, he still remained in the same position. Although Greene's march was effected without any

attempt at concealment, yet, during the night of the 7th, the same dead calm continued; nobody was observed moving.

But the morning of the 8th was destined to break this oppressive quietness. At four o'clock Greene put the Americans in motion, arranged in two columns, with the artillery in front. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee formed the advance, and Lieutenant-Colonel Washington the rear. After advancing cautiously to within four miles of the British camp, Lee suddenly encountered a party of the enemy, and halted. The echoing of musketry through the woods, soon gave notice to the American commander that an action had commenced, and the horse were hurried forward to participate. The hot fire in front so severely galled the British that they began to give way. At the same moment the cavalry dashed into their rear, driving before them the enemy's horsemen and foragers, scattering the infantry in all directions, and securing about forty with their captain.

The soldiers had marched but a little distance after this skirmish, when they encountered a second corps, and the action recommenced. The artillery was now opened on both sides, and, while the soldiers were falling beneath its fire, each army formed its line of battle. The North Carolina militia, with those of South Carolina, made the first line; the continentals the second. Lee's legion had care of the right flank, and Henderson's corps of the left. Two three-pounders were in the front line, and the remainder of the artillery, two sixes, in the rear. The cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Washington formed the reserve.

The British formed but one line, drawn up in front of their tents, with two separate bodies of infantry and cavalry in their rear, and their artillery distributed in different roads along the line.

While the skirmishing continued, one corps after another came into action, until the greater part of both armies was engaged. The fire ran from rank to rank, raking the long extended lines, and bringing infantry, horse, and artillery-men to the ground. Part of the British centre, with two other regiments, rushed suddenly upon the advance militia, routed them after a short struggle, and hurried on toward the left flank. But the troops composing this part of the army, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henderson, received the shock with firmness, and poured forward their volleys with a rapidity and precision, that stopped pursuit and restored the battle. Fired by this spirited conduct, Greene dashed toward his second line, and ordered its centre, under Brigadier-General Sumter, to move into the chasm, left by the retiring militia. These troops poured into action with loud shouts; the battle grew darker and bloodier, and the enemy in their turn fell back to the first position. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, the British commander, hurried into action the infantry in rear of his left wing. The conflict was then terrible. Regiments were sweeping along under galling fires; the hot sun was beaming and dancing over thousands of bayonets, and helmets, and sabres; cavalry were thundering from rank to rank, the sheaths of the dragoons ringing across the field; while the ground, air, and woods rocked, with the rushings of angry thousands, the rattling of musketry, the loud

roaring of cannon. The plumes of officers were leaping here and there between the volumes of smoke; charge after charge was crushing scores into the earth; and the love of life, the strong universal tie, was suspended in the whirlings of passion.

High over this scene of uproar, General Greene's form was observed, like some powerful spirit, swaying the elements of destruction and terror. His voice rang wildly through the fearful uproar, and his sword flashed with startling energy in the bright sunbeams, as he drove on his brave men to different positions. Observing the closeness of the conflict, he determined upon a decisive movement, and ordered up the Maryland and Virginia men. Their loud shouts announced their coming; and soon, like the blast of a volcano, their drizzling hail opened upon the British. Whole companies were annihilated, or reduced to skeletons; horse and rider sunk at once to the earth, and for a moment the veterans of England staggered.

At this critical moment, Major Majoribanks hurled his grenadier battalion into action, and sustained his faltering comrades. But, determined on victory, Greene ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Washington to fall upon him; and, galloping furiously along the line, called for the bayonet. Suddenly the American fire died away, and the long extended line was bending forward to the charge. Blasting volleys were poured into their ranks, and brave fellows sunk down on every side. Every gun was aimed full at their faces, and every cannon glared terribly upon their densely packed ranks. Still they stopped not—swerved not.

The eye of Greene was upon them, and the war-worn defenders of the South were leading them on. The woods resounded with their firm tramp, and the enemy prepared for the terrible encounter.

At this moment Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, observing that the line extended beyond the British flank, instantly ordered a company to gain the latter, and give it a raking fire. Assailed in front by the bayonet and in flank by musketry, the enemy recoiled in haste. For a moment they rallied—the armies closed—bayonets plunged at opposing bosoms; then all was dark. The next moment the British line was broken, the troops flying in all directions, and leaving their camp the undisputed prize of the victors. Had the nature of the ground been favourable to the movements of cavalry, the whole British army would have been captured. But, unfortunately, Colonel Washington became involved in a swamp, where he could neither advance nor recede; and in this position he was exposed to the fire of the whole retreating corps. Many officers were killed, his horse shot under him, and himself bayoneted and taken. One-half of his corps was destroyed. This afforded the British an opportunity of covering their retreat; while part of them entered a large stone house, adjoining the road.

In this pursuit the Americans captured three hundred prisoners and two pieces of artillery. Consternation prevailed in the British army; fugitives were hastening toward Charleston; and the staff were destroying stores of every kind.

At this critical juncture, when Lieutenant-Colonel Lee had possession of all the roads commanding the

retreat, he received intelligence that a sustaining corps had failed to come up, and could not be found. This unlooked-for news was not less fatal to the bright prospect of personal glory than to the splendid issue of the conflict. Lee was obliged to withdraw, and immediately Stewart restored his broken line, and renewed the action. He regained his captured camp and artillery, and took two American pieces.

Thus closed the battle of Eutaw Springs, in which accident wrested a complete victory from the hands of the American general. It lasted more than three hours, and was fiercely contested, the corps in both armies bravely supporting each other. With the exception of the cavalry, where the advantage lay with the Americans, the armies were about equal, both in numbers and composition. Each numbered twenty-three hundred, with like proportions of irregulars. The loss was uncommonly great. According to official returns, more than one-fifth of the British, and one-fourth of the American army, were killed and wounded, and officers on both sides considered the loss much greater. The enemy made sixty prisoners, all wounded; the Americans about five hundred, including some wounded left in camp by Colonel Stewart at his retreat. Of six regimental commanders, only Williams and Lee were unhurt. Washington, Howard, and Henderson were wounded; and the respected and beloved Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell was killed. Both sides claimed the victory, but the advantages were altogether with the Americans.

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Wayne's Charge.

General Wayne.

WAYNE'S CHARGE AT GREEN SPRING.

THE name of Wayne is associated with all that is daring and chivalric in our revolutionary struggle. Impetuous as a cataract in battle, and yet cool and calculating, few who leaned upon him for support, in the hour of danger, ever complained of disappointment; and his conduct at Germantown, Monmouth, and Stony Point, proves his efficiency both in following a leader, and in commanding an assault.

During La Fayette's stirring campaign in Virginia, Wayne was despatched by Washington, to assist that nobleman in his efforts against Cornwallis. On the 6th of July, 1781, La Fayette came up with the British general near the Chickahominy Creek, and on learning that the main body of his army had already crossed the river to the northern bank, leaving behind it on the southern only a rear guard, he determined to attack it. The main body of his army had not yet arrived; yet placing the seven hundred men with him, who were the very flower of his army, under General Wayne, he ordered him to attack the supposed rear.

Wayne vigorously attacked the pickets, driving them rapidly before him, and pushing for the entire guard. Suddenly a sight terrible as unexpected burst upon him. The information on which he was acting had been false; the whole British army was drawn up in battle array, and he, with seven hundred men, not fifty yards from them. Retreat was utterly impossible, and to remain inactive would have secured destruction. The least show of fear, the least indecision, would have been fatal; Wayne knew it, and his course was taken. Parties were already on his flanks; and the enemy pressing forward, certain of undisputed victory. Rallying his little band around him, he ordered a charge with the bayonet, and dashed down into the heart of opposing thousands. Instantly a movement was observed among them, and in a few moments the flanking parties were recalled, and the first line heaved back before the general's furious shock. Even Cornwallis was deceived by so brilliant a manœuvre, and, imagining

that the whole American army was approaching, he hastily concentrated his forces, and prepared for the attack. Seeing all obstructions removed, Wayne suddenly withdrew his troops, and, though in the face of a galling fire, conducted them away in excellent order. Bewildered by so inexplicable a movement, the British commander imagined it to be but a stratagem to draw him into an ambuscade, and accordingly forbid all pursuit. The Americans lost one hundred and eight men, a proof of the dreadful fire under which they made their charge. The British loss is unknown. Wayne received the highest commendations of the marquis, as well as those of Washington and Greene.

Commodore Barney.

CAPTURE OF THE GENERAL MONK.

ON the 8th of April, 1782, Lieutenant Joshua Barney commenced his cruise for the capture of the enemy's privateers, which had lately committed great outrages in the vicinity of Delaware Bay. His ship, the Hyder Ally, carried sixteen guns, and had been fitted up by the state of Pennsylvania expressly for this service. While alone near the Capes, he was descried

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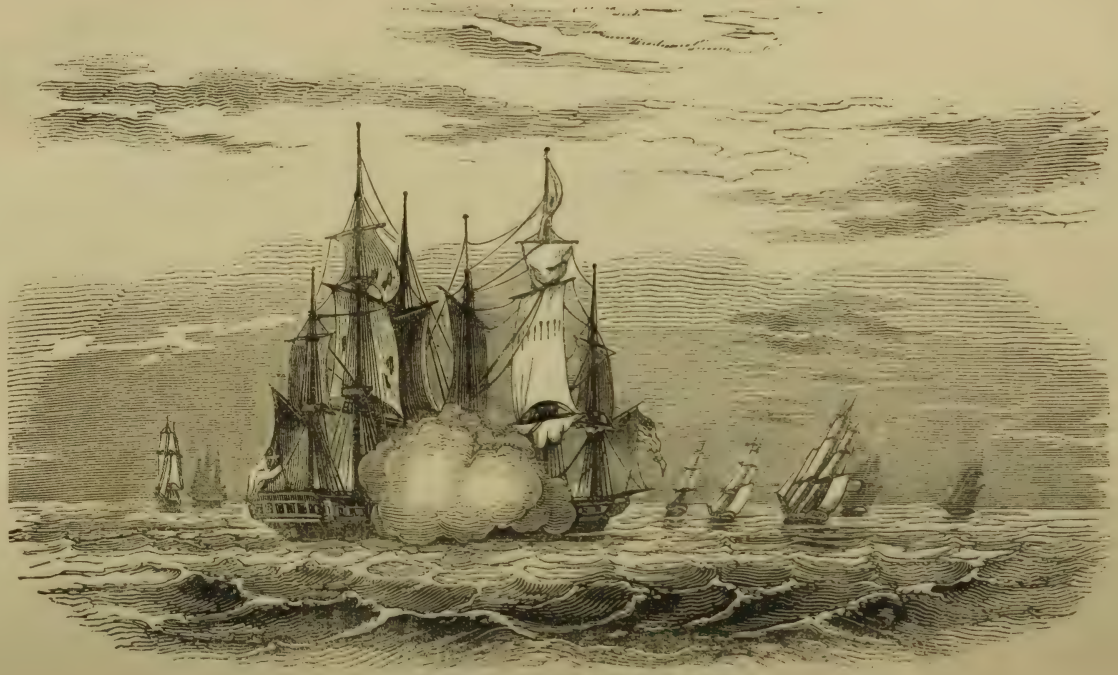


Capture of the General Monk.

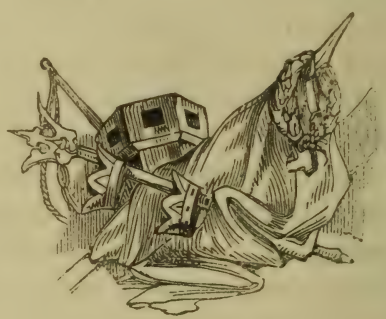
by a brig and two ships of the enemy, who immediately commenced an attack. After permitting the smaller vessel to pass, Barney allowed one of the ships to approach within pistol-shot; while the other stationed herself toward the west, in order to cut off the retreat of the Americans.

The attacking vessel now bore down in haste upon the Hyder Ally, imagining that the latter would strike; but a wide ringing broadside, whose shot came ripping and splitting among spars and sails, soon corrected the mistake. At such unmistakeable marks of determination, the enemy halted for a moment; and then commenced ranging alongside of Captain Barney, preparatory to boarding. At this important moment, Barney directed the quartermaster in a loud voice to port the helm, while at the same time he was under secret orders to perform a manœuvre exactly opposite. By this singular stratagem the British were completely deceived, and allowed the Americans to gain a position where they could effectually rake their enemy. The battle now raged with such fury, that in twenty-six minutes twenty broadsides were fired. Amid this scene of death and desolation, while the two ships were rocking under repeated shocks, and the water hissing and boiling with shot, Captain Barney stood upon the quarter-deck, in full view of the enemy's musketeers, and a mark for every discharge. In twenty-six minutes the enemy struck her colours.

The prize proved to be the General Monk, formerly an American vessel, under the title of General Washington. It had been captured by the British,

and fitted up, under a new name, with eighteen nine-pounders, and one hundred and thirty-six men, under Captain Rodgers.

The General Monk lost twenty men killed, and thirty-three wounded; the Hyder Ally four killed, and eleven wounded. Considering the great disparity of force, together with the fierceness of the action and brilliancy of manœuvring, this is justly considered one of the proudest achievements on our naval record.



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Wayne and the Mutineers.

THE MUTINIES.

THE sufferings endured by our brave men, during the long struggle for independence, can scarcely be appreciated by those who live in a more propitious age. Encamped in winter amid driving snows, with no shelter except rude huts, without blankets or shirts, they frequently passed entire days destitute of any food. Their petitions were rejected by Congress, and their pay was often more than a year in arrears. Disease was added to their other miseries—death in every shape stared them in the face. Should their cause fail,

nothing was before them but an ignominious fate; and should they gain their independence, their only reward appeared to be utter destitution.

Under these circumstances it is no matter of surprise that discontent against Congress, and a dissatisfaction with the service, should have spread themselves throughout the camp. Men of common mould would not have supported such suffering one week; and amid all the wonders of that wonderful period, one of the greatest is the patience of the revolutionary martyrs.

An unfortunate oversight of Congress, was the enlistment of men for three years, *or during the continuance of the war*. When the three years expired, the troops claimed their discharge, asserting that the phrase—"during the continuance of the war," was added only as a provision in case of the war ceasing before the expiration of three years. Congress, however, thought differently, contending that the disputed phrase provided for the continuation of the war *beyond* three years. Considering the construction of Congress as an attempt at fraud, the soldiers became discontented and exasperated, and peremptorily claimed their discharge. This was positively refused, and now the forbearance of patriotism itself was exhausted.

On the 1st of January, 1781, the whole Pennsylvania line, except a part of three regiments, paraded under arms, seized provisions, ammunition, and six field-pieces, broke into the stables of General Wayne, and took his horses to transport them. The alarm spread like lightning through the camp, messengers rushed

toward Wayne's head-quarters, and in half an hour wild uproar was revelling where all had been order and quiet. The officers met in groups, pale and undecided; men that had charged into the throat of blazing batteries, were now irresolute, and feeble as children. The remainder of the line hurried together, and, gaining courage from their presence, the officers joined them, and confronted the insurgents. Shots were exchanged, and a few fell dead. Then the mutineers became furious. Sweeping onward with fixed bayonets, they drove everything before them, and called on their opposers to join them, under pain of instant death. Unable to stand before so overwhelming a tide, they complied, and the revolt became general.

At this moment a single horseman was seen galloping as for life toward the army. Alone, armed only with his pistols, that fierce rider dashed along the ranks, and called for submission. It was General Wayne; he whose wild battle-shout had led them at Brandywine and Germantown, and Monmouth and Stony Point. But there are moments when love and reverence are flung to the winds, in the struggle for right and honour. Wayne's magic voice had lost its spell. Each soldier sternly grasped his piece, and the march continued. He drew his pistol; but, with a calmness stern and dreadful, they said, "General, we respect and love you. Often have you led us into the field of battle; but we are no longer under your command. We warn you to be on your guard. If you fire your pistols, or attempt to enforce your commands, you are a dead man!" Unable to stem the

torrent, he resorted to expostulation. He reminded them of the cause for which they were fighting; of their former patience, and of the ignominy they would acquire by joining the enemy, who were doubtless on the alert to seize this favourable opportunity. "We are not going to the enemy," was their answer. "On the contrary, were they now to come out, you should see us fight under your orders with as much alacrity as ever. But we will no longer be amused. We are determined on obtaining what is our just due. We have been imposed upon, and deceived respecting our term of enlistment; we have received no wages for more than a year; we are destitute of clothing, and have often been deprived of our rations. Now we march to Congress to demand that justice which has so long been denied." They set out for Philadelphia, moving in the strictest military order, and posting pickets, guards, and sentinels, around their night camps. Wayne, with other officers, accompanied them, and, on arriving at Princeton, prevailed on them to halt, and draw up a petition of redress to be presented to Congress.

On hearing of this unexpected occurrence, Sir Henry Clinton hastened to turn it to his own advantage. Well assured that the breath of civil war would blast the prospect of independence far more effectually than any effort he could exert, he sent two emissaries to the revolters, with written instructions that, by laying down their arms and marching to New York, they should receive their arrearages and depreciation in hard cash, should be well clothed, have a free pardon for all past offences, be protected by the British

government, and have no military service imposed upon them, unless voluntarily offered. But Sir Henry was unacquainted with the men with whom he was dealing, and had calculated too far on the influence of Arnold's example. His golden offers were spurned with the disdain of true patriotism, and the commissioners seized. Soon after a committee redressed the wrongs of the insurgents, the British deputies were executed as spies, and the soldiers returned to duty.

The revolt of the New Jersey line was one more deeply tragic. Determined not to temporize with so dangerous an event, Washington despatched Major-General Howe, with five hundred men, to quell the rebellion at all hazards. After four days' marching, through woods and over mountains, in the depth of winter, they reached the huts of the insurgents. Howe then ordered his aid to command the mutineers to appear on parade in front of their camp, unarmed, within five minutes. They hesitated; a second messenger was sent; and, finding all resistance useless, they paraded without arms. A terrible pause succeeded—the sickening anticipation of unknown evil. Then three of the ringleaders were brought out, court-martialled on the spot, and sentenced to be immediately shot. Twelve of their guilty companions were selected as executioners. Terrible duty!—each shuddered with horror; and, when ordered to load, shed tears of bitter agony. Overwhelmed by the terrors of death, the victims gazed despairingly from side to side; but no force was near to wrest them from the stern arm of power. Every heart bled with sympathy, yet none dared speak his feelings.

The first victim was led to the distance of a few yards, and placed upon his knees. At a signal from an officer, six of the executioners fired, three aiming at his breast, and three at his head. A stifled groan of agony came from the line, and each man involuntarily closed his eyes. But every gun had missed. The next moment the remaining six fired, and the wretch was hurled into eternity. The second criminal was despatched at the first fire. Half dead with apprehension, the third victim was brought upon the snow. He kneeled down. Already the pieces were aimed, and every muscle shuddered in anticipation of the fatal report. Suddenly he was pardoned. The thrill of joy—of wild relief—at that unexpected moment, was too great even for military discipline. With exclamations of gratitude, all the men rushed toward their officers; and, while tears streamed from their eyes, swore never again to desert the cause.

After the execution was finished, Howe ordered the former officers to resume their stations and command; and then, in a pathetic manner, addressed the whole line by platoons, endeavouring to impress them with a sense of the enormity of their crime, and of the dreadful consequences which might have resulted from it. After this he commanded them to ask pardon of their officers, and promise to devote themselves to duty in future.

In this affair Sir Henry Clinton again made himself detestable, by sending an emissary to the troops, with similar offers to those formerly extended. His designs were again frustrated; after which General Howe returned to head-quarters.

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Battle of the Cowpens

BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

THE British under Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton, numbering eleven hundred men, with two field-pieces, on the 17th of January, 1781, came in sight of eight hundred Americans, under General Morgan, posted at the Cowpens. The ground was by no means favourable for defensive warfare, leaving the flanks unprotected, and cutting off retreat by a deep river in the rear. Yet, under all these disadvantages, Morgan firmly awaited the arrival of his adversary, with the determination of giving battle. His army was drawn up in three lines,—the first composed of militia, the second of continental infantry, and a third, constituting the reserve, of Colonel Washington's cavalry, and a company of mounted militia.

As the armies hung on the verge of battle, Morgan rode among his troops, praising the unshrinking firmness with which they had sustained so many battles, exhorting them not to let the present one diminish their fame, and reminding them that they were fighting under a leader never yet defeated.

Scarcely were the words of that fiery appeal spoken, when the enemy came bearing down with irresistible fury, sweeping the militia before them, and rushing forward to charge the regulars. Undismayed by the repulse of the militia, this little band bore up against the impetuous surge, and received the shock with unshrinking firmness. A terrible conflict began. Spurning their dead and wounded beneath their feet, the British drove on with the bayonet, charging and recharging with fearful rapidity. But, animated by the gallant Howard, the continentals bent forward to the blow, and wrestled with overpowering numbers, until they were completely outflanked. Morgan then ordered a retreat to the cavalry; and though in full range of a superior enemy, the whole line effected the movement in the most perfect order. By this means the flanks were relieved and a new order of battle formed.

Considering this retrograde movement as the precursor of flight, the British line pressed on with impetuosity and disorder; but with a rapidity truly astonishing, Howard's troops faced about, and discharged their pieces full in their opponents' faces. Stunned by this unexpected shock, the most advanced recoiled in confusion. At that critical moment Howard rushed on them with the bayonet. Wild

rout and uproar took the place of pursuit. The advancing reserve shared the fate of the main body—everything broke and scattered beneath Howard's terrible charge.

Meanwhile, the militia had rallied, and been attacked by the enemy's cavalry; but, at the same time that the continental infantry charged the British line, Colonel Washington, with his dragoons, charged their cavalry. Hurled forward by this impetuous officer, our horsemen burst like an avalanche among the British, trampling horse and rider in the dust, and hurrying the others before him in full gallop. In a few moments they were crushing down ranks of their own army, that were fleeing before Howard. Then Morgan rallied his militia, and, shouting above the din of battle, drove down amid the disastrous rout. Urged by the sense of their sufferings from that very army, the Americans hurried to vengeance, with shouts of exultation. The clashing of bayonets, the thunderings of cavalry, the ringing of sabres, and noise of victory, pealed far and wide along those solitary plains; while in every direction, swords and bayonets and drums, and horses, and dead and dying, were strewed in utter confusion. Still the flight continued, and behind it the thunderings of pursuit, until the exhausted victors could no longer pursue. Washington followed Tarleton twenty miles; and, on one occasion, when separated from his command, was in imminent danger from three dragoons, who made a combined attack upon him. By the assistance of a soldier he drove these off, after receiving a wound in the knee.

In this decisive action, the Americans lost about seventy men, of whom twelve only were killed. The British infantry, with the exception of the baggage guard, were nearly all killed or taken. One hundred, including ten officers, were killed, twenty-three officers and five hundred privates were taken. The artillery, eight hundred muskets, two standards, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and one hundred dragoon horses remained with the victors.

General Morgan.

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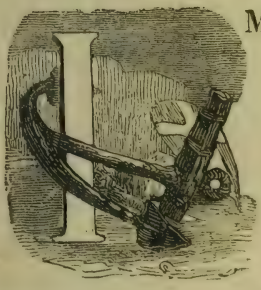
Burning of New London by Arnold

CAPTURE OF NEW LONDON.



IMMEDIATELY after General Arnold had returned from his infamous expedition into Virginia, he was despatched by Sir Henry Clinton on an expedition against New London, Connecticut. After taking undisputed possession of Fort Trumbull, he advanced against Fort Griswold, and summoned the garrison to surrender. Colonel Ledyard, the commandant, replied that he would defend the place to the last. He had with him but one hundred and sixty men, and the works were but moderately strong.

The British moved to the attack in three columns, and were received by a steady fire from the garrison. As they neared the fort, the quick wide gaps in their ranks showed that death was stalking with rapid strides among them; but, hurried on by the daring Arnold, they bared their bosoms to the sweeping fire, and at length gained the works. Then a momentary struggle ensued, and the silence told that our troops had surrendered. Leaping over a parapet, a British officer asked who commanded. Colonel Ledyard appeared, and presented his sword. It was taken, and with savage malignity plunged into the patriot's breast. Then commenced a scene fit only for British warfare in America. Imitating the infamous example of their leader, the troops rushed among the unarmed garrison, hacking and bayoneting all that came in their way, and flinging all honour or humanity to the wind. Again the savage war-cry went up, while, mingling with it in sickening accents, was the wail of innocence, the unavailing prayer for mercy. Still the awful work went on; son and brother and bosom companion were butchered together, until piles of corpses were packed along the walls, and the ground ran deep with human gore. But forty remained uninjured.

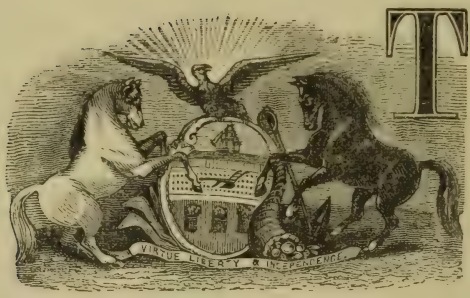
In the assault the enemy lost forty-three killed, and one hundred and forty-five wounded. Colonel Ayre, the commandant, was killed, and Colonel Montgomery wounded.

After this proceeding, Arnold resumed his march toward New London. After plundering it of everything which his troops could carry, he set the town on fire, and retired to a neighbouring hill to watch the con-

flagration. Here, amid scenes which should have melted his heart—amid the rocks, and streams, and woods of his childhood—he stood like a demon, glutting his appetite for destruction. Gradually house after house sunk among the smouldering flames; and the fortunes of their owners were ruined. Besides the buildings, an immense amount of moveable property was included in the conflagration. The surrounding country was then ravaged; and, after doing as much mischief as possible, Arnold returned to New York.

Ruins of Wyoming.

MASSACRE OF WYOMING.



THE village of Wyoming was a small and flourishing settlement, situated in a delightful valley on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. Unfortunately, the territory was claimed both by Pennsylvania and Connecticut; and thus, from the collision of contradictory claims, founded on royal charters, the laws of neither state were enforced.

Near this peaceful settlement, embosomed amid

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Massacre of Wyoming.

the wildest scenes of nature, and remote from all immediate help, the tory partisans of Britain could assemble, and concert their schemes with perfect security. Having ventured, however, within the bounds of the village, a party of them were arrested by the authorities of Connecticut, and sent to Hartford for trial. They were soon set at liberty; but the remembrance of their captivity rankled in their bosoms, and produced a determination of vengeance. They visited the different Indian tribes, painted their wrongs in burning colours, and called upon every one to lift the hatchet against his oppressor. Roused by these fiery appeals, the warriors of the vicinity met in council, and resolved the utter extermination of all the Wyoming settlers.

In a short time the enemy assembled together, to the number of eleven hundred, of whom two hundred were Indians. As commander, they chose Colonel John Butler, a man notorious for every species of crime. In July, 1778, he appeared in force before a small fort, situated near the village, and demanded its surrender. As the works were in a miserable condition, and the garrison but a handful, the demand was obeyed. A part of the garrison had previously retired to Forty Fort, near Kingston; and before this place Butler now appeared, summoning it to surrender. Colonel Zebulon Butler, the commander, answered by proposing a conference at the bridge without the works. This was agreed upon, and the commandant, with his officers and the greater part of the garrison, repaired to the spot; but, not meeting the enemy, they indulged the pleasing hope that the

latter had fled; and, instead of returning to the fort, commenced a hurried pursuit. Over three miles they continued their reckless march, when they suddenly came in sight of a few straggling Indians. On these they fired, but in a moment were convinced of the withering fact, that they had been drawn into an ambuscade. With one wild shout the tories and savages commenced their attack, levelling and riddling the crowded masses before their terrible fire. A cry of horror rose, and for a moment the Americans paused; but the officers rushed forward, restored order, and returned the enemy's fire. Then those brave men stood up against fate, and, though in full view of a hidden foe, exerted long but vain efforts to drive back their assailants. Undismayed by the havoc on all sides, they continued the conflict until the Indians had gained their rear, and cut off all retreat. Then they offered to surrender; but that offer was received with a fiendish laugh, that spoke terribly to those devoted men. Still the cries for mercy went up, and then that savage yell, and the rattling of hundreds of muskets. The sufferers flung away their weapons, and on their knees implored, with lifted hands, for the pittance of life. Then they hurried in crowds from side to side, wild and overcome with terror. Some threw themselves among the mangled dead, and lay as though senseless; while the fierce wrestlings of the soul, in the agonies of despair, were sent up in broken prayers to Heaven. But all was vain. Shower after shower of iron hail came crashing among them, sweeping everything in its course, and mingling the screams of the wounded with

the petitions for life. Of four hundred and seventeen who had left the fort, but fifty-seven escaped.

After this dreadful scene, the murderers marched to the fort and again demanded its surrender. Accordingly, articles of capitulation were signed, securing to the people in the fort their effects. Thirty men, and two hundred women then crossed the river, and commenced a distressing march through the woods to Northampton county. The hardships of these unfortunate victims of barbarity were great; many of the women were overwhelmed with grief at the loss of their husbands, brothers, or friends. Most of the provisions had been left behind, and sadness, disease, and hunger, accompanied their weary steps. Unable to support their miseries, several lay down under trees and prayed for death. Mutual sufferings caused the deepest sympathy, and these sorrowful ones were carried the remainder of the journey by their companions. At length, emaciated with hunger, sickness, and fatigue, they arrived among the Pennsylvania settlements.

In November, another massacre was perpetrated at Cherry Valley by one Brandt, who had been active in the former one. Accompanied by Walter Butler, son of Colonel John Butler, and by seven hundred men, he approached the fort at that place on the 9th. The commandant, Colonel Ichabod Alden, had received numerous intimations of danger; but, instead of concentrating his forces to meet it, he had discouraged the inhabitants from taking refuge in the fort, and merely despatched a few scouts, to give alarm in case of seeing an enemy. These built a fire, and

went to sleep. In this condition, they were surprised and captured by Brandt. The settlement was invested on every side, and all the inhabitants put to death—some by shooting, some by fire, others by various tortures; but the greater part were crowded into barns and houses, which were then consumed in one general conflagration. Between thirty and forty prisoners were reserved for future barbarities.

After this diabolical act, the assailants proceeded against the fort. But its garrison of two hundred men defended themselves with a desperation which recent scenes had imparted to them, and the savages were obliged to retire. Colonel Alden, however, paid for his carelessness with his life.

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Surrender of Cornwallis.

General Lincoln.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

NO officer in the British army did more for the cause of his king, or better deserved success, than did Lord Cornwallis. Fertile in stratagem, brave and persevering even to rashness, rapid in the combination and execution of his plans, he moved as a superior among all the English generals of the revo-

lution. During the campaigns in the Jerseys, and around Philadelphia, he was continually in the most arduous and weighty services; and when the South became the favourite field of the ministry, he was appointed to command in that quarter. There his very name was a terror; and the boldest troops relaxed from their bearing when it was announced that Cornwallis was their enemy.

The 19th of October, 1781, was the day appointed for the surrender of the garrison at Yorktown. At twelve o'clock, the combined army was drawn up in two lines; the Americans on the right, commanded by General Washington, in full uniform, and attended by his aids; on the left, were the French troops under Count Rochambeau, and his suite. The French marched to their stations finely dressed, and with regular dignified step, to the sound of national music. In every direction thousands of spectators, grouped into crowds, were eagerly anticipating a sight of that formidable army, whose presence they had so often fled. Horses, carriages, every kind of vehicle, were extended in long rows, filled in many places with anxious spectators.

At length a movement was observed in the town, and soon General O'Hara, mounted on a splendid charger, issued from the gates. Every eye was riveted to the spot, in order to get a view of Cornwallis —the proud conqueror of the South. Slowly and gracefully O'Hara rode toward Washington, and yet the earl appeared not. Then the British general approached the commander, removed his hat, and was referred to General Lincoln. Now the mystery was

explained. Cornwallis would not appear as a prisoner of those he had been so long accustomed to conquer.

Slowly following their general, came the British troops, with shouldered arms, cased colours, and treading to the solemn tones of a national march. They were met by General Lincoln near the centre of the enclosed space, and conducted to the field where the ceremony was to take place. They were dressed in uniform entirely new, which presented a beautiful appearance; but their march was irregular and disorderly, and the ranks frequently broken. But when the last act of their humiliation came, when they were to resign the arms with which they had so frequently swept everything before them, shame and mortified pride could no longer be concealed. The command to ground arms, seemed torn by compulsion from most of the officers; and was obeyed by many in a manner irritable and sullen. Observing this, Lincoln rode along the line and restored order. At the same time the troops at Gloucester Point surrendered in a similar manner to General de Choisé.

The whole number that capitulated at Yorktown, was seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven; seventy-five brass, and one hundred and sixty-nine iron cannon; seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-four muskets; eighteen German standards and ten British ones, with a large amount of provisional and other stores were taken. The military chest contained two thousand one hundred and thirteen pounds six shillings, sterling.

The news of the capture and surrender of Corn-

wallis, produced an effect throughout the country unappreciable by those who live at a later day. When the panting messenger announced to Congress, that *Cornwallis had fallen*, the door-keeper swooned at his station; the voice of the orator was hushed; all business was suspended, and the members hastened to the temple of God, to return public thanks to Almighty Providence. The workman left his tools; the student his closet; and even ladies their seclusion; crowds rushed through the streets and lanes, or assembled in groups, reading the news to the unlearned. The rich and the poor, the slave and his master, the gentleman and the mendicant, were for a moment equal; and one wild shout—the burst of a nation's exultation, pealed up throughout the land. The Hector of the British host had fallen, and all felt that his cause could not long survive.

CAPTURE OF L'INSURGENTE.

ON the 9th of February, 1799, Commodore Truxtun, in the Constellation, came in sight of a large ship, and immediately gave chase. The stranger hoisted American colours; but, unable to answer the Constellation's private signals, she ran up the French ensign, and fired a challenge. For the first time since the Revolution, one of our national vessels was in sight of an enemy. We had fought and triumphed on land; now we were to meet the powers of the Old World upon sea. Every man was eager to engage; and, as the gallant

ship moved down upon the enemy, her speed seemed too small to meet the anxious longing of her crew. They were not disappointed. The Insurgente waited calmly for her opponent; and, when the latter opened her fire, returned it with spirit. The silence was broken; the eager antagonists had their wish; and one loud cannonade roared across the solitary waters, rocking the surface of ocean like an earthquake, and heaving the ships to and fro with mighty energy. Nearer and nearer they drew to each other, and louder and fiercer the conflict grew, until nothing was heard but the roar of heavy ordnance, and nothing seen except a thick black pall, shooting forth columns of flame. Volleys of heavy shot were poured into the American foretopmast, until it reeled and swung backwards under the terrible blows. The young midshipman who commanded it (David Porter), called again and again to his superior for leave to lower the sail and relieve the pressure; but his voice was lost in the uproar of battle. Feeling that the mast must fall, unless this were done, he assumed the responsibility, and thus saved the ship from a serious misfortune. Her broadsides now raked the enemy from stem to stern, crashing masts, sails, and rigging, and strewing the deck with dead and dying. The Constellation then glided from the shroud of smoke, sailed round to her opponent's rear, and was on the point of raking her again, when the latter struck her colours.

The Insurgente was one of the fastest sailers in the French navy, and was under the command of Captain Barreault. She carried forty French twelve-

pounders, and four hundred and nine men. Her loss was twenty-nine killed, and forty-one wounded. The Constellation had thirty-eight guns (English calibre), three hundred and nine men, and had three of her crew wounded.

An incident subsequent to the battle deserves mention. The first lieutenant of the Constellation, Mr. Rodgers, with Midshipman Porter and eleven men, were placed on board the prize to superintend the removal of prisoners. While engaged in this duty, the wind arose almost to a hurricane, night set in, and one hundred and seventy-three of the crew still remained on board. So strong was the action of the waves, that the ships were often widely separated, and then driven with fearful violence almost to a collision. At length, notwithstanding every exertion, the prize was driven completely out of sight.

At this opportunity, so unexpectedly offered, the prisoners began to exhibit unequivocal signs of revolt. To the handful who watched them this movement would have been fatal; but the intrepid Rodgers showed himself equal to the emergency. Ordering all the prisoners to the hold, he secured the fire-arms, and placed a sentinel at each hatchway, with positive orders to shoot every man who should attempt to mount the deck. In this unenviable situation he remained three days, watching his prisoners with sleepless vigilance, and exhorting his men never to surrender their prize. At the end of that time he arrived safely in St. Kitt's, where the Constellation was already anchored.

Commodore Truxtun.

THE CONSTELLATION AND VENGEANCE.

THE battle between the Constellation and Vengeance (February 2d, 1800), is one of the most indubitable proofs in history of the American naval superiority, both in manœuvring and action. The French frigate had been descried on the previous day, when Commodore Truxtun hoisted English colours.

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Constellation and Vengeance.

These, however, were disregarded, and a chase commenced, which continued all night, and through the following day. At eight in the evening, Truxtun was about speaking his opponent, when the latter suddenly commenced firing. Flight and pursuit were now abandoned, and each commander prepared for a violent struggle. The night was dark; and the sullen dashings of the waters seemed in unison with the terrible storm that was soon to hurry man into conflict with his fellow man.

At a few minutes past eight, the Constellation poured a heavy broadside into her antagonist, which was answered by a wide sheet of flame, followed by another and another, until the pitchy gloom was lighted up by the incessant volcanic glare. Side by side those two ships sat upon the waters, flinging out their crashing hail, and rolling with terrific violence upon the heaving ocean. Minutes and hours rolled on; the night grew deeper and blacker, and the wind howled and shrieked along the heavens. But man heeded not the elements. Far over the ocean was that red dismal glare beheld; and the distant mariner started from his dreaming berth, and bent forward to catch the faint lingering of that wild revel. At intervals each crew heard the shouts of opposing officers and the cheers of battle. The same voice that had rung out against the Insurgente was driving the Americans to battle; while, as though in stern mockery, the French commander poured his thrilling appeals to his sailors. That night battle was a scene terrible and sublime.

At one o'clock, the French vessel drew from the combat, and spread sail. Sure of victory, Truxtun

ordered a chase, but at that moment received the disheartening intelligence, that every shroud had been shot from the mainmast, which was supported only by its wood. But, anxious to risk everything in order to secure the prize, he ordered his men to secure it long enough to come up with the enemy. But no exertion could obviate the calamity, and the mast went by the board, in a few minutes after the enemy had retired.

In this long-disputed action the Constellation lost fourteen men killed, and twenty-five wounded, eleven of whom subsequently died. Her whole crew was three hundred and ten souls. The armament of the Vengeance was twenty-eight eighteens, sixteen twelves, and eight forty-two pound carronades. Her crew was between four and five hundred men, and her loss fifty killed and one hundred and ten wounded. When arriving in Curacoa, she was in a sinking condition; and there can be little doubt, that had the action recommenced, her capture would have been inevitable.

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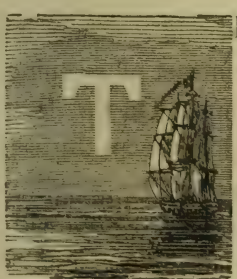
Burning of the Philadelphia.

Commodore Decatur.

BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA.



THE successful attack on the Philadelphia (February 16, 1804), laid the foundation of Decatur's fame. The plan of the assault was not more admirable than the chivalric daring with which it was executed, or the little loss that attended it.

Its influence on both belligerents was incalculable, and gave a new complexion to all the subsequent operations of the war.

The Siren and Intrepid had sailed on the 3d, under orders to burn the Philadelphia. Stormy weather attended them until the 15th; a calm succeeded; and Decatur, with about eighty men, made his reconnoissances for attack. These were continued until the afternoon of the following day, when the ship became visible. She remained in the same condition as when grounded, except that her lower rigging was standing, and her guns were loaded and shotted. Near her lay two corsairs, a few gun-boats, and two galleys.

As the twilight declined, and the shades of evening gathered round, the Intrepid, slowly winding amid rocks and shoals, approached her intended object. The deep blue sky, purified by the late storm, was reflected from the tranquil water, as from a mirror; while the young moon, like a crescent gem, hung fair and beautiful over the peaceful scene. Gradually, as evening deepened, the wind died away, until scarcely a breath swept across the waters, and the Intrepid lay as immoveable as though founded on a rock. Then a ripple would dim the bright surface, a slight breeze sweep on the vessel, and silently it would continue its swan-like course. How great the contrast of sleeping nature, with the feelings of that crew! On the deck stood their leader, every muscle rigid with expectation, and his restless eye piercing through the surrounding night. At his feet lay his men in concealment, panting with expectation of the approaching struggle.

Not a sound broke the oppressive silence—it was a pause stern and terrible.

Suddenly a voice came ringing over the sea. They were hailed by the Moorish crew. A conversation took place, which was maintained under an assumed character on the part of the Americans, until the wind suddenly shifted and brought their vessel within complete range of the frigate's guns. Their situation was now perilous—a single broadside would have sent the Intrepid to the bottom. Fortunately no suspicion had as yet been excited, and the Turks even sent a boat to the assistance of the supposed unfortunate stranger. In a few moments the Intrepid was alongside of her prey. Instantly Decatur sprang to the side of the vessel. "Board!" he shouted to his crew, and the astonished Turks beheld their deck swarming with armed troops. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, so that Mr. Charles Morris had the honour of being first on the quarter-deck. In a moment his commander and a Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports in all directions.

Never was surprise more complete. The enemy hurried in disordered crowds from place to place, some crying for quarter, others climbing the shrouds, and others leaping overboard. In ten minutes the enemy were swept away, and the gallant Decatur had undisputed possession of his prize.

And now a shade of sorrow dimmed the victor's joys. That proud vessel, whose deck he had often paced, in company with his nation's defenders, and for which he had faced such danger, must before

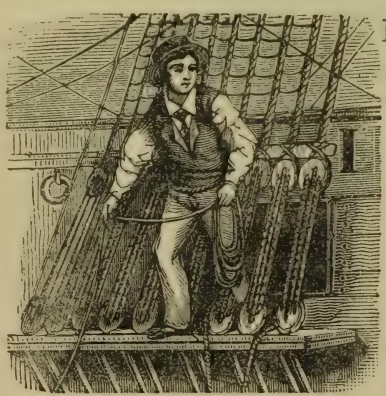
morning be given to the flames. It would have been happiness to bring her from the sands, and once more restore her to her sister fleet; but this was impossible.

The combustibles were now ordered from the Intrepid, and in a few minutes the flames were sweeping and hissing along her sides. The greedy element licked up the spars and rigging, like chaff, and bursting sheets of fire drove the victors to their ketch. The flames burst from the port-holes, glanced like lightning along the sides, and flashed in the faces of the adventurers. The ketch became jammed against the frigate, and all her ammunition was in danger of igniting. The crew, however, extricated themselves by their swords, and soon escaped from their dangerous position. Then they paused, turned one exulting gaze toward the burning vessel, and poured their feelings in one wild shout of victory. That sound had not yet subsided, when the land batteries, the corsairs and galleys, burst forth in one simultaneous roar. Showers of balls and shot came whistling around the men, plunging and splashing among the waters, and throwing the spray in all directions. But, elated by success, the crew hastened not, heeded not. That spectacle was terrible to sublimity. The Philadelphia was in one wide blaze. Sheets of flame flashed along her rolling hull, danced among her rigging, and, collecting along the masts, fell down with sullen report toward the water. The waves seemed like melted brass. All Tripoli was in uproar. Thousands of people were standing in fearful anxiety, gazing upon the conflagration; volumes of smoke were unfolding heavily along the heavens; batteries were roaring on all sides;

ships passing to and fro; within a few miles all nature appeared convulsed. Yet the little craft bore on, till the balls ceased to whistle near them, and they were free from danger. Then, for the first time, each man thought of what he had accomplished, and gazed in astonishment at his fellows. Steadily the Intrepid bore on, until she met the boats of the Siren, sent to cover her retreat. In a few moments one of these returned to the Siren, bringing a man dressed in a sailor's jacket. He sprang over the gangway—it was a messenger of victory, Decatur himself.

Commodore Preble.

BOMBARDMENT OF TRIPOLI.



IN order to have a correct idea of the terrible scene attending the bombardment of Tripoli, it will be necessary to take a view of the respective forces of the combatants. The fleet of Commodore Preble consisted of one frigate

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Bombardment of Tripoli.

(the Constitution), three brigs, three schooners, six gun-boats, and two bombard-ketches; carrying in all one hundred and sixty-four guns, and one thousand and sixty men. The castle and batteries of the enemy mounted one hundred and fifteen guns, of which forty-five were heavy brass battering-cannon. Beside these, there were nineteen gun-boats, each carrying a heavy twenty-four-pounder and two howitzers; two schooners of eight guns each, a brig of ten, and two galleys, each of four guns. The regular garrison and crews numbered three thousand men, and they were assisted by twenty thousand Arabs.

On the afternoon of the 3d of August, 1804, signal was given for a general attack upon the town. It was commenced by bombs and heavy shot. In a moment two hundred cannon opened upon the American fleet, and Tripoli seemed shrouded in fire. The smoke from the ships meeting that on shore, formed one black canopy, under which the fierce combatants hurled forth their volleys of blasting flame. Through this dense darkness bombs were passing and repassing, scattering red-hot fragments in all directions, and sweeping everything before them as they struck at the desired object. The water ploughed and boiled with the incessant plunges, and the strong-built houses of Tripoli tottered as though in an earthquake.

While the main forces were conducting the bombardment, Captain Decatur, with his three gun-boats, attacked nine of the enemy's. A few moments, and these little squadrons were rocking with their own cannonadings. These died away as the boats neared

each other, and then succeeded the clash of bayonets and the ringing of sabres. Decatur seized a boat, and boarded her with but fifteen men. Five Turks rushed at him with their scimetars. The moment was big with importance. On his life hung the conduct and fate of his men. But with the rapidity of thought he parried every blow, and drove back his antagonists unharmed. The captain, a powerful Turk, rushed at him and severed his blade; but Decatur closed with him, and both came to the deck. Although the American was under his antagonist, he managed to draw his pistol, with which he shot the Turk dead. Part of his crew then rushed to his assistance, and soon cleared the boat. With eight men he then advanced against another of the fleet, and carried it after a desperate encounter. The obstinacy of the enemy in these conflicts made the slaughter immense. The two prizes had thirty-three officers and men killed, and nineteen out of twenty-seven prisoners wounded.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Trippe boarded one of the enemy's large boats, with only a midshipman (Jonathan Henry) and nine men. At the moment of boarding his boat fell away, and thus eleven men were left to wrestle with thirty-six. The battle was fearful, but short. Fourteen of the enemy were killed, seven badly wounded, and the rest taken prisoners. Lieutenant Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, and fell while wrestling with his enemy. The lieutenant succeeded in getting his opponent's sword, with which he killed him.

In this manner the battle raged for more than two

hours, the batteries working within pistol-shot, and every gun in uninterrupted blast. At half-past four Commodore Preble gave signal to the smaller vessels to withdraw; and soon after the whole fleet were retiring from the town, under cover of a fire from the Constitution.

The smallness of the American loss in this fierce cannonade must ever remain a matter of astonishment. But one man was killed—Lieutenant Decatur, brother of the captain. One man had his arm shattered, and several others were wounded. The Constitution was considerably injured, and the other vessels suffered in their rigging.

Vastly different was the effect upon the enemy. Of one hundred and three men on board the captured boats, only thirty were fit for duty. Three other boats were sunk with their entire crews, and the decks of the remaining vessels were swept of numbers. The town itself was considerably damaged, and the inhabitants thrown into the greatest consternation. Many fled into the interior; and, of the thousands who swarmed the house-tops to witness the commencement of the battle, not one was left ten minutes after it had begun.

On the 7th of August, the second bombardment of Tripoli commenced. The ships opened their fire at half-past two, and continued three hours. Forty-eight shells, and five hundred twenty-four-pound round shot were thrown into the town, one battery silenced, and several boats injured. The Americans lost a prize boat, which blew up, together with twenty-four killed and four wounded. The bashaw being still

determined to pursue his aggressions against the Americans, a third assault was determined upon. At two o'clock on the morning of the 24th, the work of death recommenced. The moon was shining with uncommon brightness, and all nature lay as though exhausted with the heat of the preceding day. The white buildings of the town, mellowed by the flood of light, seemed still and solitary as the regions of Arabian fairy land. Far away in the distance the palm trees drooped their graceful tops, and further still the mountains of Barbary seemed, Atlas-like, to be supporting the heavens. As the ships glided slowly into station, they seemed strange and unnatural; intruders into the sacred repose of so lovely a spectacle.

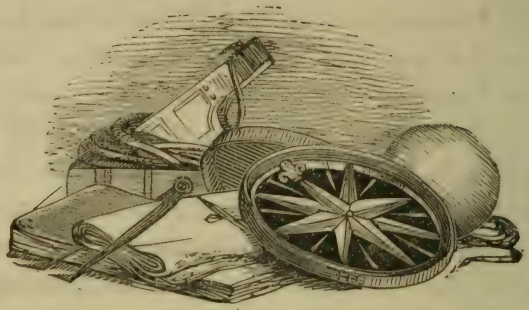
But this hushed tranquillity, this peaceful repose of nature, was destined to a rude awakening. A single bomb burst faintly on the silence, swept across the starry arch, and dropped into the town. Another followed; and then one tremendous roar burst along the startled fleet, lashing the waters into maddening surges, and stunning the air for miles around. Ranks of liquid fire blazed in every direction, and hundreds of flashing shot rushed through the void, toward the devoted town. Then a pause; and then the terrible answer, crashing and plunging in and around the vessels, and throwing fountains of spray over the decks and rigging. Again the ships hurled forth their defiance, the batteries replying until intermission failed, and one uninterrupted uproar shook land and sea. The hours rolled dreadfully on; but that death-work seemed endless; and the sun had begun careering in

the east before the mad passions of man had ceased to struggle.

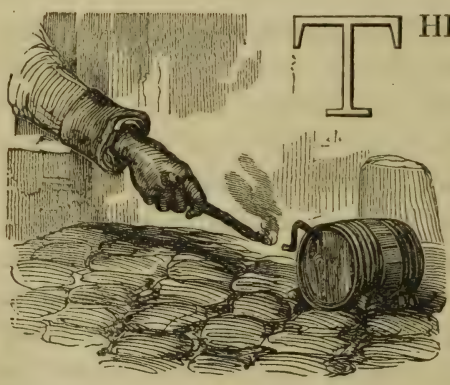
This bombardment having been productive of little effect, a combined attack upon the town and bashaw's castle was soon after (August 28th) made. The gun-boats and smaller vessels anchored within, among the rocks of the harbour. Thirteen of the enemy's boats engaged eight of the Americans', when the Constitution sailed by, ordered the latter to retire, and delivered a fire which sunk a Tripolitan boat, drove two others on the rocks, and obliged the remainder to retire. The frigate then commenced a fierce attack upon the town and castle, continuing it for three-quarters of an hour, with considerable effect. The castle and two batteries were silenced, many houses destroyed, and some men killed. A boat of the Americans was sunk, a few men killed, and several badly wounded.

On the 3d of September, the fifth and last bombardment of Tripoli took place. The action commenced a little after three P. M., and soon became general. In about half an hour, the battle became divided; a part of the fleet bombarding the town, and the remainder engaging the enemy's squadron. Taught by former experience, each party seemed to rely principally on manœuvring, during which many of the vessels were so much injured as to be unfit for sailing. Yet, although the shipping suffered so materially, not a man of the Americans was injured. The action closed at half past four.

On the following day, took place the most terrible event of this fierce struggle. We allude to the



LOSS OF THE INTREPID.



THE name of this vessel is associated with some of the most daring deeds of modern warfare; her fate was in strange keeping with her reputation.

On the evening of September 4th, she was despatched by Commodore Preble as a fire-ship, to explode among the enemy's cruisers. It was commanded by Captain Somers, and his second, Lieutenant Wadsworth, with ten other men. A deep mist had brooded over the water, and the stars were seen dim, as though half-

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Loss of the Intrepid.

extinguished. A gloom hung over the American seamen; for those bold comrades whom they were sending forth were to return no more, unless they could escape unperceived from the enemy. The captain had declared his intention of exploding the vessel in case of being boarded by the Tripolitans; and now those who knew his worth—who had stood by his side in danger as in prosperity—yearned over him with the honest sympathy of sailors. Pale with repressed anxiety, the commodore gave them his parting instructions, and the ketch swept forward through the water toward its object.

The manner in which the fire-ship was prepared for her dreadful work, is thus described by Mr. Cooper, in his Naval History:

"A small room or magazine had been planked up in the hold of the ketch, just forward of her principal mast. Communicating with this magazine was a trunk or tube, that led aft to another room filled with combustibles. In the planked room, or magazine, were placed one hundred barrels of gunpowder, in bulk; and on the deck immediately above the powder, were laid fifteen thirteen and a half inch shells, and one hundred nine-inch shells, with a large quantity of shot, pieces of kentledge, and fragments of iron of different sorts. A train was laid in the trunk or tube, and fuses were attached in the proper manner. In addition to this arrangement, the other small room mentioned was filled with splinters and light wood; which, besides firing the train, were to keep the enemy from boarding, as the flames would

be apt to induce them to apprehend an immediate explosion."

And now the fearful voyage commenced. Slowly the canvas of the devoted craft receded into the distance, until she seemed like some shadowy spirit, struggling and writhing with the darkness. Hearts that had swelled to the rigidity of iron, grew chilly and palpitating as the eye hung on the lessening folds; and a strange restlessness, a solitary pang for the horrors of war, crossed each bosom. Decatur himself, who moved among the mighty as the mightiest, stood like a statue upon the deck, his eye peering through the darkness, and his noble form thrilling with intense feeling. Not a sound was heard; nature seemed suspended. More and more faint the sails become, until only by turns are they revealed through the darkness. Sometimes a blast of wind strikes the water, heaves the vessel on its bosom, and displays her to the sight; then she suddenly sinks, and all is black. Now the spectators strain and lean from their stations, and pray for one more glance; but still all is blackness.

Suddenly every man started. A report cracked along the strung nerves; a thick light gleamed through the night; the enemy had opened their guns. Anxiety changed to agony. One ball would hurl the ketch and her crew into mangled atoms; and how was such a catastrophe avoidable? Battery after battery opened, glaring through the blackness, lashing the surges into fury with their iron showers, and filling the spectators with feelings unutterable. Now and then, by the help of one volcanic flash, the

fearless sail would appear, careering in the jaws of death, like some white spirit of destruction. Time seemed standing still. Yet deeper, louder, more thrilling, the uproar swelled, until earth, sea, air—all nature—seemed battling in convulsions. Tripoli had never witnessed a night like that.

Suddenly a column of massive fire, to which the united efforts of every battery seemed like the mockery of tapers, swept up to heaven, tossing the boiling ocean like a ball, and lighting the coast for leagues. Then a report, as if the elements were crashing with each other; and every vessel shook like a leaf in autumn. After the first stunning blow, men gazed on each other in consternation; the nerves shrunk and quivered, through fear of a repetition. There was no inquiry; each knew—each felt the truth. Darkness, three-fold dense, succeeded; every gun hushed, and stillness fell like a mountain upon every heart. Oh, the racking of that moment! The roar of cannon—the struggling of battle—would have been wild, sweet music, to the tortured system. A world of horror was crowded into every moment, and man ceased for a while to breathe.

The Intrepid was but a name. The crew! where were they? After the first shock had subsided, the sailors leaped over the sides of the vessels, held up their lanterns, and placed their ears to the water to catch the dash of oars. How fearful was the pause! None could resign hope—that crew could not be lost—they must meet once more with their comrades, and narrate the thrilling tale. Imagination swallowed up judgment; and "I hear them—they are coming,"

often warmed each bosom with joy. Then there was silence, and the watch was again renewed. Hope again died—time rolled on—the whole truth was being told. Their oars were never again heard. How that vessel exploded, none ever knew; the awful sublimity of her fate was not to be lessened by a disclosure of its cause.

Not a single gun was fired after the explosion; both parties seemed bewildered; and, for a few days, operations against the city were suspended.

General Eaton.

EXPEDITION OF GENERAL EATON.

IN the African expedition, the Americans were not confined to naval operations. We have elsewhere remarked that the Tripolitan war was conducted with a chivalry and display of personal daring rarely equalled in modern warfare. Its conclusion was the romantic expedition

of General Eaton; an appropriate closing for deeds of such remarkable intrepidity.

Jussuf Carawalli, the Bashaw of Tripoli, during hostilities with the United States, was indebted for his eminence to a successful usurpation. Hamet, his elder brother, and the rightful heir, had fled from the dangers of his own country, and, after wandering in the desert for a long while, joined himself to the Egyptian Mamelukes. Among these he was sought and found by Mr. Eaton, American envoy to Tunis, who, having obtained consent of government, determined to reinstate him. The proposal was favoured by the viceroy of Egypt, who permitted Hamet to pass from that kingdom, notwithstanding his connexion with the Mamelukes, with whom the government was at war.

In company with the deposed prince, and a small party of adventurers from all nations, Mr. Eaton (under the title of general), commenced his march toward Tripoli. They crossed the desert of Barca from Alexandria, and in April, 1805, arrived before Derne. Having received arms and supplies from part of the fleet under Captain Hull, they attacked this place on the 27th, at two P. M. The adventurers advanced rapidly to the attack, and were received with spirit and firmness. An incessant roll of musketry was kept up for more than an hour, when Lieutenant O'Bannan and Mr. Mann stormed the principal work, hauling down the Tripolitan ensign, and, for the first time, hoisting that of our country on a fortress of the Old World. The whole town surrendered immediately after. Fourteen of the assailants were killed

or wounded, Eaton among the latter. They numbered twelve hundred, and their opponents three thousand.

General Eaton was prevented from following up his victory by an attack on Tripoli, through want of supplies; and, soon after, a permanent treaty between the two nations put an end to his spirited enterprise.

General Harrison.

BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

JUST about seven months before the United States declared war against Great Britain, the Northwestern Indians, stimulated to hostility by British agents, having assailed our Northwestern frontier, General Harrison, then Governor of Indiana, was sent to chastise them. This he did effectually, at the famous battle of Tippecanoe. The battle is thus described by McAffee in his history:

On the evening of the 5th of November, the army encamped at the distance of nine or ten miles from the Prophet's Town. It was ascertained that the approach of the army had been discovered before it reached Pine Creek. The traces of reconnoitering parties were very often seen, but no Indians were discovered until the troops arrived within five or six miles of the town, on the 6th of November. The interpreters were then placed with the advanced guard, to endeavour to open a communication with them. The Indians would, however, return no answer to the invitations that were made to them for that purpose, but continued to insult our people by their gestures. Within about three miles of the town, the ground became broken by ravines and covered with timber. The utmost precaution became necessary, and every difficult pass was examined by the mounted riflemen before the army was permitted to enter it. The ground being unfit for the operation of the squadron of dragoons, they were thrown in the rear. Through the whole march, the precaution had been used of changing the disposition of the different corps, that each might have the ground best suited to its operations.

Within about two miles of the town, the path descended a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a small creek running through a narrow wet prairie, and beyond this a level plain partially covered with oak timber, and without underbrush. Before the crossing of the creek, the woods were very thick and intersected by deep ravines. No place could be better calculated for the savages to attack with a prospect

of success; and the governor apprehended, that the moment the troops descended into the hollow, they would be attacked. A disposition was therefore made of the infantry to receive the enemy on the left and rear. A company of mounted riflemen was advanced a considerable distance from the left flank to check the approach of the enemy; and the other two companies were directed to turn the enemy's flanks, should he attack in that direction. The dragoons were ordered to move rapidly from the rear, and occupy the plain in advance of the creek, to cover the crossing of the army from an attack in front. In this order the troops were passed over; the dragoons were made to advance to give room to the infantry, and the latter, having crossed the creek, were formed to receive the enemy in front in one line, with a reserve of three companies—the dragoons flanked by mounted riflemen forming the first line. During all this time, Indians were frequently seen in front and on the flanks. The interpreters endeavoured in vain to bring them to a parley. Though sufficiently near to hear what was said to them, they would return no answer, but continued by gestures to menace and insult those who addressed them. Being now arrived within a mile and a half of the town, and the situation being favourable for an encampment, the governor determined to remain there and fortify his camp, until he could hear from the friendly chiefs, whom he had despatched from Fort Harrison, on the day he had left it, for the purpose of making another attempt to prevent the recurrence to hostilities. These chiefs were to have met him on the way, but no intelligence was yet

received from them. Whilst he was engaged in tracing out the lines of the encampment, Major Daviess and several other field-officers approached him, and urged the propriety of immediately marching upon the town. The governor answered that his instructions would not justify his attacking the Indians, as long as there was a probability of their complying with the demands of the government, and that he still hoped to hear something in the course of the evening from the friendly Indians, whom he had despatched from Fort Harrison.

To this it was observed, that as the Indians seen hovering about the army had been frequently invited to a parley by the interpreters, who had proceeded some distance from the lines for the purpose; and as these overtures had universally been answered by menace and insult, it was very evident that it was their intention to fight; that the troops were in high spirits and full of confidence; and that advantage ought to be taken of their ardour to lead them immediately to the enemy. To this the governor answered, that he was fully sensible of the eagerness of the troops; and admitting the determined hostility of the Indians, and that their insolence was full evidence of their intention to fight, yet he knew them too well to believe that they would ever do this but by surprise, or on ground which was entirely favourable to their mode of fighting. He was therefore determined not to advance with the troops, until he knew precisely the situation of the town, and the ground adjacent to it, particularly that which intervened between it and the place where the army then was—that it was their

duty to fight when they came in contact with the enemy—it was his to take care that they should not engage in a situation where their valour would be useless, and where a corps upon which he placed great reliance would be unable to act—that the experience of the last two hours ought to convince every officer, that no reliance should be placed upon the guides, as to the topography of the country—that, relying on their information, the troops had been led into a situation so unfavourable, that but for the celerity with which they changed their position, a few Indians might have destroyed them: he was therefore determined not to advance to the town, until he had previously reconnoitred, either in person or by some one on whose judgment he could rely. Major Daviess immediately replied, that from the right of the position of the dragoons, which was still in front, the openings made by the low grounds of the Wabash could be seen; that with his adjutant, D. Floyd, he had advanced to the bank, which descends to the low grounds, and had a fair view of the cultivated fields and the houses of the town; and that the open woods, in which the troops then were, continued without interruption to the town. Upon this information, the governor said he would advance, provided he could get any proper person to go to the town with a flag. Captain T. Dubois of Vincennes having offered his services, he was despatched with an interpreter to the prophet, desiring to know whether he would now comply with the terms that had been so often proposed to him. The army was moved slowly after, in order of battle. In a few moments a messenger came from Captain Dubois,

informing the governor, that the Indians were near him in considerable numbers, but that they would return no answer to the interpreter, although they were sufficiently near to hear what was said to them, and that upon his advancing, they constantly endeavoured to cut him off from the army. Governor Harrison, deeming this last effort to open a negotiation, sufficient to show his wish for an accommodation, resolved no longer to hesitate in treating the Indians as enemies. He therefore recalled Captain Dubois, and moved on with a determination to attack them. He had not proceeded far, however, before he was met by three Indians, one of them a principal counsellor to the prophet. They were sent, they said, to know why the army was advancing upon them—that the prophet wished, if possible, to avoid hostilities; that he had sent a pacific message by the Miami and Potawatamie chiefs, who had come to him on the part of the governor—and that those chiefs had unfortunately gone down on the south side of the Wabash.

A suspension of hostilities was accordingly agreed upon; and a meeting was to take place the next day between Harrison and the chiefs, to agree upon the terms of peace. The governor further informed them that he would go on to the Wabash, and encamp there for the night. Upon marching a short distance further, he came in view of the town, which was seen at some distance up the river, upon a commanding eminence. Major Daviess and Adjutant Floyd had mistaken some scattering houses in the fields below, for the town itself. The ground below the town being unfavourable for an encampment, the army

marched on in the direction of the town, with a view to obtain a better situation beyond it. The troops were in an order of march, calculated, by a single conversion of companies, to form the order of battle which it had last assumed, the dragoons being in front. This corps, however, soon became entangled in ground covered with brush and tops of fallen trees. A halt was ordered, and Major Daviess directed to change position with Spencer's rifle corps, which occupied the open fields adjacent to the river.

The Indians seeing this manœuvre, at the approach of the troops towards the town, supposed that they intended to attack it, and immediately prepared for defence. Some of them sallied out, and called to the advanced corps to halt. The governor, upon this, rode forward, and requesting some of the Indians to come to him, assured them that nothing was further from his thoughts than to attack them—that the ground below the town on the river was not calculated for an encampment, and that it was his intention to search for a better one above. He asked if there was any other water convenient besides that which the river afforded; and an Indian with whom he was well acquainted, answered, that the creek which had been crossed two miles back, ran through the prairie to the north of the village. A halt was then ordered, and some officers sent back to examine the creek, as well as the river above the town. In half an hour Brigade Major Marston Clarke, and Major Waller Taylor returned, and reported that they had found on the creek everything that could be desirable in an encampment—an elevated spot, nearly surrounded by

an open prairie, with water convenient, and a sufficiency of wood for fuel.

An idea was propagated by the enemies of Governor Harrison, after the battle of Tippecanoe, that the Indians had forced him to encamp on a place chosen by them as suitable for the attack they intended. The place, however, was chosen by Majors Taylor and Clarke, after examining all the environs of the town; and when the army of General Hopkins was there in the following year, they all united in the opinion, that a better spot to resist Indians was not to be found in the whole country.

The army now marched to the place selected, and encamped, late in the evening, on a dry piece of ground, which rose about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front towards the town, and about twice as high above a similar prairie in the rear; through which, near the bank, ran a small stream, clothed with willows and brushwood. On the left of the encampment, this bench of land became wider; on the right it gradually narrowed, and terminated in an abrupt point, about one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank. The two columns of infantry occupied the front and rear. The right flank being about eight yards wide, was filled with Captain Spencer's company of eighty men. The left flank, about one hundred and fifty yards in extent, was composed of three companies of mounted riflemen, under General Wells, commanding as major.

The front line was composed of one battalion of United States infantry, under Major Floyd, and a regiment of Indiana militia, under Colonel Bartholo-

mew. The rear line consisted of a battalion of United States infantry, under Captain Baen, commanding as major, and four companies of Indiana volunteers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Decker. The right flank was composed of Spencer's company of Indiana volunteer riflemen; the left flank of Robb's company of Indiana volunteers, and Guiger's, a mixed company of Kentucky and Indiana volunteers—a portion of United States troops turning the left front, and left rear angles respectively. The cavalry under Major Daviess were encamped in the rear of the front line, and left flank, and held in reserve as a disposable force. The encampment was not more than three-fourths of a mile from the Indian town.

The order given to the army, in the event of a night attack, was for each corps to maintain its ground at all hazards till relieved. The dragoons were directed in such case to parade dismounted, with their swords on and their pistols in their belts, and to wait for orders. The guard for the night consisted of two captains' commands of twenty-four men and four non-commissioned officers; and two subalterns' guards of twenty men and non-commissioned officers —the whole under the command of a field-officer of the day.

On the night of the 6th of November, the troops went to rest, as usual, with their clothes and accoutrements on, and their arms by their sides. The officers were ordered to sleep in the same manner, and it was the governor's invariable practice to be ready to mount his horse at a moment's warning. On the morning of the 7th, he arose at a quarter

Battle of Tippecanoe

before four o'clock, and sat by the fire conversing with the gentlemen of his family, who were reclining on their blankets waiting for the signal, which in a few minutes would have been given, for the troops to turn out. The orderly drum had already been roused for the reveillé. The moon had risen, but afforded little light, in consequence of being overshadowed by clouds, which occasionally discharged a drizzling rain. At this moment the attack commenced.

The treacherous Indians had crept up so near the sentries as to hear them challenge when relieved. They intended to rush upon the sentries and kill them before they could fire; but one of them discovered an

Indian creeping towards him in the grass, and fired This was immediately followed by the Indian yell, and a desperate charge upon the left flank. The guard in that quarter gave way, and abandoned their officer without making any resistance. Captain Barton's company of regulars, and Captain Guiger's company of mounted riflemen, forming the left angle of the rear line, received the first onset. The fire there was excessive; but the troops who had lain on their arms were immediately prepared to receive, and had gallantry to resist the furious savage assailants. The manner of the attack was calculated to discourage and terrify the men; yet as soon as they could be formed and posted, they maintained their ground with desperate valour, though but few of them had ever before been in battle. The fires of the camp were extinguished immediately, as the light they afforded was more serviceable to the Indians than to our men —except those opposite Barton's and Guiger's companies, which the suddenness of the attack left no time to put out.

Upon the first alarm the governor mounted his horse, and proceeded towards the point of attack; and, finding the line much weakened there, he ordered two companies from the centre of the rear line to march up, and form across the angle in the rear of Barton's and Guiger's companies. In passing through the camp towards the left of the front line, he met with Major Daviess, who informed him that the Indians, concealed behind some trees near the line, were annoying the troops very severely in that quarter, and requested permission to dislodge them.

In attempting this exploit he fell, mortally wounded, as did Colonel Isaac White, of Indiana, who acted as a volunteer in his troop.

In the mean time, the attack on Spencer's and Warwick's companies, on the right, became very severe. Captain Spencer and his lieutenants were all killed, and Captain Warwick was mortally wounded. The governor, in passing towards that flank, found Captain Robb's company near the centre of the camp. They had been driven from their post; or, rather, had fallen back without orders. He led them to the aid of Captain Spencer, where they fought very bravely, having seventeen men killed during the battle. While the governor was leading this company into action, Colonel Owen, his aid, was killed at his side. This gallant officer was mounted on a very white horse; and, as the governor had ridden a gray on the day before, it is probable that Owen was mistaken for him, as it is certain that he was killed by one of the only Indians who broke through the lines, and who are supposed to have resolved to sacrifice themselves in an attempt to insure victory by killing the commander-in-chief. The governor happened not to be mounted on his own gray; his servant had accidentally tied that animal apart from the other horses belonging to the general staff; and, in the confusion occasioned by the attack, not being able to find this horse as quickly as was desirable, the governor mounted another.

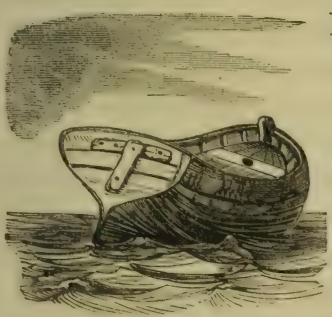
Captain Prescott's company of United States infantry had filled up the vacancy caused by the retreat of Robb's company. Soon after Daviess was

wounded, Captain Snelling, by order of the governor, charged upon the same Indians, and dislodged them with considerable loss. The battle was now maintained on all sides with desperate valour. The Indians advanced and retreated by a rattling noise made with deer-hoofs: they fought with enthusiasm, and seemed determined on victory or death.

When the day dawned, Captain Snelling's company, Captain Posey's under Lieutenant Allbright, Captain Scott's, and Captain Wilson's, were drawn from the rear, and formed on the left flank; while Cook's and Baen's companies were ordered to the right. General Wells was ordered to take command of the corps formed on the left, and, with the aid of some dragoons, who were now mounted, and commanded by Lieutenant Wallace, to charge the enemy in that direction, which he did successfully—driving them into a swamp through which the cavalry could not pursue them. At the same time, Cook's and Lieutenant Larrabe's companies, with the aid of the riflemen and militia on the right flank, charged the Indians and put them to flight in that quarter, which terminated the battle.

Constitution and Guerriere.

CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE.



THE first of the brilliant achievements of our navy in the late war, was the capture of the frigate Guerriere by the frigate Constitution, Captain Hull, which took place August 19, 1812. The most thrilling description we have ever seen of this affair occurs in a modest little volume, published by the Appletons of New York, entitled, "Gallop among American Scenery, by A. E. Silliman." It is as follows: the author is

conversing with an old quartermaster, named Kennedy—

I had previously had the hint given me, that a little adroit management would set him to spinning a yarn which would suit my fancy. So, watching a good opportunity, knowing that the old man had been with Hull in his fight with the Guerriere, I successfully gave a kick to the ball by remarking, "You felt rather uncomfortable, Kennedy, did you not, as you were bearing down on the Guerriere, taking broadside and broadside from her, without returning a shot? You had time to think of your sins, my good fellow, as conscience had you at the gangway?" "Well, sir," replied he, deliberately rolling his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, squirting the juice through his front teeth with true nautical grace—"Well, sir, that ere was the first frigate action as ever I was engaged in, and I am free to confess, I overhauled the log of my conscience to see how it stood, so it mought be I was called to muster in the other world in a hurry; but I don't think any of his shipmates will say that Old Bill Kennedy did his duty any the worse that day, because he thought of his God, as he has many a time since at quarters. There's them as says the chaplain is paid for the religion of the ship, and it's none of the sailors' business; but I never seen no harm in an honest seaman's thinking for himself. Howdsomever, I don't know the man who can stand by his gun at such time, tackle cast loose, decks sanded, matches lighted, arm-chests thrown open, yards slung, marines in the gangways, powder-boys passing ammunition buckets, ship as still

as death, officers in their iron-bound boarding-caps, cutlashes hanging by lanyards at their wrists, standing like statues at divisions, enemy may-be bearing down on the weather-quarter—I say, I does n't know the man at sich time, as won't take a fresh bite of his quid, and give a hitch to the waistbands of his trowsers, as he takes a squint at the enemy through the port as he bears down. And as you say, at that particular time the Guerriere (as is French for soger) was wearing and manœuvring, and throwing her old iron into us, broadside and broadside, like as I have seen them Italians in Naples throw sugar-plums at each other in Carnival time. Afore she was through, though, she found it was no sugar-plum work, so far as Old Ironsides was consarned. You obsarve, when we first made her out, we seen she was a large ship close hauled on the starboard tack; so we gave chase, and when within three miles of her, took in all our light sails, hauled courses up, beat to quarters, and got ready for action. She wore and manœuvred for some time, endeavouring to rake, but not making it out, bore up under her jib, and topsails, and gallantly waited for us. Well, sir—as we walked down to her, there stands the old man, (Hull,) his swabs on his shoulders, dressed as fine in his yellow nankin vest and breeches, as if he was going ashore on leave—there he stands, one leg inside the hammock nettings, taking snuff out of his vest pockets, watching her manœuvres, as she blazed away like a house a-fire, just as cool as if he was only receiving complimentary salutes. She burnt her brimstone, and was noisy—but never a gun fires we. Old Ironsides poked her

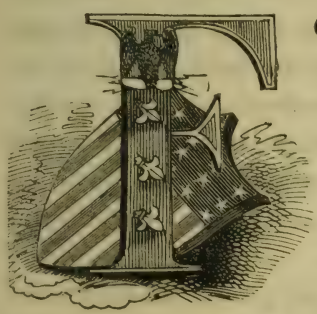
nose steady right down for her, carrying a bank of foam under her bows like a feather-bed cast loose. Well, as we neared her, and she wears first a-starboard, and then a-larboard, giving us a regular broadside at every tack, her shot first falls short, but as we shortened the distance, some of them begins to come aboard—first among the rigging, and cuts away some of the stuff aloft, for them Englishmen did n't larn to fire low till we larnt 'em. First they comes in aloft, but by-and-bye, in comes one—lower—crash—through the bulwarks, making the splinters fly like carpenter's chips—then another, taking a gouge out of the mainmast; and pretty soon again—'*chit*'—I recollects the sound of that ere shot well—'chit'—another dashed past my ear, and glancing on a gun-carriage, trips up the heels of three as good men as ever walked the decks of that ere ship; and all this while, never a gun fires we; but continues steadily eating our way right down on to his quarter, the old man standing in the hammock nettings, watching her movements as if she was merely playing for his amusement. Well, as we came within carronade distance, them shot was coming on board rather faster than mere fun, and some of the young sailors begins to grumble, and by-and-by, the old men-of-wars-men growled too, and worked rusty—cause why—they sees the enemy's mischief, and nothing done by us to aggravate them in return. Says Bill Vinton, the vent-holder, to me, 'I say, Kennedy,' says he, 'what 's the use—if this here 's the way they fights frigates, dam'me! but I 'd rather be at it with the Turks agin, on their own decks, as we was at Tripoli. It 's like a Dutch bargain—all on one side.

I expects the next thing, they 'll order pipe down, and man the side-ropes for that ere Englishman to come aboard and call the muster-roll.' 'Avast a bit,' says I; 'never you fear the old man. No English press-gang comes on board this ship—old Blow-hard knows what he 's about.'

"Well, by-and-bye, Mr. Morris, our first lieutenant, who all the while had been walking up and down the quarter-deck, his trumpet under his arm, and his eyes glistening like a school-boy's just let out to play; by-and-bye *he* began to look sour, 'ticularly when he sees his favourite coxswain of the first cutter, carried by a shot through the opposite port. So he first looks hard at the old man, and then walks up to him, and says by way of a hint, in a low tone, 'The ship is ready for action, sir, and the men are getting impatient;'—the old man never turns, but keeps his eye steadily on the enemy, while he replies, 'Are—you—all ready, Mr. Morris?'—'All ready, sir,'—says the lieutenant—'Don't fire a gun till I give the orders, Mr. Morris,'—says the old man. Presently up comes a midshipman from the main-deck, touches his hat—'First division all ready, sir,—the second lieutenant reports the enemy's shot have hurt his men, and he can with difficulty restrain them from returning their fire;'—'Tell him to wait for orders, Mr. Morris,' says the old man again—never turning his head. Well—just, you see, as the young gentleman turned to go below, and another shot carries off Mr. Bush, lieutenant of marines—just as we begins to run into their smoke, and even the old gun-boat men, as had been with Decatur and Somers, begins to stare, up jumps the old

man in the air, slaps his hand on his thigh with a report like a pistol, and roars out in a voice that reached the gunners in the magazines—'Now, Mr. Morris, give it to them,—now give it to them—fore and aft—round and grape—give it to 'em, sir,—give it to 'em,' and the words was scarce out of his mouth before our whole broadside glanced at half pistol-shot—the old ship trembling from her keel to her trucks, like an aspen, at the roar of her own batteries—instantly shooting ahead and doubling across his bows, we gave him the other with three cheers, and then at it we went—regular hammer and tongs. You would a thought you were in a thunder-storm in the tropics, from the continual roar and flash of the batteries. In ten minutes his mizenmast went by the board. 'Hurrah!' shouts the old man; 'hurrah, boys, we've made a brig of her.—Fire low, never mind their top-hamper! hurrah! we'll make a sloop of her before we've done.' In ten minutes more, over went her mainmast, carrying twenty men overboard as it went; and sure enough, sir, in thirty minutes, that ere Englishman was a sheer hulk, smooth as a canoe, not a spar standing but his bowsprit; and his decks so completely swept by our grape and canister, that there was barely hands enough left to haul down the colours, as they had bravely nailed to the stump of their mainmast 'I say, Kennedy,' says the vent-holder, to me, lying across the gun after she struck, looking out at the wrack through the port, and his nose was as black as a nigger's from the powder flashing under it—'I say, I wonder how that ere Englishman likes the smell of the old man's snuff.'"

TRAGICAL AFFAIR OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.



OR obvious reasons, we shall pass over, without any particular notice, the leading operations on land of the war of 1812 with Great Britain. There is nothing very heroic or thrilling in the surrender of General Hull at Detroit, or in the abortive attempts to invade Canada, on the Niagara frontier. Our notices of this period will be chiefly confined to acts of individual bravery, or the operations of small bodies of men. The first

we shall notice is the tragical death of Logan, an Indian ally of the United States.

Shortly after the expedition by General Tupper to the Miami Rapids, in 1812, a tragical adventure occurred in the left wing of the army, which merits to be minutely recorded. Captain James Logan, a Shawnee chief, by order of General Harrison, proceeded with a small party of his tribe to reconnoitre in the direction of the Rapids. He met with a superior force of the enemy near that place, by which he was so closely pursued that his men were obliged to disperse for safety in their retreat. Logan, with two of his companions, Captain John and Bright-Horn, arrived safe at General Winchester's camp, where he faithfully reported the incidents of the excursion. But there were certain persons in the army who suspected his fidelity, and reproached him with being friendly to the enemy, and with communicating intelligence to them. The noble spirit of Logan could not endure the ungenerous charge. With the sensibility of a genuine soldier, he felt that his honour and fidelity should not only be pure and firm, but unsuspected. He did not, however, demand a court of inquiry; following the natural dictates of a bold and generous spirit, he determined to prove by unequivocal deeds of valour and fidelity, that he was calumniated by his accusers.

On the 22d of November, he proceeded the second time, accompanied only by the two persons named above, firmly resolved either to bring in a prisoner or a scalp, or to perish himself in the attempt. When he had gone about ten miles down the north side of

the Miami, he met with a British officer, the eldest son of Colonel Elliot, accompanied by five Indians. As the party was too strong for him, and he had no chance to escape, four of them being on horseback, he determined to pass them under the disguise of friendship for the British. He advanced with confident boldness, and a friendly deportment, to the enemy; but, unfortunately, one of them was Winemac, a celebrated Potawatamie chief, to whom the person and character of Captain Logan were perfectly well known. He persisted, however, in his first determination, and told them he was going to the Rapids to give information to the British. After conversing some time, he proceeded on his way; and Winemac, with all his companions, turned and went with him. As they travelled on together, Winemac and his party closely watched the others; and, when they had proceeded about eight miles, he proposed to the British officer to seize and tie them. The officer replied, that they were completely in his power; that if they attempted to run, they could be shot; or, failing in that, the horses could easily run them down. This consultation was overheard by Logan: he had previously intended to go on peaceably till night, and then make his escape; but he now formed the bold design of extricating himself by a combat with double his number.

Having signified his resolution to his men, he commenced the attack by shooting down Winemac himself. The action lasted till they had fired three rounds apiece, during which time Logan and his brave companions drove the enemy some distance,

and separated them from their horses. By the first fire, both Winemac and Elliot fell; by the second a young Ottawa chief lost his life; and another of the enemy was mortally wounded about the conclusion of the combat, at which time Logan himself, as he was stooping down, received a ball just below the breast-bone: it ranged downwards, and lodged under the skin on his back. In the mean time, Bright-Horn was also wounded, by a ball which passed through his thigh. As soon as Logan was shot, he ordered a retreat; himself and Bright-Horn, wounded as they were, jumped on the horses of the enemy and rode to Winchester's camp, a distance of twenty miles, in five hours. Captain John, after taking the scalp of the Ottawa chief, also retreated in safety, and arrived at the camp next morning.

Logan had now rescued his character, as a brave and faithful soldier, from the obloquy which had unjustly been thrown upon him. But he preserved his honour at the expense of the next best gift of Heaven —his life. His wound proved mortal. He lived two days in agony, which he bore with uncommon fortitude, and died with the utmost composure and resignation. "More firmness and consummate bravery has seldom appeared on the military theatre," says Winchester, in his letter to the commanding general. "He was buried with all the honours due to his rank, and with sorrow as sincerely and generally displayed as I ever witnessed," says Major Hardin, in a letter to Governor Shelby. His physiognomy was formed on the best model, and exhibited the strongest marks of courage, intelligence, good humour, and sincerity.

It was said by the Indians that the British had offered one hundred and fifty dollars for his scalp. He had been very serviceable to our cause, by acting as a guide and a spy. He had gone with General Hull to Detroit, and with the first Kentucky troops, who marched to the relief of Fort Wayne.

Captain Logan had been taken prisoner by General Logan, of Kentucky, in the year 1786, when he was a youth. The general, on parting with him, had given him his name, which he retained to the end of his life. Before the treaty of Greenville, he had distinguished himself as a warrior, though still very young. His mother was a sister to the celebrated Tecumseh, and the Prophet. He stated, that in the summer preceding his death he had talked one whole night with Tecumseh, and endeavoured to persuade him to remain at peace; while Tecumseh, on the contrary, endeavoured to engage him in the war on the side of the British. His wife, when she was young, had also been taken prisoner, by Colonel Hardin, in 1789, and had remained in his family till the treaty of Greenville. In the army Logan had formed an attachment for Major Hardin, the son of the colonel, and son-in-law of General Logan, and now requested him to see that the money due for his services was faithfully paid to his family. He also requested that his family might be removed immediately to Kentucky, and his children educated and brought up in the manner of the white people. He observed that he had killed a great chief; that the hostile Indians knew where his family lived, and that

when he was gone a few base fellows might creep up and destroy them.

Major Hardin having promised to do everything in his power to have the wishes of his friend fulfilled, immediately obtained permission from the general to proceed with Logan's little corps of Indians to the village of Wapoghconata, where his family resided. When they reached near the village, the scalp of the Ottawa chief was tied to a pole, to be carried in triumph to the council-house; and Captain John, when they came in sight of the town, ordered the guns of the party to be fired in quick succession, on account of the death of Logan. A council of the chiefs was presently held, in which, after consulting two or three days, they decided against sending the family of their departed hero to Kentucky. They appeared, however, to be fully sensible of the loss they had sustained, and were sincerely grieved for his death.

BATTLE AND MASSACRE AT THE RIVER RAISIN.

ONG as our country has been exposed to savage warfare, no event in its history is more atrocious than the massacre of our people captured by the British, at the river Raisin. On the evening of the 21st of January, 1812, Colonel Proctor left Malden with six hundred British and Canadians, and upwards of one thousand Indians under the chiefs Splitlog and Roundhead, and at day-break of the 22d, commenced a furious attack upon the Americans. The left wing of General Winchester's troops, amounting to six hundred, were

stationed within the pickets, formed in a half circle. The British artillery were in front, the Canadians and Indians on each flank. The right wing, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, were in an exposed situation without the pickets. Large bodies of Indians were stationed in the rear to intercept a retreat.

The onset was first made on the right wing, which, after sustaining an unequal contest for twenty minutes, broke and fled across the river; here they fell in with a body of Indians, and were nearly all massacred. Two companies of fifty men each, which went out from the pickets to their assistance, shared the same fate. General Winchester and Colonel Lewis, in attempting to rally them, and bring them to a more advantageous position, were made prisoners. The left wing maintained their position, and fought with distinguished valour, against treble their number, until eleven o'clock; when General Winchester, having no hopes of success or escape for this band, capitulated for them; stipulating for their safety and honourable treatment as prisoners of war, and particularly that the wounded should be protected from the fury of the savages. Three hundred and ninety-seven were slain in battle, or afterwards massacred by the Indians; the remainder all taken prisoners. The British acknowledge a loss of only twenty-four killed, and one hundred and fifty-eight wounded. This, however, is altogether short of the real number, as they sustained a constant and heavy fire from the troops within the pickets, from seven to eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Sixty-four wounded Americans were left on the ground; these, by the aid of the inhabitants, had mostly been

removed into the neighbouring houses, and were left by the British with the promise that they should be transported in sleighs to Malden.

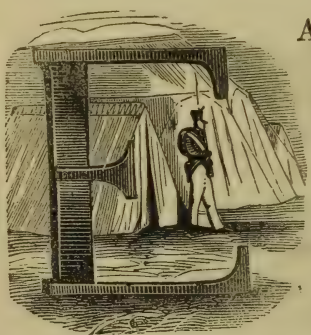
On the morning of the 23d, a large body of Indians came in, tomahawked and scalped these sufferers, then stripped them, plundered and set fire to the houses, and consumed the dead and dying in one undistinguished conflagration. The fate of Captain Hart was peculiarly distressing, though similar in many of its circumstances to a number of others. Early in the action he had received a wound in the knee, which prevented his walking. After the capitulation, Captain Elliott, an American in the British service, who had been a class-mate and a particular friend of Captain Hart, at Princeton College, came to him, voluntarily offered him his protection, and assured him he should be conveyed to Malden, and taken care of in Elliott's house until he recovered. With these fair promises, he indulged the hope of speedy relief and recovery. But the next day he found himself in the hands of the savages. They tore him from the bed where he lay; a brother officer rescued him, and conveyed him to another apartment. Here he was again assaulted. At length he bargained with one of the Indians for a hundred dollars to convey him to Malden. They set off on horseback, and having travelled a few miles, were met by another band of savages, who claimed Captain Hart as their prisoner. The Indian not giving him up, the others shot and scalped him. Such of the wounded as were able to travel, the Indians carried off with them into the wilderness, and afterwards brought them into Detroit,

where they were ransomed and furnished with clothing by the inhabitants. Judge Woodward and Mr. M'Intosh, with other inhabitants of the Michigan territory, exerted themselves for the relief of the sufferers, and procured the release of all who survived of those who had been carried off by the Indians. General Harrison despatched Doctor M'Keehan with two attendants from Sandusky, to assist in dressing the wounded, with an open letter to General Winchester, a flag, and an address to Colonel Proctor, or any other British officer, stating his character and business, and furnished with money to procure necessaries. At the rapids of the Miami they entered a vacant house for a few hours' sleep, and left their flag hoisted in a sleigh at the door. They were soon fired upon by a party of Indians, one of the attendants killed, the doctor and the other made prisoners, and conveyed to Malden, where they were treated as spies, put in close confinement, and sent to Quebec; Proctor inhumanly remarking that the Indians were excellent doctors. The rites of sepulture were refused to the slain. On application to Colonel Proctor, for leave to bury the dead, he replied the Indians would not permit it. The few remaining wretched inhabitants privately buried Captain Hart and some others. This being discovered by the Indians, they were threatened with instant death if they buried any more; and the mangled remains of the slain lay exposed in the fields, by the sides of the road, and in the woods, to the amount of upwards of two hundred, a prey to the wild beasts. Colonel Proctor seems to have permitted and even encouraged the barbarities of the Indians, to

induce them to continue the war, and strike terror into the American forces that should be opposed to them. The effect, however, was the reverse of despondence. Though Kentucky was in mourning for the loss of many of her brave sons, yet, on the news of this event, new volunteers, in ample numbers, rallied around the standard of their country, and were eventually successful in avenging their losses.

After the surrender of Detroit, General Brock, having committed the civil and military concerns of the Michigan territory to Colonel Proctor, and appointed him commandant at Malden, returned to the defence of the Niagara frontier, and established his head-quarters at Fort George.

CAPTAIN HOLMES'S EXPEDITION.



EARLY in the spring of 1813, a small force, consisting of about one hundred and eighty rangers and mounted infantry, under Captain Holmes, was despatched by Lieutenant-Colonel Butler, the commander at Detroit, against Delaware, a British post on the river Thames. This detachment had set out with artillery, but the state of the country presenting invincible obstacles in its transportation, it was left behind. By this means, and by sending back the sick to Detroit,

Holmes's little force was diminished to about one hundred and sixty men.

On the 3d of March, intelligence was received that a body of the enemy, nearly double his force, was descending the Thames, one-half of whom were regulars, and the remainder militia and Indians. Holmes immediately retreated a few miles, and took an excellent position on the western bank of a creek, which ran through a deep and wide ravine. Captain Gill was left, with a few rangers, to cover the rear, and watch the motions of the enemy; but hardly had the main body encamped before they were joined by the rangers, who had been driven in after exchanging a few shots with the British advanced corps, in a vain attempt to reconnoitre their forces.

During the night of the 3d, the British encamped upon the eastern height, and next morning succeeded in drawing Captain Holmes from his position by a well contrived stratagem, which, had it been skilfully followed up, could hardly have failed to eventuate in the destruction of the American detachment. Fortunately, however, this was not the case. At sunrise the enemy exhibited a small and scattered force on the opposite heights, who retreated after ineffectually firing at the American camp; and the reconnoitering party reported that the retreat was conducted with precipitation, the baggage left scattered on the road, and that, judging from their trail and fires, they could not exceed seventy men. Mortified at having retrograded from this diminutive force, Holmes instantly commenced the pursuit, and resumed the idea of attacking the enemy's post. He had not, however,

proceeded beyond five miles, when his advance discovered the enemy in considerable force, arranging themselves for battle.

The stratagem of the enemy being now apparent, Captain Holmes instantly took advantage of the blunder which they had committed, in not throwing themselves in his rear, and thus placing his detachment between a fortified position and a superior force; and happily, he soon regained his former position. Here, placing his horses and baggage in the centre, he formed his troops on foot in a hollow square, to prevent the necessity of evolution, which such raw troops are incompetent to perform in action. Holmes thus calmly awaited the approach of the enemy, in defiance of the murmurs of his men, who were unanimously in favour of a retreat, thinking it madness to engage with so superior a force.

The attack was commenced simultaneously on every front, the militia and Indians attacking the north, west, and south, with savage yells and bugles sounding, and the regulars charging from the ravine on the east. The latter bravely approached to within twenty paces of the American line, against the most destructive fire. But the front section being shot to pieces, those who followed much thinned and wounded, and many of the officers cut down, they were forced to abandon the charge, and take cover in the woods in diffused order, within from fifteen to thirty paces of their antagonists. The charge of the British regulars thus repulsed, they had recourse to their ammunition, and the firing increased on both sides with great vivacity. The American regulars, being uncovered,

were ordered to kneel, that the brow of the heights might assist in screening them from the view of the enemy. But the enemy's cover also proved insufficient, a common-sized tree being unable to protect even one man from the extended line of Americans, much less the squads that often stood and breathed their last together.

On the other three sides the firing was also sustained with much coolness, and with considerable loss to the foe. The troops on those sides being protected by logs hastily thrown together, and the enemy not charging, both the rifle and the musket were aimed at leisure, with that deadly certainty which distinguishes the American backwoodsman. Unable to sustain so unequal a contest, therefore, and favoured by the shades of twilight, the British commenced a general retreat, after an hour's close and gallant conflict.

Captain Holmes declined a pursuit, as the enemy were still superior both in numbers and discipline, and as the night would have insured success to an ambuscade. Besides, as the creek would have to be passed, and the heights ascended, the attempt to pursue would have given the enemy the same advantage which produced their defeat,—as it could be passed on horseback at no other point, and the troops being fatigued and frost-bitten, and their shoes cut to pieces by the frozen ground, it was not possible to pursue on foot. Captain Holmes, accordingly, returned to Detroit.

The American loss, in killed and wounded, on this occasion, amounted only to a non-commissioned

officer and six privates. The British official account states their loss at fourteen killed, fifty-one wounded, one missing, and one officer wounded and taken. Two of the officers were killed, and the same number wounded. The statement does not include the loss of the Indians. The whole American force in action consisted of one hundred and fifty rank and file, of whom, including the rangers, seventy were militia. The British regulars were from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty strong, and the militia and Indians fought upon three sides of the square.

CAPTURE OF THE CALEDONIA AND DETROIT.

THIS gallant achievement of Lieutenant (afterwards Commodore) Elliot, is thus described in his official letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated October 9th, 1812:

"SIR: I have the honour to inform you, that on the morning of the 8th instant, two British vessels, which I was informed were his Bri-

tannic majesty's brig Detroit, late the United States brig Adams, and the brig Hunter, mounting fourteen guns, but which afterwards proved to be the brig Caledonia, both said to be well armed and manned, came down the lake, and anchored under protection of Fort Erie. Having been on the lines for some time, and, in a measure, inactively employed, I determined to make an attack, and, if possible, get possession of them. A strong inducement to this attempt arose from a conviction that, with two vessels added to those which I have purchased, and am fitting out, I should be able to meet the remainder of the British force on the upper lakes, and save an incalculable expense and labour to the government. On the morning of their arrival, I heard that our seamen were but a short distance from this place, and immediately despatched an express to the officers, directing them to use all possible despatch in getting the men to this place, as I had important service to perform. On their arrival, which was about twelve o'clock, I discovered that they had only about twenty pistols, and neither cutlasses nor battle-axes; but on application to Generals Smyth and Hall, of the regulars and militia, I was supplied with a few arms; and General Smyth was so good, on my request, as immediately to detach fifty men from the regulars, armed with muskets. By four o'clock in the afternoon, I had my men selected and stationed in two boats, which I had previously prepared for the purpose. With those boats, fifty men in each, and under circumstances very disadvantageous, my men having had scarcely time to refresh themselves, after a fatiguing march of five

hundred miles, I put off from the mouth of Buffalo Creek, at one o'clock the following morning, and at three I was alongside the vessels. In about ten minutes I had the prisoners all secured, and the top-sails sheeted home, and the vessels under way.

"Unfortunately the wind was not sufficiently strong to get me up against a rapid current into the lake, where I understood another armed vessel lay at anchor; and I was obliged to run down the river by the forts, under a heavy fire of round, grape, and canister, from a number of pieces of heavy ordnance, and several pieces of flying artillery, and was compelled to anchor at a distance of about four hundred yards from two of their batteries. After the discharge of the first gun, which was from the flying artillery, I hailed the shore, and observed to the officer that if another gun was fired I would bring the prisoners on deck and expose them to the same fate we should all share; but, notwithstanding, they disregarded the caution, and continued a constant and destructive fire. One single moment's reflection determined me not to commit an act that would subject me to the imputation of barbarity.

"The Caledonia had been breached in as safe a position as the circumstances would admit of, under one of our batteries at Black Rock. I now brought all the guns of the Detroit on the side next the enemy, stationed the men at them, and directed a fire, which was continued as long as our ammunition lasted and circumstances permitted. During the contest I endeavoured to get the Detroit on our side, by sending a boat (there being no wind) on shore,

with all the line I could muster; but the current being so strong that the boat could not reach the shore, I hailed our shore, and requested that warps should be made on the land and sent on board; the attempt to all which again proved useless, as the fire was such as would in all probability sink the vessel in a short time. I determined to drop down the river out of reach of the batteries, and make a stand against the flying artillery. I accordingly cut the cable and made sail, with very light airs; and, at that instant, discovered that the pilot had abandoned me. I dropped astern for about ten minutes, when I was brought up on our shore on Squaw Island; got the boarding-boat ready, had all the prisoners put in and sent on shore, with directions for the officer to return for me and what property we could get from the brig. He did not return, owing to the difficulty of the boats getting on shore. Discovering a skiff under the counter, I sent the four remaining prisoners in the boat, and with my officer I went on shore to bring the boat off. I asked for protection of the brig of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, who readily gave it. At this moment I discovered a boat with about forty soldiers from the British side, making for the brig. They got on board, but were soon compelled to abandon her, with the loss of nearly all their men. During the whole of this morning, both sides of the river kept up alternately a constant fire on the brig, and so much injured her that it was impossible to have floated her. Before I left her she had received twelve shot of large size in her bends, her sails in ribbons, and her rigging all cut to pieces.

"To my officers and men I feel under great obligations; to Captain Towson and Lieutenant Roach, of the 2d regiment of artillery, Ensign Priestman, of the infantry, to Cornelius Chapin, Mr. John M'Coub, Messrs. John Tower, Thomas Davis, Peter Overtaks, James Sloan, resident gentlemen of Buffalo, for their soldier and sailor-like conduct; in a word, every man fought with his heart animated only by the interest and honour of his country. The prisoners I have turned over to the military. The Detroit had six six-pound long guns, a commanding lieutenant of marines, a boatswain and gunner, and fifty-six men, about thirty American prisoners on board, muskets, pistols, and battle-axes; in boarding her I lost one man, one officer wounded, Mr. John C. Cummings, acting midshipman, a bayonet through the leg; his conduct was correct, and deserves the notice of the department. The Caledonia mounted two small guns, blunderbusses, pistols, muskets, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, twelve men, including officers, and ten prisoners on board; the boat boarding her was commanded by sailing-master George Watts, who performed his duty in a masterly style; he had but one man killed, and four badly wounded, I am afraid mortally. I enclose you a list of the officers and men engaged in the enterprise, and also a view of the lake and river, in the different situations of attack. The Caledonia belonged to the N. W. Company, laden with furs, worth, I understand, two thousand dollars.

"Signed— JESSE D. ELLIOTT.

"Hon. Paul Hamilton,
"*Secretary of the Navy.*"

Commodore Jones.

THE WASP AND FROLIC.

LATER achievements of our navy, on a large scale, have not been sufficient to efface the recollection of the brilliant action of the United States sloop-of-war Wasp, under the command of Captain Jones, and the British sloop-of-war Frolic.

In 1811, Captain Jones was transferred by the Secretary of the Navy to the command of the sloop-of-war the Wasp, mounting eighteen twenty-four-pound carronades, and was despatched, in the spring of 1812, with communications from our government to its functionaries at the courts of St. Cloud and St. James. Before he returned from this voyage, war had been declared by the United States against Great Britain. Captain Jones refitted his ship with all possible despatch, and repaired to sea on a cruise, in which he met with no other luck than the capture of an inconsiderable prize.

He sailed from the port of Philadelphia on the 13th of October, 1812, with a gallant set of officers, and a high-spirited and confident crew. On the 16th of the same month the Wasp encountered a heavy gale, during which she lost her jibboom and two valuable seamen. On the following night, being a bright moonlight, a seaman on the look-out discovered five strange sail, steering eastward. The Wasp hauled to the windward and closely watched the movements of these vessels until daylight next morning, being the 18th, when it was found that they were six large merchant vessels under convoy of a sloop-of-war. The former were well manned, two of them mounting sixteen guns each.

Notwithstanding the apparent disparity of force, Captain Jones determined to hazard an attack; and, as the weather was boisterous, and the swell of the sea unusually high, he ordered down the topgallant yards, closely reefed the topsails, and prepared for action. The convoy sailed ahead and lay to, five or

six miles distant, while the sloop-of-war, with Spanish colours flying, remained under easy sail, the Wasp coming down to windward on her larboard side, within pistol-shot, displaying the American ensign and pennant. Upon the enemy's being hailed, he hauled down the Spanish flag, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a broadside of cannon and musketry. The fire was promptly returned by the Wasp, the vessels gradually neared each other, and each maintained the combat with great animation, the English vessel firing with most rapidity, but, as the result proved, with no great precision. In a few minutes after the commencement of the action, the maintopmast of the Wasp was shot away, and falling on the topsail yard, across the larboard fore and foretopsail braces, caused the head yards to be unmanageable during the continuance of the action. In two or three minutes more the gaft and mizen topgallant sail were shot away. Each vessel continued in the position in which the action commenced, and maintained a close and spirited fire. Captain Jones directed his officers not to fire except when the vessel rolled downwards, so that the shot was either poured on the enemy's deck, or below it, while the English fired as soon as they had loaded, without regard to the position of their vessel, and thus their balls were either thrown away, or passed through the rigging. The Wasp now passed ahead of the enemy, raked her, and resumed her original position. It was now obvious that the Wasp had greatly the advantage in the combat, and Captain Jones thought the contest might be speedily decided by boarding, but hesitated because the roughness of

Wasp and Frolic.

the sea might endanger the safety of both vessels if brought in contact. As, however, the braces and rigging of the Wasp were so injured by the shot of the enemy that he was fearful his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and that the enemy might escape; he therefore determined at all hazards to board, and thus decide the contest. With this determination he wore ship, and ran athwart the enemy's bow, so that the jibboom came in between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp. The enemy was now in a position so inviting for a raking broadside, that one was promptly ordered. So closely in contact were the contending vessels, that while loading, the

rammers of the Wasp struck against the sides of the opposing vessel, so that two of the guns of the former entered through the bow ports of the latter, and swept the whole length of the deck. At this juncture a sprightly and gallant seaman, named Jack Lang, who had once been impressed on board a British man-of-war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was about to leap on board the enemy, when Captain Jones ordered him back, wishing to give a closing broadside before boarding. His impetuosity, however, could not be restrained; and observing the ardour of the crew generally, Lieutenant Biddle and Booth gallantly led them on, but to their great surprise, when they reached the enemy's deck, not a single uninjured individual was found on deck except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was covered with the dying and dead, and was slippery with blood. When Lieutenant Biddle reached the quarterdeck, the commander and two other officers threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, thus affording evidence that they had surrendered.

During the early part of the action, the ensign of the enemy had been shot down, upon which a British seaman carried it aloft again and nailed it to the mast. In this state it continued floating, they not being able to lower it until one of the United States officers ascended the rigging and tore it from its attachments. In forty-three minutes from the commencement of the action, full possession was taken of the enemy, which proved to be his Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Frolic, commanded by Captain Whynyates.

On examining the berthdeck, it was found crowded

with the dead and wounded, there being but an inconsiderable proportion of the crew of the Frolic which had escaped unhurt. Soon after Lieutenant Biddle took possession of the enemy, her masts fell by the board, so that she lay a complete wreck. The contest being now terminated, Captain Jones ordered Dr. New, the assistant surgeon of the Wasp, to visit the wounded enemy, and to carry with him everything on board, which could in any manner contribute to their comfort.

The force of the Frolic consisted of sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades, four twelve-pounders on the maindeck, and two twelve-pound carronades. She was, therefore, superior to the Wasp by four twelve-pounders. The officers of the Frolic stated that the number of men on the ship's books was one hundred and ten; but, as boats were seen plying between the Frolic and some of the convoy, in the morning, before the action, it was believed that she received many volunteers in addition to her regular crew. This belief was strengthened by the circumstance, that one of the vessels in the convoy came alongside the Wasp next morning after her capture, and asked assistance to reef his sails, as he had but two men and a boy on board. It was intimated that he had thus diminished his crew by allowing volunteers to go on board the Frolic.

The officers, seamen, marines, and boys on board the Wasp, numbered one hundred and thirty-five; which, from the best information that could be obtained, was less in number than that of the enemy. Both vessels, however, had more men than was essential to their efficiency; and the officers of the Frolic

candidly acknowledged, that they had more men than they knew what to do with. It appears, therefore, that while there was an equality of strength in the crews, there was an inequality in the number of guns and weight of metal—the Frolic having four twelve-pounders more than the Wasp.

The exact number of killed and wounded on board the Frolic, could not be ascertained with any degree of precision; but, from the admissions of the British officers, it was supposed that the number killed was about thirty, including two officers; and of those wounded, between forty and fifty. The captain and every other officer on board, were more or less severely wounded. The Wasp sustained a loss of only five men killed and five wounded.

Lieutenant Allen.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF LIEUTENANT ALLEN AT THE CAPTURE OF THE MACEDONIAN.

SHORTLY after the declaration of war against Great Britain, in 1812, the frigate United States sailed upon a cruise, under the command of Commodore Decatur, and on the 25th of October, 1812, in latitude 29° N., longitude 29° 30′ W., fell in with his

Britannic Majesty's ship, the Macedonian, commanded by Captain Carden. She was a frigate of the largest class, mounting forty-nine carriage guns, and reputed one of the swiftest sailers in the British navy. When this frigate first hove in sight, and while orders were given on board the United States to prepare for action, Lieutenant Allen mounted aloft; and, after watching her closely for some time, at length discovered the English pennant. He descended to his comrades, who were impatiently awaiting him below, and jocosely pronounced the frigate a lawful prize. The enemy having the advantage of the wind, fought at his own distance, and the contest was kept up for one hour and fifty minutes. The United States poured such an incessant fire, that the shouts from the crew of the Macedonian were distinctly heard, who, from that cause, apprehended her to be in flames. Her colours were, nevertheless, hauled down shortly afterwards. In the engagement, she lost her mizen-mast, fore and maintopmast, and mainyard. She was likewise much damaged in her hull. Thirty-six were killed and forty-eight wounded. On board the United States five only were killed, and seven wounded. The American frigate received so little damage in this engagement, that she would still have continued her cruise, had it not been necessary for her to accompany her prize into port, on account of the crippled state of the British frigate. Any comments on this splendid action—an action so glorious to the arms of our countrymen—would surely now be needless.

In the frigate United States, Lieutenant Allen was

most assiduous in exercising and training the crew to the use of the artillery. The accuracy with which the guns were directed, and the celerity with which they could be fired, evince the improvement of their discipline; and, indeed, it could not be surpassed. After Captain Carden had gone on board the United States, Lieutenant Allen requested the other officers to go in a boat which was ready for them. The first lieutenant of the Macedonian surlily said, "You do not intend to send me away without my baggage?"

"I hope," replied Allen, "you do not suppose you have been taken by privateersmen?"

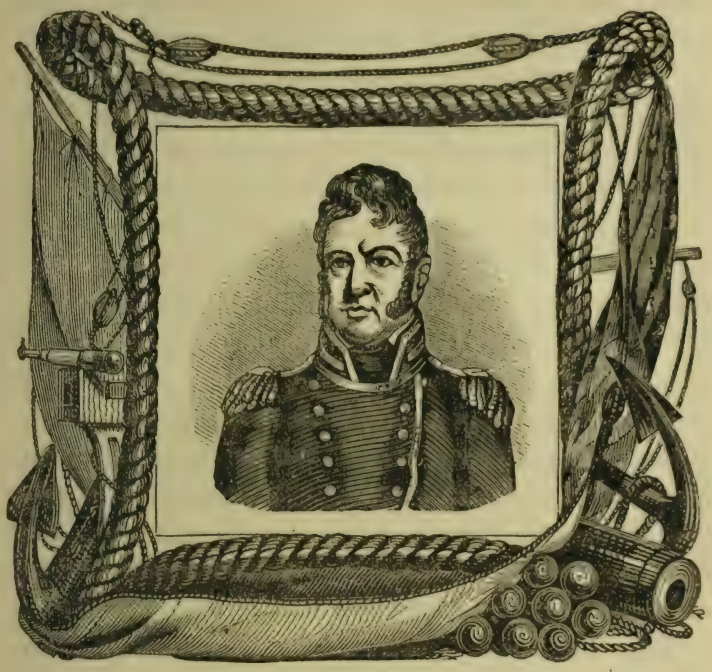
"I do not know"—replied the other rudely—"by whom I am taken."

Lieutenant Allen sternly ordered him instantly into the boat, and he immediately went. Lieutenant Allen placed a guard over the baggage of the officers, and, as soon as the other duties which demanded his attention were concluded, he sent the same day all the baggage on board the United States. The surgeon of the Macedonian continued on board; and he frequently, in conversation, bore testimony to the kindness of Lieutenant Allen, toward that part of the crew remaining in the Macedonian, particularly toward the wounded. The wardroom officers of the Macedonian expressed to the wardroom officers of the United States, a deep sense of the civilities which they had received; and wished to give jointly another expression of their gratitude, in a writing which might be considered as a letter to all British officers, to secure their good treatment, in case the United States should

be captured. This certificate of protection was very properly declined.

To Lieutenant Allen was intrusted the honourable charge of bringing the prize into port, and she safely arrived in the harbour of New York, amidst the enthusiastic gratulations of our countrymen. His share in this glorious action cannot be better expressed than in the words of Commodore Decatur himself: "It would be unjust," continues this gallant officer, "it would be unjust in me to discriminate, where all met my fullest expectations. Permit me, however, to recommend to the particular notice of the Secretary, my first lieutenant, William H. Allen, who has served with me upwards of five years; and to his unremitted exertions, in disciplining the crew, is to be imputed the obvious superiority of our gunnery, exhibited in the result of this contest."

The corporation and citizens of New York honoured him and his commander with a splendid and superb festival; and the legislatures of Rhode Island and Virginia presented him with a sword, as a testimonial of their sense of his gallant services. There was everything in this victory, which could gratify the pride of an American. The individual injury done to our enemy by the loss of a frigate, or the advantage to ourselves, by acquiring one, is nothing. It inspires a loftiness of feeling, a confidence, that is communicated to other souls, and introduces a strain of patriotic sensations perfectly novel. It breaks the sea-spell that seemed to surround the navy of England.



Commodore Bainbridge.

CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF THE JAVA.

LONG before the commencement of the last war with Great Britain, Commodore Bainbridge had established the highest character for bravery and ability as a naval commander.

The United States de-

clared war against Great Britain on the 18th of June, 1812, and Commodore Bainbridge was not satisfied to remain on shore, comparatively inactive, when danger and glory were to be courted on the sea. He applied for the command of a frigate, and was appointed to the Constellation thirty-eight, with orders to prepare her for sea with all despatch. His arrangements were not yet completed, when Captain Hull arrived in Boston with the Constitution, after achieving his splendid victory over the Guerriere. As Hull was obliged to resign his command, on account of some private affairs which required his immediate attention, Bainbridge requested to be transferred to his frigate. This request was complied with, and the Essex and Hornet being also placed under his orders at the same time, he hoisted his broad pennant on board the Constitution, September 15, 1812.

The Essex, then in the Delaware, was ordered to rendezvous at the Cape de Verde Isles; but she was prevented by the events of the cruise from joining the rest of the squadron. The Constitution and Hornet sailed on the 26th October, and arrived off St. Salvador on the 13th December. On the 29th, in latitude 13° 6′ S, and about ten leagues from the coast of Brazil, the Constitution fell in with an enemy's frigate, the Java, bound for the East Indies, with a number of supernumerary officers and seamen for the Bombay station. The commodore, finding the frigate fairly within his reach, prepared with alacrity for action. The stranger showed English colours, and bore down with the intention of raking the Constitution. Bainbridge avoided this, and the

enemy having hauled down colours, and left flying a jack only, the commodore gave orders to fire ahead of the enemy to make him show full colours. This was returned with a full broadside, and a general action commenced, both ships striving to rake and to avoid being raked.

Soon after the commencement of the action, Bainbridge received a ball in the hip; and a few minutes later a shot carried away the wheel, and drove a small bolt with violence into his thigh. These injuries did not induce him to sit down, and he continued on deck, giving orders, until eleven o'clock at night. The action lasted an hour and fifty-five minutes, when the enemy struck her flag, and the American commodore sent Lieutenant Parker to take possession. The Java was commanded by Captain Lambert, a distinguished officer, who was mortally wounded, and died a few days after the battle. The enemy's loss was not less than sixty killed and one hundred wounded. The Constitution lost nine killed, and twenty-five wounded. The two vessels presented a striking contrast in appearance, at the close of the action; the Constitution "actually coming out of the battle as she had gone into it, with royal-yards across, and every spar, from the highest to the lowest, in its place," though some of them were considerably injured; while the Java lay upon the water an unmanageable wreck, with every spar shot away, and but a few stumps left standing. Bainbridge displayed great kindness in the treatment of his prisoners; and, having destroyed his prize, he landed his captives at St. Salvador, on parole of honour not to engage in hostilities against the United States, until exchanged.

Sortie from Fort Meigs.

SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

UPON the 23d of January, 1813, the day after the unfortunate surrender of General Winchester to the British, General Harrison retreated to Carrying river, about midway between Sandusky and the Miami. In February, he advanced again to the Rapids, where he erected a fort, which, in honour of the governor of Ohio, he called Fort Meigs. It covered about nine acres of ground, and was nearly in an octagonal form. It had strong

block-houses at the corners, with cannon mounted so as to sweep the lines, and command the surrounding country. The intervals were filled up with picketings in the usual style of the frontier forts of the west. In addition to this there were several long batteries mounted with cannon.

The term of service of many of Harrison's volunteers having expired, twelve hundred men from Kentucky, under General Clay, were sent to supply their place. Leaving Cincinnati early in April, they arrived in the neighbourhood of Fort Meigs on the 4th of May, when their scouts brought intelligence that the woods were swarming with an immense force of British and Indians under General Proctor, who was holding Harrison under close siege in the fort. The siege had already lasted four days; but Clay had the address to convey intelligence of his approach to Harrison, and to concert with him a plan for striking a severe blow on the enemy.

General Clay proceeded down the river in his boats, landed eight hundred men on the left bank of the river, advanced rapidly, and made a dash at the enemy's batteries. Taken wholly by surprise, the British nevertheless resisted with their usual valour, but the impetuosity of the Kentuckians carried everything before them; the cannoneers were bayoneted at their guns—the batteries were carried, and the guns spiked. But the ardour of the men, inspirited by this brilliant success, carried them too far. Instead of recrossing the river, as they should have done, they pursued the flying enemy into the woods, and were soon surrounded by the whole force of the British and Indians. A con-

siderable part of the detachment were overpowered, and became prisoners. Abandoned by the barbarian Proctor to the tomahawks of the savages, they were rapidly falling victims to their ferocity, when Tecumseh, the great Indian chief, coming suddenly upon the ground, with a trait of humanity of which the British commander was incapable, instantly exerted his authority to arrest the massacre, and meeting with a Chippewa chief who would not desist for persuasion nor threats, he buried his tomahawk in his head.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate issue of this part of General Clay's operations, the remainder of his reinforcement, aided by a well conducted sortie on the part of the besieged, succeeded in relieving the fort; and Proctor, being deserted by the Indians, who could not be prevented from returning to their villages, as is their custom after any battle of consequence, with their prisoners and plunder, made a precipitate retreat on the 9th of May, having previously secured his ordnance on board a sloop.

General Pike.

CAPTURE OF YORK AND DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE.

KEEPING up their system of petty incursions on the border towns, on the morning of the 22d of February, 1813, the British crossed over in considerable force, and succeeded in capturing Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence. Captain Forsythe, the American commander at that place, with a force of less than half that of the British, effected his retreat to Black

Lake, in a masterly manner. Considerable alarm for the safety of Sackett's Harbour was excited by this event, and immediate measures were taken for reinforcing it. No attempts were made, however, at further conquest. The British shortly after retired across the St. Lawrence.

The ice having disappeared in Lake Ontario about the middle of April, the lookout-boat Growler sailed from Sackett's Harbour on the 19th, to reconnoitre the lake, and immediately preparations were made for an embarkation of troops for the invasion of Canada. The troops, to the number of seventeen hundred, under the command of General Dearborn, were embarked by the 23d; but the weather proving stormy, the fleet did not sail until the 25th.

On the morning of the 27th they arrived off York, the capital of Upper Canada; and, the fleet having taken a position to the south and westward of the principal fort, and as near the shore as possible, the debarkation of the troops commenced about eight, and was completed about ten, in the forenoon. The place fixed on for landing was a clear field, the site of the old French fort Toronto; but the wind blowing heavy from the eastward, the boats fell to leeward, by which they were exposed to a galling fire from the enemy, who had taken a position in a thick wood near where the troops were obliged to land. This circumstance likewise prevented the fleet from covering the landing. The cool intrepidity of the officers and men, however, overcame every obstacle.

The riflemen under Forsythe first landed, under a

heavy fire from the enemy, who had collected all their force at this point, consisting of seven hundred regulars and militia, and one hundred Indians, commanded by General Sheaffe in person. The contest was sharp and severe for about half an hour, when, about seven or eight hundred of the Americans having landed, commanded by General Pike, and the remainder of the troops pushing for the shore, the enemy retreated to their works, leaving a number of killed and wounded on the field. As soon as the troops were landed, the schooners were directed to take a position near the forts, in order that the attack upon them by the army and navy might be simultaneous.

Pike having formed the troops on the ground originally intended for their landing, advanced to the batteries, which now opened their fire, which was returned from the schooners that had beat up to a position within six hundred yards of the principal fort. The troops were led in the most gallant manner by General Pike, who carried two redoubts, and was approaching the principal work, when the enemy, having previously laid a train, blew up his magazine, by which a great number of the troops were killed and wounded, and; among the former, the ever-to-be-lamented General Pike. When the fall of Pike was made known to General Dearborn, he landed and took the command of the troops.

As soon as the magazine was blown up, the British set fire to their naval stores and a ship on the stocks; and then the regulars, with Sheaffe at their head, made a precipitate retreat from the town. By two in the

afternoon, the American flag was substituted for the British, and by four the troops were in peaceable possession of York, a capitulation having been agreed on with the militia commanding officer, by which the town, stores, and nearly three hundred militia were surrendered.

The total American loss on this occasion, was two hundred and sixty-four killed and wounded.

The British acknowledged a loss of one hundred and fifty-six, killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing. This loss of killed, wounded, and prisoners, however, must only include the regulars, as three hundred militia were surrendered in the town.

The day after the capture of York was employed in burying the dead. The public buildings, barracks, &c., were then destroyed, together with the military stores that could not be brought away, and by the 1st of May, the town was entirely evacuated, the militia prisoners paroled, and the troops embarked; but, owing to contrary winds, the fleet did not sail till the 8th. On the afternoon of the same day they arrived at Four Mile Creek, below Fort Niagara, where the troops and public property were landed; and on the 10th Chauncey again sailed for Sackett's Harbour for reinforcements. The day previous to his departure, two schooners, with one hundred picked men, sailed for the head of the lake to seize a quantity of public stores. The stores were found to be guarded by about eighty regulars, who were repulsed, the stores brought away, the public buildings burnt, and the expedition returned to Fort Niagara without loss.

General Brown.

DEFENCE OF SACKETT'S HARBOUR.

BY his successful defence of Sackett's Harbour, General Brown paved the way for his rapid promotion, and gave promise of his successful career. On the night of the 27th of May, a force of upwards of one thousand men, under Sir George Prevost, were embarked at Kingston, on board the British squadron, and in open boats, and immediately

sailed for Sackett's Harbour. Next morning they were observed by Lieutenant Chauncey, who commanded the small naval force remaining there, the principal part of the American squadron being engaged at Fort George; and he immediately sailed into the harbour, firing alarm-guns. The alarm being immediately communicated, guns were likewise fired from the alarm-posts, in order to bring in the militia, and instant measures taken to resist the attack.

No attempt, however, was made to land on the 28th, the attention of the enemy being drawn off at the moment when all was prepared for landing, by the appearance of a fleet of American barges, passing from Oswego for Sackett's Harbour. The barges of the enemy were immediately despatched to cut them off, and succeeded in taking twelve; the troops, however, had previously succeeded in landing and gaining the woods, and came into Sackett's Harbour the same evening. The remaining seven boats outsailed the enemy's barges, and got safe into port. It is presumed that the landing was put off till the next morning, under the expectation of cutting off more barges, as the fleet hauled their wind and stood into South Bay, and three armed barges were despatched, apparently, in order to waylay them.

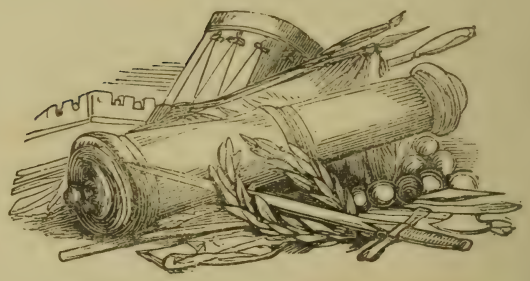
During the night a considerable militia force came in, and were stationed on the water side, near Horse Island, on which was placed a small body of Albany volunteers. The moment it was light the enemy's squadron was perceived in line between Stony Point and Horse Island, and shortly after troops were landed

on the latter from thirty-three large boats, under cover of their gun-boats.

General Brown, who commanded the post, had directed that the volunteers should retreat across the neck which joins Horse Island to the main land, in case of the enemy landing there; which they accordingly did, and joined the militia under his command, amounting to between four and five hundred men. The enemy having landed and passed to the main land, were marching to the town, when they received the fire of the volunteers and militia, which somewhat checked their progress. Unfortunately, however, the militia, totally unacquainted with military discipline, after giving the first fire, rose from their position and fled to the woods. The handful of volunteers, thus losing their support, were likewise forced to retreat; but being joined by a few regulars from the town, succeeded in rallying a portion of the militia, and, by the aid of the fire from the fort, soon forced the enemy to withdraw to their ships. Unfortunately, the officer who was intrusted with the care of the navy barracks and store-house, who had been instructed to fire them in case of the enemy's proving victorious, mistaking the flight of the militia for a complete repulse, set them on fire, and they were totally consumed.

The American loss in this attack was twenty-one killed and eighty-four wounded, of the volunteers and regulars, and twenty-six missing. Of the militia there were twenty-five killed, wounded, and missing. Of the enemy, twenty-nine were found dead on the field, and twenty-two wounded, and thirty-five were made prisoners; in addition, many were killed in the boats

while effecting their landing. A number were likewise carried off the field by the enemy previous to the commencement of the retreat. In the British official account, their loss was stated as follows: viz. Killed, forty-eight; wounded, one hundred and ninety-five; wounded and missing, sixteen.



Defence of Fort Stephenson.

DEFENCE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

LONG will Colonel Croghan's able defence of Fort Stephenson be remembered. It was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. The opening of the campaign of 1813, as we have already seen, was conducted with great activity by the enemy on the Niagara frontier. Nor were the British inactive upon Lake Erie. After their retreat from Fort Meigs in the beginning of May, several threatening

movements were made from the lake at Fort Meigs, Lower Sandusky, Cleveland, and Erie. No serious attempt was made, however, on any of these posts, until the 18th of August,—when a combined force of the enemy, amounting to at least five hundred regulars and seven or eight hundred Indians, under the immediate command of General Proctor, made its appearance before Lower Sandusky. As soon as the general had made such a disposition of his troops as would cut off the retreat of the garrison, he sent Colonel Elliot, accompanied by Major Chambers, with a flag, to demand the surrender of the fort,—stating that he was anxious to spare the effusion of blood, which he should probably not have it in his power to do, should he be reduced to the necessity of taking the place by storm.

The commander was Major Croghan, a youth of twenty-one years of age. His answer was, that he was determined to defend the place to the last extremity, and that no force, however large, should induce him to surrender it. So soon as the flag returned, a brisk fire opened upon the fort, from the gun-boats in the river, and from a five and a half inch howitzer on shore, which was kept up with little intermission throughout the night.

At an early hour next morning, three sixes, which had been placed during the night within two hundred and fifty yards of the pickets, began to play, but with little effect. About four in the afternoon, discovering that the fire from all the guns was concentrated against the northwestern angle of the fort, Croghan became confident that the object was to make a breach, and

attempt to storm the works at that point. He therefore ordered out as many men as could be employed for the purpose of strengthening that part, which was so effectually secured by means of bags of flour, sand, &c., that the picketing suffered little or no injury; notwithstanding which, about five hundred of the enemy, having formed in close column, advanced to assault the works at the expected point, at the same time making two feints on other parts of the fort. The column which advanced against the northwestern angle, consisting of about three hundred and fifty men, was so completely enveloped in smoke, as not to be discovered until it had approached within eighteen or twenty paces of the lines; but the men being all at their posts to receive it, commenced so heavy and galling a fire as to throw the column a little into confusion; being quickly rallied, however, it advanced to the outer works, and began to leap into the ditch. At this moment, a fire of grape was opened from a six-pounder, which had been previously arranged so as to rake in that direction, which, together with the musketry, threw them into such confusion, that they were compelled to retire precipitately to the woods.

During the assault, which lasted about half an hour, an incessant fire was kept up by the enemy's artillery, which consisted of five sixes and a howitzer, but without effect.

Before the attack was ended, the soldiers in the garrison supplied the wounded enemy in the ditch with water, by throwing over full canteens.

The whole number of men in the garrison was not more than one hundred and sixty. Their loss during

the siege was one killed, and seven slightly wounded The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must have exceeded one hundred and fifty, one lieutenant-colonel, a lieutenant, and fifty rank and file, were found in and about the ditch, dead or wounded. Those of the remainder who were not able to escape, were taken off during the night by the Indians.

About three in the morning, the enemy sailed down the river, leaving behind them a boat containing clothing and considerable military stores. Seventy stand of arms and several brace of pistols were afterwards collected near the works.

A few days after the assault, Proctor despatched a surgeon with a flag of truce to assist in the care of the wounded, and with a request that such of the prisoners as were in a condition to be removed might be permitted to return to Malden, on *his* parole of honour that they should not serve until exchanged.

Harrison, in his reply, stated that on his arrival at Fort Sandusky, on the morning of the 3d, he found Major Croghan, conformably to those principles which are held sacred in the American army, had caused all the care to be taken of the wounded prisoners that his situation would permit; that his hospital surgeon was particularly charged to attend to them, and he was warranted in the belief that everything which surgical skill could give would be afforded. "They have been liberally furnished, too," he added, "with every article necessary in their situation which the hospital stores could afford." Having referred to his government for orders respecting the disposition of the prisoners, he

could not with propriety comply with the request for an immediate exchange. But he assures him, that as far as it depends upon him, the course of treatment which has been commenced towards them whilst in his possession would be continued.

It is impossible to avoid contrasting the conduct of Proctor and Harrison in two exactly parallel cases; the care of the wounded and the treatment of the surgeon sent for their relief after the battles of Frenchtown and Sandusky. In the one case, the surgeon was treated with politeness, and only sent back when his aid was unnecessary, and the wounded were supplied with water by the garrison, even whilst the attack is carried on. The opposite conduct need not be repeated here. It has made too deep an impression to be soon effaced.

Commodore Perry.

BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

WHEN Commodore Perry was appointed to command the United States squadron on Lake Erie, there was no squadron for him to command. The British held the entire and exclusive possession of these waters; and to this officer was confided the important duty of

creating a fleet in the face of a proud and insolent foe. The commodore had not only to contemplate the day as extremely dubious and distant when he should meet his enemy on fair and honourable terms on the bosom of the lake, but likewise to guard against surprise, and to run the risk of having his navy destroyed on the stocks. He had likewise to apprehend everything from the inexperience of his own sailors; and, it is hoped that it will not be deemed invidious to assert, from the inexperience of his officers also. The commodore himself had never seen a naval engagement; it is true that he had *studied the theory of naval warfare*, but he had known nothing of active operations. He had never been in an engagement where a single ship was opposed to a single ship; much less could he be presumed capable of calculating all the hazards and casualties where one fleet was opposed to another. This was untried ground, and on which the commodore, so far as regards the knowledge resulting from experience, was almost as much a novice as the most ignorant of his crew. In addition to this formidable mass of obstructions, he had to encounter the genius of Captain Barclay, a man who, to an enterprising and active mind, had united the lessons of sober experience; he was conversant with naval science, both in theory and in practice: he had served under Nelson; and, in the battle of Trafalgar, his wound was an evidence of his courage and intrepidity. These were the apparently unequal terms on which Commodore Perry was to cope with his gallant competitor.

These difficulties, which in ordinary minds would

only excite motives of despair, were, in Commodore Perry's, subjects only of active and of persevering energy. His genius seemed to expand beneath the pressure of the foot which was raised for its extermination.

To guard against the approach of the heavy vessels of the enemy, while his own fleet was upon the stocks, he selected a place denominated the harbour of Erie, which, from the shoalness of the water, was incapable of being approached by vessels loaded with heavy ordnance. This bay, by projecting into the main land, rendered the pass defensible, both by armed boats and by the militia, who, on the requisitions of the commodore, were stationed to watch every motion of the enemy. Here, if Captain Barclay attempted to enter, he would be compelled to relinquish his maritime superiority—he would be compelled to forego his heavy ships, and to trust his strength in boats, which might be opposed by an equal force on the water, as well as by the militia, who were stationed to prevent his advances. His naval pre-eminence would now avail him nothing. Under such auspices did Commodore Perry commence the hazardous undertaking of building his fleet. Frequently were alarms excited, and probably for nefarious purposes promulgated, that Captain Barclay intended an attack; and as often was the vigilance and promptitude of Commodore Perry found equal to the emergency. The militia were, by these false alarms, rendered more expert, and his own sailors were, from the same causes, trained, disciplined, and inured to their duty.

These are some, and but faint views of the difficulties which Commodore Perry had to surmount. Many minds are found capable of comprehending things in the mass, which cannot, at the same time, bear all the tedious minutiæ of detail. Commodore Perry, however, was as attentive to the one as to the other. While he was revolving in his mind, and anxiously awaiting for the day when he should meet his opponent on equal terms, he superintended the whole of the preparatory arrangements, and displayed the same persevering zeal as he did in the grander scenes in which he was afterwards called to act.

On the morning of the 10th of September, 1813, Commodore Perry's fleet—consisting of the brig Lawrence, of twenty guns; the Niagara, of twenty; the Caledonia, of three; the schooner Ariel, of four; the Scorpion, of two; the Somers, of two guns and two swivels; the sloop Trippe, the schooner Tigress, and the Porcupine, carrying each one gun only, and making in the aggregate fifty-four guns—were lying in Put-in Bay. The British fleet, commanded by Commodore Barclay, were discovered, consisting of the ship Detroit, carrying nineteen guns; the Queen Charlotte, seventeen; the schooner Lady Prevost, thirteen; the brig Hunter, ten; the sloop Little Belt, three; and the schooner Chippeway, one —making a difference of nine guns in favour of the British. Commodore Perry preserving the weather-gage of his antagonist, bore up to windward, and formed his squadron in line of battle. The enemy commenced firing, and as he mounted long twenty-four, eighteen, and twelve-pounders, his fire became

destructive. The commodore observing this inequality of fire, and his own ship being the principal sufferer, made the signal for close action. The Lawrence was, in this situation, exposed for upwards of two hours to a fire so destructive and tremendous, that every brace and bowline was shot away, every gun rendered useless, and the greater part of her crew either killed or wounded.

Commodore Perry lay in the Lawrence between the Queen Charlotte and the Detroit, with the schooners Ariel and Scorpion on his weather-bow.

While the battle was thus raging, the gunboats, on which so much depended in such a crisis, and which, from the facility of their management, were capable of such speedy and effectual annoyance of the enemy, did but little or no execution.

This is a broad outline of the action, and of the situation of the respective ships at this critical moment. Commodore Perry finding that no more effective hostility could be done in the Lawrence, hastily left her in the charge of his brave and gallant lieutenant, Yarnall, and immediately proceeded on board the Niagara, bearing the commodore's flag, on which was inscribed the dying words of the brave Lawrence, "*Don't give up the ship.*" He passed the line of the enemy, exposed to the full hazard of their musketry, still standing in the boat, a marked and pointed object, until he was forcibly pulled down by his own men. When he arrived on board of the Niagara, the crew of the Lawrence—the few remaining crew—gave three cheers, on account of the safety of their beloved commander. Commodore

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Battle of Lake Erie.

Perry said, addressing Captain Elliot, "Do you see those infernal gun-boats?—they have lost us the victory." "No," exclaims his confederate; "do you take command of this ship, and I will bring up the boats." This was what Commodore Perry so delicately mentions in his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, that Captain Elliot anticipated his wishes, in bringing up the boats.

A fresh breeze springing up at this moment, Commodore Perry availed himself of this favourable opportunity, and plunged through the enemy's line, giving them a raking fire from the right and left. Captain Elliot, in the mean time, having brought up the gun-boats, did vigorous execution, by plying them in different directions, for which kind of naval service they are so admirably adapted. The enemy, over whom victory seemed to hover until this moment, were compelled to strike their flags; and Captain Barclay, who was fainting below, from the loss of blood, being carried on deck, agreed that nothing better could be done.

On board the Lawrence twenty-two were killed, and sixty-one wounded. On board the Niagara two were killed, and twenty-five wounded. On board the Caledonia three were wounded; and on board the Ariel two. On board the Trippe and the Scorpion two only were wounded in each—making, in the whole, one hundred and twenty-three in killed and wounded. The number of the enemy's killed and wounded is not known.

During this sanguinary battle, the Lawrence, after Commodore Perry had left her, was compelled to

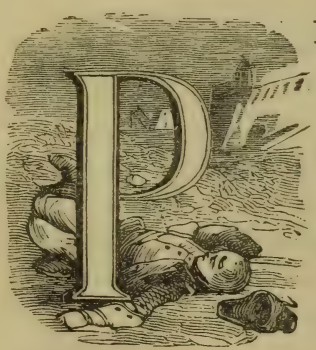
strike her colours, but the British not being able to take possession, the flag was afterwards rehoisted.

It was thought by many persons in the fleet at the time of the battle, that Captain Elliot might have come into close action before Commodore Perry boarded his vessel; and Perry himself expressed this opinion, and called on the proper authorities for an official inquiry into the matter, some time after. This gave rise to a controversy which has not yet terminated, during which much nautical language, much special pleading, and many diagrams have been employed to show that if there was any fault it was Perry's, and not Elliot's. But public opinion chose to regard Perry as the hero of the day, at the time of the battle, and the lapse of more than thirty years has not served to depress his reputation in public estimation, notwithstanding the violence with which it has been assailed. If there ever was a victory won by the extraordinary exertions of the commander-in-chief, it was this on Lake Erie. There were many circumstances against him—such as the superior force of the enemy, the sickness of many of his men, while those of the British are admitted to have been all in health, and the fact that he received no support from the Niagara until his own ship was disabled, and he was compelled to shift his flag. It is upon these broad and indisputable facts, that his countrymen have assigned him a place in the very highest rank of their naval commanders, from which detraction can never remove him. His memory and his noble character will be cherished to the latest time as a portion of the nation's inheritance of glory.

Previous to Perry's victory, there were many and incessant clamours against the war, and many, of both the friends and enemies of that measure, ventured to prognosticate that the American officers were unable to conduct a fleet in action. Everything of this kind was now silenced, and friends and enemies of the war all united to do honour to those to whom honour was so justly due. In acknowledgment of his services in this action, Perry was promoted, and received the thanks of Congress and many state legislatures; but he rested not from his toils. The British naval force on the lake was now subdued, and Perry quitted naval warfare for the moment, to engage and assist in the enterprises of General Harrison on land. He assisted at the taking of the Moravian towns, on the 5th of October following his own victory.

Battle of the Thames.

BATTLE OF THE THAMES.



REVIOUS to the battle of the Thames, Commodore Perry's victory had opened the way for the passage of the American army into Canada, and on the 3d of October, General Harrison left Sandwich in pursuit of Proctor, with about one hundred and forty regulars, Colonel Johnson's mounted regiment, and the Kentucky volunteers, under the venerable

Governor Shelby, amounting, in the whole, to near thirty-five hundred men. Harrison was accompanied by Commodore Perry, who volunteered as his aide-de-camp.

The army reached the river Thames, which falls into Lake St. Clair, twenty-five miles above Detroit, the same evening, and next morning crossed by a bridge, which Proctor had neglected to destroy. Harrison put himself at the head of the mounted regiment and pushed forward, in order, if possible, to save the bridge over three branches of the Thames, which ran between him and the British army. At the first of these they captured a lieutenant of dragoons and eleven privates, who had been despatched by Proctor to destroy it; and the second having been but imperfectly destroyed, was soon repaired, and the army passed over and encamped on the evening of the 3d of October.

The baggage had thus far been brought over in boats, accompanied by gun-boats to protect it, and, if necessary, to cover the passage of the army across the rivers; but the river above being narrow, with high woody banks, it became necessary to leave the baggage under a guard, and trust to the bravery of the troops to effect a passage across the remaining stream. Next morning, about eight miles above their encampment, the army arrived at the third unfordable branch of the Thames, where they found that the bridge over its mouth, as well as one a mile above, had been taken up by the Indians. Here several hundred of the Indians attempted to dispute the passage of the troops, but the fire from two six-pounders soon

drove them off; and in about two hours after, the bridge was repaired, and the troops crossed just in time to extinguish a house that had been set on fire, containing a considerable number of muskets, which were fortunately saved. At the first farm above the bridge was found one of the enemy's vessels on fire, and here intelligence was received that they were but a few miles ahead.

The army halted for the night about four miles above the bridge, where they found two other vessels, and a large distillery, filled with ordnance and other valuable stores to an immense amount, in flames. It was impossible to extinguish the fire; but two mounted twenty-four-pounders were taken, and a large quantity of ball and shells of various sizes. Early on the morning of the 5th, the troops were again put in motion, and in the afternoon the officer commanding the advance sent to inform General Harrison that his progress was stopped by the enemy, who were formed across the line of march.

Between the two armies the road passed through an uncleared beech forest, pretty clear of underwood, near the banks of a river, parallel to which, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, extended a swamp several miles in length. Across this strip of land the British were drawn up, their left resting on the river, supported by artillery; their right on the swamp, covered by the Indians.

The Americans were now formed in order of battle. General Trotter's brigade formed the front line, his right upon the road, and his left upon the swamp; while General Desha's division, consisting

of two brigades, formed *en potence** on his left. General King's brigade formed a second line, one hundred and fifty yards in the rear of Trotter's; and Chile's brigade formed the command of Major-General Henry. Each brigade averaged nearly five hundred men. The crotchet formed by Desha's division was occupied by Shelby, the governor of Kentucky, a veteran of sixty-six years of age, who had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war, at King's Mountain. These troops, who now amounted only to one hundred and twenty men, occupied in columns of sections of four the small space between the road and the river, for the purpose of seizing the enemy's artillery; and ten or twelve friendly Indians were directed to move under the bank. Harrison had directed Johnson's mounted infantry to form in two lines opposite to the enemy, and, when the infantry advanced, to take ground to the left, and, forming upon that flank, to endeavour to turn the right of the Indians. It was perceived, however, that it would be impracticable for them to do anything on horseback, in that quarter, owing to the thickness of the woods and the swampiness of the ground. A measure altogether novel was therefore determined on, which was crowned with the most signal success. The American backwoodsmen ride better in the woods than any other people. A musket or rifle is no impediment to them, being

*Troops are ranged *en potence* by breaking a straight line, and throwing a certain proportion of it either backward or forward, according to circumstances, for the purpose of securing the line.

Duane's Military Dictionary.

accustomed to carry either on horseback from their earliest youth. A charge was determined on, and accordingly the regiment was drawn up in close column, with its right at the distance of fifty yards from the road, that it might in some measure be protected from the artillery, and the left upon the swamp.

The army moved on in this order but a short distance, when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were instantly ordered to charge. The horses in the front of the column recoiled from the fire; but on receiving a second fire the column got into motion, and immediately, at full speed, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest was over in front. The British officers, seeing no hope of reducing their disordered ranks to order, the mounted infantry wheeling upon them and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. Only three of the Americans were wounded in this charge.

Upon the American left, however, the contest with the Indians was more severe. Colonel Johnson, who commanded on that flank of his regiment, received a most galling fire from them, which was returned with great effect. The Indians still further to the left advanced and fell in with the front line of infantry, near its junction with the division *en potence*, and for a moment made an impression upon it. Governor Shelby, however, who, as already stated, was stationed near this point, brought up a regiment to its support. The enemy now received a severe fire in front, and a part

of the mounted men having gained their rear, they immediately retreated with precipitation.

The moment had now arrived which was to prove whether the stigma that had been thrown on our Kentucky brethren was founded on truth or falsehood; when it was to be seen whether they were* "a ferocious and mortal foe, using the same mode of warfare with the allies of Britain." The troops who had now completely in their power the army under whose eyes had been acted the tragedy of the river Raisin, and that which was acted on the Miami after the defeat of Colonel Dudley, were almost exclusively composed of Kentuckians; of men who had lost their brothers or friends in those shocking scenes. Nor were even the instruments of vengeance wanting. They were accompanied by the savages that had perpetrated those deeds, who had just been suing for mercy, and would gladly have shown their claims to it, by reacting upon the Thames the bloody scenes of the river Raisin. But how did they avail themselves of the opportunity which now presented? Did they turn the tide of horrible warfare which had deluged their borders in the blood of wounded prisoners, and of helpless age and infancy, upon the head of its abettors? No: to their honour and to the honour of their country be it spoken, they did not. The moment the enemy was in their power all injuries were magnanimously forgotten, and the prisoners received the most honourable and delicate treatment from the hands of those whom they had

* General Brock's proclamation, for which see page 33 of Official Documents.

stigmatized as savages, the employment of whom justified the use of the Indians.

Of the British troops twelve were killed, and twenty-two wounded in this action, and six hundred and one regulars taken prisoners. General Proctor escaped by the fleetness of his horses, escorted by forty dragoons, and a number of mounted Indians. The Indians suffered the greatest loss. Thirty-three were found dead on the ground, besides numbers who were killed in the retreat. On the day of the action six pieces of brass artillery were taken, and two twenty-four-pounders the day before. Several others were discovered in the river, which were expected to be saved. Of the brass pieces, three were trophies of the revolutionary war, that were taken at Saratoga and York, and surrendered by General Hull. The number of small arms captured by the Americans, or destroyed by the enemy, must have exceeded five thousand; most of them had been taken by the British at Detroit, and the river Raisin, and the Miami. The loss of the Americans was seven killed and twenty-two wounded, five of whom afterwards died.

The American troops certainly deserved great praise for their conduct in this action; for although they considerably outnumbered the British, it must be recollected that they were only militia, and that the British had chosen a position that effectually secured their flanks, and which it was impossible for the Americans to turn, or to present a line more extended than that of the enemy.

The death of Tecumseh, which took place in this action, has been attributed to Colonel Johnson.

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Citadel of Kingston, from the St. Lawrence.

Commodore Chauncey.

GALLANT ACTION OF COMMODORE CHAUNCEY UNDER THE GUNS OF KINGSTON CITADEL.

ON the 6th of November, 1813, Commodore Chauncey sailed in the Oneida with his six schooners, in pursuit of the enemy, and on the same day fell in with the Royal George, which he chased into the bay of Quanti, where he lost sight of her in the night. Next morning he again

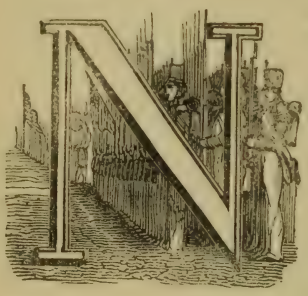
discovered her in Kingston Channel, and immediately gave chase, and followed her into the harbour of Kingston, where he engaged her and the batteries for an hour and three-quarters. Chauncey had made up his mind to board her, notwithstanding she was protected by the batteries; but the wind blowing directly in, the pilots refused to take charge of the vessels, and it was therefore deemed imprudent to make the attack at this time. He accordingly hauled off, and beat up, under a heavy fire from the enemy, to Four Mile Point, where the squadron anchored. During the night it blew heavy, with squalls from the westward; and there being every appearance of a gale of wind, the pilot became alarmed, and Chauncey thought it most prudent to get into a place of more safety, and therefore reluctantly deferred renewing the attack until a more favourable opportunity.

The signal was made to weigh at seven the next morning, and the squadron beat out of a very narrow channel, under a heavy press of sail, to the open lake. At ten they fell in with the Governor Simcoe, which escaped into Kingston harbour by running over a reef of rocks, under a heavy fire from three of the schooners, during which all her people ran below. It now coming on to blow very heavy, Chauncey bore up for Sackett's Harbour, and on his way thither captured two schooners, one of which was burnt after taking out her sails and rigging.

The Oneida, in this affair, had one man killed and three slightly wounded, and a few shot through her sails. The schooners lost no men by the enemy's fire, and received but little injury in their hulls and

sails. One of their guns, however, burst early in the action, which wounded her commander badly, and a midshipman and three men slightly. The Royal George received considerable injury in her hull and in men, as the gun-vessels, with their long thirty-two-pounders, were seen to strike her almost every shot; and it was observed that she was reinforced with men three different times during the action.

THE SACKING OF HAMPTON.



OTHING can exceed the barbarous conduct of the British naval commanders on Chesapeake Bay, during the year 1813. Their ravages will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Virginia and Maryland. After burning Frenchtown, Havre de Grace, Georgetown, and Fredericktown, they attempted to reach Norfolk, but were nobly repulsed at Craney Island. Foiled in their meditated attack on Norfolk, by this repulse at the mouth of the harbour, the British again turned their attention to the easier duties of laying waste unprotected villages; and that of Hampton, which lay nearly opposite, naturally presented itself. Here they landed a body of two thousand men, with but little opposition, there being only a small detachment of militia encamped near the town, who were soon

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Burning of Hampton.

forced to retreat under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, and congreve rockets. The British now took possession of the village; and here a horrid scene of barbarity ensued, which was characterized by plunder, devastation, murder, and rape. The British troops shortly after retreated to their ships, when a correspondence took place by means of flags between General Taylor, the commandant at Norfolk, and Sir Sidney Beckwith, quartermaster-general of the British forces, on the subject of these excesses. Sir Sidney attempted to justify them on the ground of inhumanity in some of the American troops, on Craney Island, whom he charged with having waded into the river, and shot at their unresisting and yielding foe, who clung to the wreck of a boat, which had been sunk by the fire of their guns. This imputation was promptly repelled, and a board of officers was immediately appointed to investigate the charge. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that in the action at Craney Island, two of the enemy's boats in front of the line were sunk by the fire of the batteries; the soldiers and sailors who were in those boats were consequently afloat, and in danger of drowning, and being in front of the boats that were uninjured, guns were necessarily fired in the direction of the men in the water, but with no intention, whatever, to do them further harm; but, on the contrary, orders were given to prevent this, by ceasing to fire grape, and only to fire round shot; it was also substantiated that one of the enemy, who had apparently surrendered, advanced towards the shore about one hundred yards, where he suddenly turned to his right, and endeavoured to make

his escape to a body of the enemy who had landed above the island, and who were then in view; then, and not till then, he was fired upon to bring him back, which had the desired effect, and he was taken unhurt to the island. It further appeared, that the troops on the island exerted themselves in acts of hospitality to the unresisting and yielding foe.

But, even if this charge had been founded on fact, it could not have justified the measures adopted by the British. The facts should surely have been first clearly ascertained and redress demanded, before any retaliation was resorted to, especially a retaliation so extravagant in its measures, applying not to the perpetrators of the alleged offence, nor to their comrades, but to the unresisting, innocent, and helpless.

Captain Lawrence.

CAPTURE OF THE PEACOCK.

SOON after the declaration of war, Captain Lawrence sailed from Boston in company with Commodore Bainbridge, on a cruise to the East Indies; but in running down the coast of Brazil, in the month of December, they found the Bonne Citoyenne, a British ship-of-war, laden with specie, lying in the

harbour of St. Salvador. Though this ship was superior to the Hornet in force, Lawrence challenged the commander to meet him in action. He declined, and Lawrence blockaded him in the port till January, 1813, when the arrival of the Montague, of seventy-four guns, compelled him to retreat.

From St. Salvador Captain Lawrence now shaped his course towards Pernambuco. On the 10th of February, he captured the English brig Resolution, of ten guns, laden with provisions and about twenty-five thousand dollars in specie; but, as she was a dull sailer, and he could not spare hands to man her, he took out the money and the crew, and burnt her. He then ran down the coast from Maranham; and, after cruising near that place and Surinam till the 23d of February, he stood for Demerara. On the next morning he discovered a brig to leeward, and chased her so near the shore that he was obliged to haul off for want of a pilot. During the chase, however, he had discovered a vessel at anchor outside of the bar of Demerara river, with English colours flying, and now began beating round the Corobano bank to get at her; when, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, another sail was seen on his weather quarter, edging down for him. As she approached, she hoisted English colours, and proved to be the British brig Peacock, Captain Peake. The Hornet was immediately cleared for action, and kept close to the wind, in order to get the weather-gage of the approaching vessel. At ten minutes past five, finding that he could weather the enemy, Captain Lawrence hoisted American colours, tacked, and, in about a

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Sinking of the Peacock.

quarter of an hour, passed the British ship within half pistol-shot, and exchanged broadsides. The enemy was now in the act of wearing, when Captain Lawrence bore up, received his starboard broadside, and ran him close on board on the starboard quarter; from which position he kept up so close and bloody a fire, that in less than fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action, the British struck their colours, and hoisted a signal of distress. Lieutenant Shubrick instantly went on board, and found that she was cut to pieces, her captain killed, many of the crew killed and wounded, her mainmast gone by the board, six feet water in the hold, and sinking very fast. The two ships were immediately brought to anchor, and the Hornet's boats despatched to bring off the wounded; but, although her guns were thrown overboard, the shot-holes which could be got at plugged, and every exertion made by pumping and baling to keep her afloat, so completely had she been shattered that she sunk before the prisoners could be removed, carrying down thirteen of her crew, as well as three men belonging to the Hornet. Lieutenant Conner and the other officers and men employed in removing the prisoners, narrowly escaped by leaping into a boat, as the Peacock went down; and four seamen of the Hornet ran up into the foretop at the same time, and were taken off by the boats.

The Peacock was deemed one of the finest ships of her class in the British navy. In size she was about equal to the Hornet; but in guns and men, the Hornet was somewhat, though very little, her superior; and by no means so much so as to give her any

decided advantage. The loss on board the Peacock could not be precisely ascertained. Captain Peake was twice wounded, the second time mortally. Four men were found dead on board. The master and thirty-two others were wounded, three of whom afterwards died. The Hornet had only one man killed, and two slightly wounded. Her rigging and sails were much cut, but her hull received very little injury. During the engagement, the vessel which the Hornet had been endeavouring to reach before the Peacock bore down, lay at anchor within six miles, and as she was a brig—the Espiegle—carrying fifteen thirty-two-pound carronades, and two long nines, it was supposed that she would attack the Hornet, after the latter had been disabled by the combat. The Hornet was immediately prepared to receive her, and, by nine o'clock at night, her boats were stowed, a new set of sails bent, and everything ready for action. She, however, declined coming out. The next morning, Captain Lawrence found that he had two hundred and seventy souls on board the Hornet, and, as his crew had for some time been on short allowance, resolved to steer for the United States. The officers of the Peacock received from those of the Hornet the most humane and honourable treatment; so penetrated with gratitude were they for the kindness which they had experienced, that they could not restrain the expression of their feelings till they reached England, but, on their arrival in the United States, published a letter of thanks to Captain Lawrence and his officers, in which they declared that such was the liberality displayed to them, that "they ceased to

consider themselves prisoners." Nor was the rough generosity of the Hornet's crew less honourable. As the sailors of the Peacock had lost everything except what they had on their backs, when she went down, the crew of the Hornet united to relieve them; and made every English sailor a present of two shirts, and a blue jacket and pair of trowsers; a true-hearted liberality, which raises them in our estimation higher than even their victory.

Weatherford.

MASSACRE AT FORT MIMMS.

THE famous Indian chief Weatherford was born in the Creek nation. His father was an itinerant pedlar, sordid, treacherous, and revengeful; his mother was a full-blooded savage, of the tribe of the Seminoles. He partook of all the bad qualities of both his parents, and engrafted on the stock he inherited from others, many that were peculiarly his own. With avarice, treachery, and a thirst for blood, he combined lust, gluttony, and a devotion to every species of criminal carousal. Fortune, in her freaks, sometimes gives to

the most profligate an elevation of mind which she denies to men whose propensities are the most virtuous. On Weatherford she bestowed genius, eloquence, and courage. The first of these qualities enabled him to conceive great designs, the last to execute them; while eloquence, bold, impressive, and figurative, furnished him with a passport to the favour of his countrymen and followers. Silent and reserved, unless when excited by some great occasion, and superior to the weakness of rendering himself cheap by the frequency of his addresses, he delivered his opinions but seldom in council; but when he did so, he was listened to with delight and approbation. His judgment and eloquence had secured the respect of the old, his vices made him the idol of the young and unprincipled. In his person tall, straight, and well-proportioned; his eye black, lively, and penetrating, and indicative of courage and enterprise; his nose prominent, thin, and elegant in its formation; while all the features of his face, harmoniously arranged, spoke of an active and disciplined mind. Passionately devoted to wealth, he had appropriated to himself a fine tract of land, improved and settled it; and, from the profits of his father's pack, had decorated and embellished it. To it he retired occasionally, and, relaxing from the cares of state, he indulged in pleasures which are but rarely found to afford satisfaction to the devotees of ambition and fame. Such were the opposite and sometimes disgusting traits of character in the celebrated Weatherford, the key and corner-stone of the Creek confederacy!

It is said that this chief had adopted fully the

views of Tecumseh, and that, if he had entered upon his designs without delay, he would have been amply able to overrun the whole Mississippi territory. But this fortunate moment was lost, and, in the end, his plans came to ruin. Not long before the wretched butchery at Fort Mimms, General Claiborne visited that post, and very particularly warned its holders against a surprise. After giving orders for the construction of two additional block-houses, he concluded the order with these words: "To respect an enemy, and prepare the best possible way to meet him, is the certain means to insure success." It was expected that Weatherford would soon attack some of the forts, and General Claiborne marched to Fort Early, as that was the furthest advanced into the enemy's country. On his way he wrote to Major Beasley, the commander of Mimms, informing him of the danger of an attack; and, strange as it may appear, the next day after the letter was received (August 30th, 1813), Weatherford, at the head of about fifteen hundred warriors, entered the fort at noonday, when a shocking carnage ensued. The gate had been left open and unguarded; but before many of the warriors had entered they were met by Major Beasley, at the head of his men, and for some time the contest was bloody and doubtful; each striving for the mastery of the entrance. Here, man to man, the fight continued for a quarter of an hour with tomahawks, knives, swords, and bayonets. A scene now presented itself almost without a parallel in the annals of Indian warfare. The garrison consisted of two hundred and seventy-five: of these only one hundred and sixty were soldiers;

Defence of Fort Mimms.

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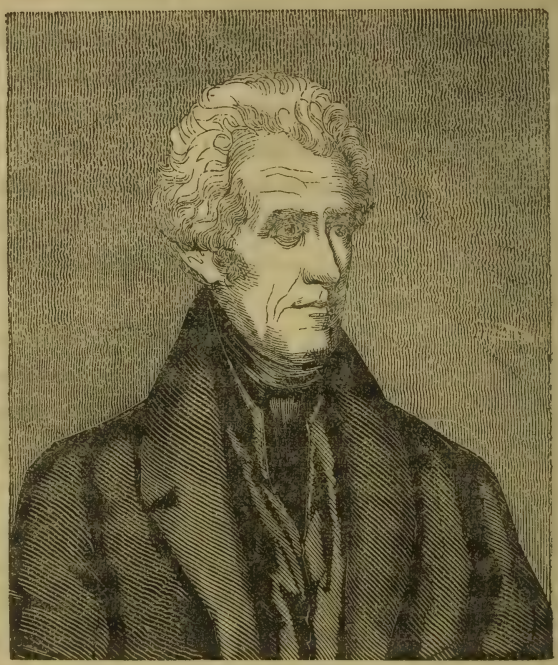
the rest were old men, women, and children, who had here taken refuge. It is worthy of very emphatical remark, that every officer expired fighting at the gate A lieutenant having been badly wounded, was carried by two women to a block-house; but when he was a little recovered, he insisted on being carried back to the fatal scene, which was done by the same heroines, who placed him by the side of a dead champion, where he was soon despatched.

The defenders of the garrison being now nearly all slain, the women and children shut themselves up in the block-houses, and seizing upon what weapons they could find, began, in that perilous and hopeless situation, to defend themselves. But the Indians soon succeeded in setting these houses on fire; and all such as refused to meet death without, perished in the flames within. Seventeen only escaped of all the garrison, and many of those were desperately wounded. It was judged that, during the contest at the gate, near four hundred of Weatherford's warriors were wounded or slain.



General Jackson.

SURRENDER OF WEATHERFORD.

AFTER the battle at Horse-shoe Bend, in which General Jackson gave the death-blow to the power of the formidable Creek nation, the Indians, seeing all resistance was at an end, came forward in great numbers and made their submission. Weatherford

however, and many who were known to be desperate, still stood out; perhaps from fear. General Jackson determined to test the fidelity of those chiefs who had submitted, and therefore ordered them to deliver, without delay, Weatherford into his hands, that he might be dealt with as he deserved. When they had made known to the sachem what was required of them, his noble spirit would not submit to such degradation; and to hold them harmless, he resolved to give himself up without compulsion. Accordingly, he proceeded to the American camp, unknown, until he appeared before the commanding general, to whose presence, under some pretence, he gained admission. General Jackson was greatly surprised, when the chief said, "I am Weatherford, the chief who commanded at the capture of Fort Mimms. I desire peace for my people, and have come to ask it." Jackson had, doubtless, determined upon his execution when he should be brought bound, as he had directed; but his unexpected appearance, in this manner, saved him. The general said he was astonished that he should venture to appear in his presence, as he was not ignorant of his having been at Fort Mimms, nor of his inhuman conduct there, for which he well deserved to die. "I ordered," continued the general, "that you should be brought to me bound; and had you been brought in this manner, I should have known how to treat you." In answer to this, Weatherford made the following famous speech.

"I am in your power—do with me as you please —I am a soldier. I have done the whites all the

harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight—I would contend to the last: but I have none. My people are all gone. I can only weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

General Jackson was pleased with his boldness, and told him that, though he was in his power, yet he would take no advantage; that he might yet join the war party, and contend against the Americans, if he chose, but to depend upon no quarter if taken afterward; and that unconditional submission was his and his people's only safety. Weatherford rejoined, in a tone as dignified as it was indignant—"You can safely address me in such terms now. There was a time when I could have answered you—there was a time when I had a choice—I have none now. I have not even a hope. I could once animate my warriors to battle—but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talledega, Tallushatchee, Emuckfaw, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself without thought. While there was a single chance of success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation, not for myself. I look back with deep sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to. If they

are opposed, you shall find me amongst the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge. To this they must not, and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation that we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it."

General Scott.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

ON the 25th of September, 1814, General Brown received information that the British had appeared near Queenstown Heights in considerable force. Accordingly, he despatched General Scott with a part of the army to watch the enemy, and, if necessary, bring on an engagement. On arriving near Niagara Falls, Scott learned that the British

were within a short distance, and separated from him only by a narrow wood. Turning this, a thrilling spectacle burst upon his view. Their whole army, thirsting for battle, was sweeping from point to point in dense columns, while the scarlet uniform of the infantry, and gay trappings of the cavalry, flashed and dazzled in the setting sun. The day had been beautiful; and as the sun sat silently on the horizon, lighting up the west in a flood of golden light, no sound of nature disturbed her hushed repose, save the roaring of the mighty cataract. In the distance the full moon hung pale and timid; while, through the mist that covered Scott's little band, a full rainbow broke forth, as though presaging coming victory.

But peace was soon broken. Small as was his army, Scott hesitated not to hurl it against the haughty legions of Britain. The occasional firing of skirmishers was heard first; then the tramping of companies; the shouts of officers; the rolling of musketry; the thundering of cannon; and then one crash of sounds that shook the air and woods around, and drowned even the roarings of Niagara. Death laughed triumphantly over that riot, and tall forms that had recklessly dared every climate, and every hardship, sunk down by scores, like weeds before the scythe of the mower. The sun went down; yet, heedless of aught around, the mad combatants continued their work. At the first sight of the enemy, Scott had sent information of their force and position to General Brown, and one messenger after another was seen sweeping along the road that communicated between the two officers. A handful was

wrestling for victory with fearful odds; and there, under the eye of Scott, they held the envied treasure in their hands, until reinforcements arrived.

Meanwhile, having heard the noise of battle, General Brown was hurrying on the second brigade, with all the artillery, to Scott's assistance. As he was himself hurrying forward he met Major Jones, assistant adjutant-general, who was bringing a message from General Scott, that he had met the enemy. Pushing forward, he met Major Wood, who reported the obstinacy of the battle; and soon after, while turning the wood, the whole scene burst on his view. Anxious to relieve Scott's exhausted brigade, the commander interposed a new line between that general's and the British; while the latter posted their artillery upon a hill which commanded the field, and was the key of all operations. The momentary pause necessary for the completion of these movements was soon interrupted; the battle grew hotter and deeper; and the bosom of night was lighted up by the flashing of bayonets, and glaring of artillery.

At length the enemy's artillery became so destructive that it became necessary to storm its position on the hill. The duty was assigned to Colonel Miller, escorted by General Scott. Amid all the horrors of that dark conflict, no duty was so hazardous, so terrible as this. On those devoted men moved, while blazing batteries were glaring before them, and the balls ploughing and riddling their ranks. Over mounds and ridges they pressed, their colonel in front, and General Scott pioneering them through every danger. More and more loud those guns pealed on, until all

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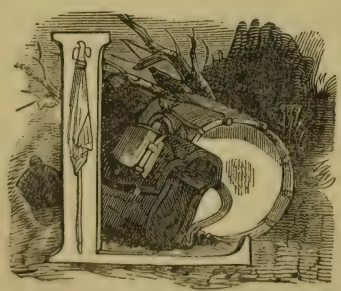
General Brown receiving the communication of Major Jones

intermission ceased, and all else was swallowed up in one wide flash, one deafening roar. The first regiment under Ripley had already given way; but nothing could stop the intrepid assailants. They reached the work. Waving his sword, Miller leaped on the parapet, and instantly his comrades closed round him. Then the cannon ceased; bayonet clashed against bayonet, and all was still. It was an eloquent silence; and friends below were racking with intense anxiety. On that summit General Brown was anxiously gazing. All his hopes hung there. Suddenly there arose one long wild shout. The batteries had been silenced, the enemy driven off, and the key of their position secured. Then friends below united their huzzas with those above, carrying terror to the bosoms of the British. A second pause now succeeded the din of war; and then began the final struggle. Charge after charge was made on the gallant Miller; but still he held his troops to their posts, and flung back the shattered columns of Britain in bleeding masses. Again they would advance, and again retreat, until the ground was strewed with dead and dying. On the plains, horse, infantry, artillery, friend and foe, were mingled in sickening disorder. Companies were trampled by their own cavalry, and commanders were frequently leading the squadrons of their enemy. A black pall of smoke shut out all light, and showers of iron hail were flying at random among friend and foe. Generals Brown and Scott were severely wounded, a general killed, together with many officers on both sides killed or wounded. At midnight the enemy retreated. The battle of Niagara was finished.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.



EAVING unnoticed, from the scantiness of our limits, a number of military achievements during the brilliant campaign of 1814, we have only space to give a brief sketch of the great battle of New Orleans, before passing to the recent achievements of our armies in Mexico.

General Jackson's hard service in the Creek war of 1813–14 had given him not only experience, but

increased confidence in his own remarkable abilities. His decision of character was nobly evinced in his summary treatment of the Spanish authorities in Florida, as well as in the strong measures which he took for the prevention of treason, and for the defence of New Orleans. The action of the 23d of December was of immense importance, in daunting the enemy, and gaining time for defensive operations, and the arrival of reinforcements; the last of which, two thousand five hundred Kentuckians, arrived on the 4th of January, 1815.

On the night of the 7th, with infinite labour, the British succeeded in getting their boats into the Mississippi, by widening and deepening the channel of the bayou, from which they had about two weeks before effected their disembarkation. Though these operations were not unperceived, it was not in Jackson's power to impede them by a general attack: the nature of the troops under his command, mostly militia, rendering it too hazardous to attempt extensive offensive movements in an open country, against a numerous and well-disciplined army. Although his forces, as to number, had been increased by the arrival of the Kentucky division, his strength had received very little addition; a small portion only of that detachment being provided with arms. Compelled thus to wait the attack of the enemy, Jackson, however, took every measure to repel it when it should be made, and to defeat the object in view.

Early in the morning of the 8th, the enemy, after throwing a heavy shower of bombs and congreve rockets, advanced their columns on the right and left

to storm the intrenchments on the left bank of the Mississippi, throwing over a considerable force in his boats at the same time to the right bank. The intrenchments on the right bank were occupied by General Morgan, with the New Orleans contingent, the Louisiana militia, and a strong detachment of the Kentucky troops; General Jackson, with the Tennessee and the remainder of the Kentucky militia, occupied the works on the left bank.

The columns of the enemy advanced in good order towards Jackson's intrenchments, the men shouldering their muskets, and all carrying fascines, and some with ladders. The batteries now opened an incessant fire on the British columns, which continued to advance in pretty good order, until, in a few minutes, the musketry of the militia, joining their fire with that of the artillery, began to make an impression on them, which soon threw them into confusion. At this time the noise of the continued rolling fire resembled the concussion of tremendous peals of thunder. For some time the British officers succeeded in animating the courage of their troops, although every discharge from the batteries opened the columns, mowing down whole files, which were almost instantaneously replaced by new troops coming up close after the first: but these also shared the same fate, until at last, after twenty-five minutes continued firing, through which a few platoons advanced to the edge of the ditch, the columns broke and retreated in confusion.

A second attack was received in the same manner. The British were forced to retreat, with an immense loss. But vain was the attempt of the officers to

New Orleans.

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bring them up a third time. The soldiers were insensible to everything but danger, and saw nothing but death, which had struck so many of their comrades.

Near the commencement of the attack, General Packenham, the British commander-in-chief, lost his life at the head of his troops, and soon after Generals Keane and Gibbs were carried off the field dangerously wounded. A great many other officers of rank fell, and the plain between the front line of the British and the American works, a distance of four hundred yards, was literally covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. At this time General Jackson's loss was only seven killed and six wounded.

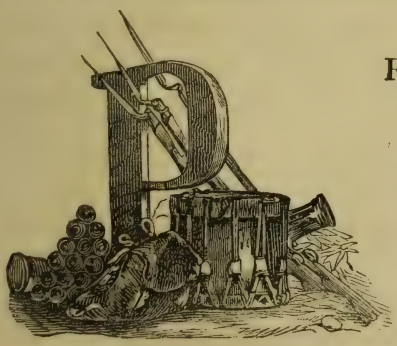
The entire destruction of the British army had now been inevitable, had not the militia on the right bank of the river ingloriously fled. Commodore Patterson, who commanded the batteries, was of course forced to abandon them, after spiking his guns. This changed the aspect of affairs. The enemy now occupied a position from which he could annoy Jackson, and by means of which he might defeat, in a great measure, the effects of the success of the Americans on the other side of the river. It became, therefore, an object of the first consequence to dislodge him as soon as possible. For this object, all the means which Jackson could with any safety use, were put in preparation. But so great had been the loss of the British on the left bank, that they were not able to hold the position which they had gained on the right bank without jeoparding the safety of the whole army. The troops were therefore withdrawn, and Jackson immediately regained the lost position.

The spirit of vengeance, which marked the conduct of the British during the campaign, was manifested even in this battle, although they suffered so signal a defeat. After their repulse on the left bank, numbers of the American troops, prompted merely by sentiments of humanity, went, of their own accord, in front of their lines, to assist the wounded British, to give them drink, and to carry them within the lines. While they were thus employed, they were actually fired upon, and several killed. Yet the others, regardless of the danger, persevered in their laudable purpose. This instance of baseness may have proceeded from individuals; nor would it in common cases be presumed, that the men were ordered to fire by their officers: but if the fact be, as has been repeatedly asserted without contradiction, that the watchword of the day was the significant words "*beauty and booty*," no charge would seem too atrocious for belief against the British commanders.

The total loss of the Americans in this action on both sides of the river, was thirteen killed, thirty-nine wounded, and nineteen missing. The British acknowledge a loss of two hundred and ninety-three killed, twelve hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and four hundred and eighty-four missing. About one thousand stand of arms of different descriptions were taken by the Americans.

General Taylor

BATTLE OF PALO ALTO.



REVIOUS to the existing war with Mexico, the arms of the United States have met with varied fortunes; sometimes successful and sometimes exposed to heavy disasters. But

the present war has been one of unvaried triumph. In every action where our brave soldiers have met the enemy, victory has perched upon their banners.

The first of these brilliant actions, that of Palo Alto, is thus described by Captain Henry, in his eloquent and interesting "Campaign Sketches:"

The following was the order of our line of battle: The right wing, commanded by Colonel Twiggs, was composed of the 5th infantry on the right, Ringgold's artillery, the 3d infantry, Churchill's eighteen-pound battery, and 4th infantry. Left wing, commanded by Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Belknap, composed of Duncan's artillery—the artillery companies serving as infantry—and the 8th infantry. Ringgold's and Duncan's batteries were immediately advanced, and opened their fires. The firing of the enemy was incessant, although not very accurate. The enemy's line of battle was along and in advance of the chapparal. Their cavalry (lancers) were on the left, then a battery, then masses of infantry, then a battery, masses of infantry, another battery, and again masses of infantry. Their position had been deliberately assumed, knowing where we would pass the road. The fire of the gallant Ringgold's battery on our right told with deadly effect upon their mass of cavalry; platoons appeared to be mowed down at a time. The two eighteen-pounders carried death and destruction with them. The cavalry soon found it was getting too warm for them, and commenced moving off, by a flank movement to the left, in a trot, and were *tickled* into a gallop by a discharge of the eighteens. Their flank movement threatened our

train, and was promptly met by the movement of a section of Ringgold's battery under Lieutenant Ridgely, the 5th and 3d infantry. The strength of this body of cavalry was computed at one thousand, and, therefore, was a formidable demonstration. The 5th received them in square, and from the fire of an angle vacated twenty saddles. Some of them still passed on, until they saw the 3d advancing in column by division, when they rapidly retreated. Lieutenant Ridgely performed excellent service with his pieces. He aimed and fired a shell, which struck a lancer about the middle, and exploded simultaneously with the blow, making one mangled mass of horse and rider.

Thus the battle progressed on our right. On the left, the gallant Duncan was pouring in a most destructive fire. Each shot seemed to take effect; and, as our men saw the execution, their cries of triumph mingled with the cannon's roar. The fire of the enemy upon our left was more galling; the 8th infantry, particularly, suffered, having been kept in column, instead of being deployed in line. The regiments of artillery and infantry, and squadrons of dragoons, stood firm as veterans, ready to support our batteries. The prairie took fire, and the burning of the long, rank grass, sent up columns of smoke, which at times concealed the opposing forces. The cannonading commenced at three P. M., and ceased for a short time at four P. M.

In the mean time, a masterly movement to the right, to outflank the enemy, was being executed. Ringgold's battery and the eighteen-pounders were

pushed forward toward the left flank of the enemy. The 4th infantry and 1st brigade moved up to their support. As soon as the firing recommenced, the enemy were forced to change their line of battle. Lieutenant Duncan, under cover of the smoke, conceived and executed a brilliant flank movement on the enemy's right. He advanced with his battery, and suddenly debouched and poured in a galling enfilading fire upon their right flank; it was thrown into the utmost confusion. His shells and shrapnell shot told with murderous effect. At this moment, if a charge had been made, so great was the confusion of the enemy, the whole field would have been swept; but the general felt bound to protect his train, and feared any movement which would have laid it open to an attack. As night approached the fire of the enemy slackened, and it ceased on both sides with the setting sun. We had driven the enemy from his position, and forced him to retire. We encamped as victors upon the field of battle. The last rays of the setting sun tinged with a golden light the clouds of battle that hung heavily over the field of carnage; the weary army rested on their arms, and slept sweetly on the prairie grass.

Our loss was wonderfully small. Nine killed, forty-four wounded, and two missing. Major Ringgold, Captain Page, Lieutenants Luther, 2d artillery, and Wallen, 4th infantry, were wounded. Major Ringgold received a shot while seated on his horse, which carried away the flesh on his legs from his knees up, and passed through the withers of his thorough-bred charger, "David Branch;" of this wound he died

the next day. Captain Page had his lower jaw shot off; Lieutenant Luther was wounded in the calf of the leg, and Lieutenant Wallen very slightly in the arm; Captain Bliss, assistant adjutant-general, had his horse shot under him; likewise Lieutenant Daniels of the 2d artillery. The wounds of the men were very severe, most of them requiring amputation of some limb. The surgeon's saw was going the livelong night, and the groans of the poor sufferers were heart-rending. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon our medical officers for their devotion and prompt action. It was a sad duty for them. The enemy, commanded by General Arista, were six thousand strong; we were two thousand two hundred and eleven; only. the difference of three thousand one hundred and one, and they in a selected position. Singular to relate, the battle of Palo Alto (tall timber) was fought on the spot which General Taylor predicted when he first passed over the ground.

Death of Ringgold.

Captain Walker.

BATTLE OF RESACA DE LA PALMA.

REAL actors in a battle describe it with more vividness than can possibly be done by the historian in his study. Captain Henry's account of the battle of Resaca de la Palma is an illustration of this remark. After the battle of Palo Alto, he says that the dragoons and Captain Walker's company of volunteers, thrown out in advance, soon returned and reported the chapparal free, and the enemy in full retreat

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M'Call's advance at Resaca de la Palma.

along the road. His description of the battle of the 9th of May is as follows:

About one P. M. the army resumed its march. When we first halted, Captain G. A. M'Call had been sent in advance, with one hundred picked men, to scour the chapparal and watch the progress of the enemy. Captain C. F. Smith, of the artillery, with his battalion of light companies of the 1st brigade, followed. We proceeded through the chapparal to within three miles of the fort, when word was passed to the rear that the enemy were in force, and in a selected position. The advance under Captain M'Call had discovered them, and after a spirited brush, retired, agreeably to orders, to await the arrival of the main body. There was not a moment's hesitation; our brave general determined to give them immediate battle. Our troops filed past the train, and deployed as skirmishers to the right and left of the road. Captain M'Call's command was ordered by the general "to advance and draw the fire of the enemy." Nobly did they perform that terrible service.

The enemy, occupying the opposite bank of a ravine, concave toward us, had planted their batteries to rake the road, and every approach (few in number) through the almost impenetrable chapparal. The fire of the enemy was drawn by the advance. Lieutenant Ridgely, fit successor to the gallant Ringgold, was ordered forward with his battery. The struggle for victory then commenced. The artillery of the enemy swept the ground with their grape and canister; Lieutenant Ridgely returned it with murderous effect. Masses of their infantry, lining the banks of the

ravine, and pressing forward into the chapparal, were met by our skirmishers on the left with a gallantry and determination, on both sides, rarely equalled. Repeatedly were bayonets crossed, the enemy giving way slowly, and fighting for every inch of the ground. The 4th, 5th, 8th, and part of the 3d were on the left, and engaged in this sanguinary struggle. Owing to the dense chapparal, the regiments became mixed, but fought not the less severely. The enemy clung to their batteries with the greatest pertinacity. Ridgely's artillery thundered in reply. This gallant officer, in one of his daring advances, had only one piece unlimbered, when he was charged by a body of lancers, who came dashing down upon him like thunder, when Sergeant Kearnes put a load of canister on the top of a shell and fired it; this scattered them all but *four*, who still dashed along. Lieutenant Ridgely charged them in person, and drove them off.

Captain May rode back to the general, and asked if he should charge the battery on the opposite side of the ravine. "*Charge, captain, nolens volens!*" was the reply; and away dashed the gallant fellow. As he passed Ridgely's battery, Ridgely exclaimed, "*Hold on, Charley, till I draw their fire!*" and it is well for May that he partially succeeded. Away dashed this gallant squadron down the ravine; Lieutenant Inge fell, and many of their saddles were vacated. On went the rest; crossed the ravine, and captured the battery. Captain Graham's company was associated with May's in this memorable charge. General La Vega, standing at his battery to the last, was taken prisoner by May, and passed to the rear.

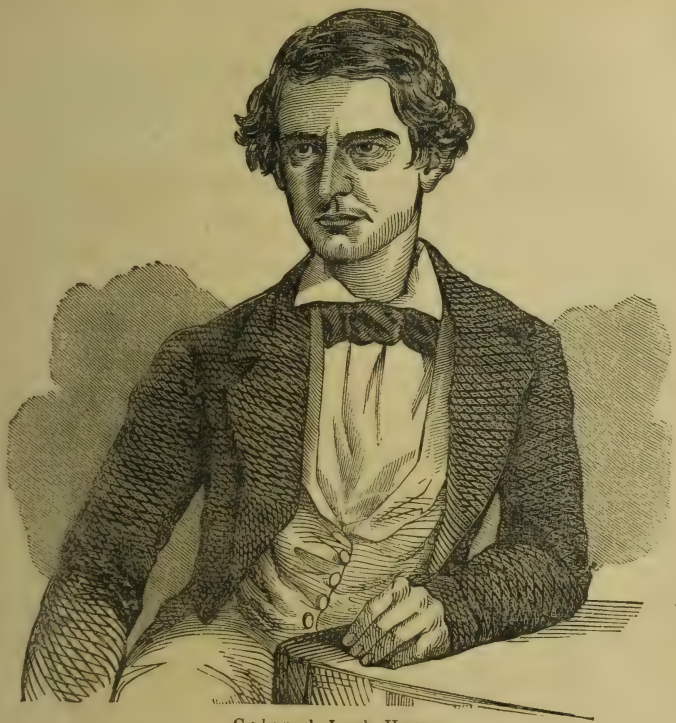
On the right of the road, where the 3d deployed, no enemy was met; but the regiment so far outflanked them as to be in danger of fires from our own batteries. The density of the chapparal was such that they could not make their way through, but were forced to return, in order to get into the action. They reached the ravine just after the desperate charge of the infantry (in which the 8th was so conspicuous) had completely routed the enemy. Immediately after their batteries were captured, Duncan came up with his battery and took the advance. The dragoons, 3d infantry, and Captain Smith's command, were ordered to support the artillery. The enemy were in full retreat. On we all pushed, hemmed in a narrow road by a dense chapparal on each side, the artillery advancing and pouring in its bloody fire, and clearing the road. About two hundred yards from the ravine we came upon the camp of the enemy. It was already captured and deserted. To this point the gallant Barbour had fearlessly advanced with his company of the 3d infantry, and, unaided, successfully resisted a desperate charge of cavalry: the empty saddles, and horses writhing in the agony of death, marked the spot where the struggle occurred.

The huge packs of the enemy were arranged with great regularity upon the ground; mules, some with packs, were scattered about; beeves were killed, their camp-fires lighted, and their meals cooking. They evidently expected to have been undisturbed that night. On, on we went, keeping up a run, and yelling like mad! The enemy now and then gave symptoms of a stand, but were driven on, scattering themselves in the

chapparal, and availing themselves of every trail that led to the river. We neared the lines of our old camp; our cheers reached high heaven, when they were suddenly silenced by three shots from an eighteen-pounder, which came very near killing some of our men. The first impression was that our friends had mistaken us for the enemy, and were firing at us from the fort; but we soon ascertained the shots came from the city.* The enemy fled in every direction, and many were drowned in their attempts to swim the river. It was a perfect rout, "horse, foot, and dragoons."

* The artillery battalion, under Colonel Childs, remained in rear to guard the train, and thus reduced our fighting force to one thousand seven hundred.

Cavalry charge on the morning of the 21st.



Colonel Jack Hays.

CAPTURE OF MONTEREY.

BEFORE his arrival in the neighbourhood of Monterey, with the army of occupation, General Taylor received frequent intimations from Mexican deserters, that the city would be surrendered without a struggle. But on approaching it, he discovered that the most strenuous exertions had been made for putting it in a state of defence.

Here, then, was an enterprise worthy of Taylor's genius. He was to capture, with six thousand men, and but a single piece of artillery suitable for a siege, a strongly fortified city, with a garrison of twelve thousand men, apparently determined to resist to the last. He was not long in taking his resolution. Approaching the city from the east, he perceived that it was commanded by fortified heights on the northwest. He therefore detached General Worth with a competent force to storm these heights, while, with the main body of the army, he should make a diversion in his favour on the eastern side. Our limits will permit only a sketch or two of detached portions of the siege. But these sketches are thrilling. The following account of a cavalry charge made by a portion of General Worth's division on the 21st of September, 1846, is from the "Scouting Expeditions" of S. C. Reid, Jr., Esq.:

As the day gradually dawned on the 21st of September, the soft gleams of light presented to our view the surrounding mountains, vales, and hills, clothed in samite green. The hallowed stillness of the hour seemed to proclaim eternal peace, and as we cast our eye towards Independence Hill, we half doubted that only on the evening of the day before, we had heard from its summit the booming roar of its battery. The men were awakened from their slumbers, and without breakfast were ordered to renew the line of march. All wet as we were, we mounted into the saddle, M'Culloch's company taking the advance, followed by the whole regiment of rangers, while the remainder of the division came up in close order of battle. We

had proceeded about a mile and a half, when at a turn in the road, near a hacienda, called San Jeronimo, we came in full view of the enemy's forces, cavalry and infantry, numbering about fifteen hundred, drawn up in battle array. The Saltillo road, and the corn-fields near it, seemed filled with infantry. The head of our column was immediately halted, and Colonel Hays's regiment ordered to deploy by company to the right, and dismount; which we did, forming into a small gulley. The light companies of the 1st brigade, under Captains C. F. Smith and J. B. Scott, supported us with Duncan's light artillery, followed by the battalions and heads of columns. Thus drawn up in order of battle, the two forces stood eyeing each other, at the distance of two hundred yards, when they approached slowly and opened a fire from their escopets, the battery on Independence Hill at the same time opening on the column. The rangers were now ordered to mount, advance upon the enemy, and take position by the fence, on the road-side, when they returned the enemy's fire with their rifles, and then dismounted under cover of the fence. M'Culloch being on the extreme right, did not get this order in time, and, seeing the lancers preparing for a charge, gallantly led up his men to meet them. On they came, at a full gallop, led by their brave lieutenant-colonel, Juan N. Nájera, in dashing style, with pennons of green and red fluttering in the wind. M'Culloch received them with a leaden rain of rifles, pistols, and shot-guns; while the Texans at the fence poured in upon them a deadly fire. The clash was great, and at the shock the host moved to and fro as the forest

bends beneath the storm. But our horses were too powerful to be overcome; and many were made the empty saddles that had borne the enemy's bravest men. We saw their lieutenant-colonel fall, while in the thickest of the fight, and exhorting his men to rally and stand firm. He was a tall, splendid-looking fellow, with a fierce moustache, and beautiful teeth, which were set hard, as he lay on the ground with his face partly turned up, his eyes yet glassy in the struggle of death, and his features depicting the most marked determination. M'Culloch's men were now engaged hand to hand with the enemy's lancers, using their five-shooters, while some few beat back the enemy with their swords. We were at this time within three hundred yards of the Saltillo road, with a corn-field on our left, and a high hill on our right.

The light companies, in the mean time, and Duncan's artillery, had opened their fire; and the enemy were borne back with great slaughter, carrying with them a portion of M'Culloch's men, who had fought their way nearly to the enemy's centre, and, seeing their peril, were fighting their way back. Then it was that the hardest struggle took place. Armstrong, one of our company, was unhorsed by a lancer, having received two wounds; yet on foot, with sword in hand, he defended himself against two of the enemy. He killed one, when an Irishman, from the artillery battalion, discovered his situation, and saying that he did not know whether he had *buck or ball in*, as he drew up his musket, but that he had better kill them both than miss the Mexican, fired, and saved the ranger! Fielding Alston, and J. F. Minter, also of our company,

while fighting gallantly, received two lance wounds. Young Musson, of New Orleans, who had joined our corps, was engaged, at the same time, with a captain of cavalry, hand to hand, in a sword-fight, and at one time became very nearly overpowered; when asked why he did not shoot his foe, he replied, with true southern chivalry, that "the Mexican had no pistol, and it would have been taking an *advantage* over him!" As another of our men was being overcome by a Mexican, the gallant Captain Cheshire, a private in the rangers, dashed up to his rescue, and having no fire, seized a holster pistol, and, with the butt-end of it, felled the Mexican to the ground.

M'Culloch had been twice borne back with the Mexicans, and making a desperate struggle to gain his company, he put his horse to his speed, running everything down in his way, and regained his command without a scratch! The Mexicans had taken to the hills; and the regular skirmishers, or light companies, under Captains Smith and Scott, continued their fire over our heads, killing by accident one of the rangers. About this time, Captain Gutierrez, of the enemy's cavalry, who had received three wounds, was also killed; he died fighting to the last, one of the most courageous of his race. As the Mexicans gave way, the light companies rushed up the hills, firing over the ridge at the retreating enemy, who were routed and flying in every direction.

General Worth.

BATTLE IN THE STREETS OF MONTEREY.

CAPTURING one fort after another, General Worth finally penetrated into the streets of Monterey. One of the many terrible scenes which ensued, is thus described by an eye-witness, Mr. Reid:

Every street was barricaded with heavy works of masonry, the walls being some three or four feet thick, with embrasures for one or more guns, which raked the

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Street Fight on General Worth's side.

streets; the walls of gardens and sides of houses were all loopholed for musketry; the tops of the houses were covered with troops, who were sheltered behind parapets, some four feet high, upon which were piled sandbags for their better protection, and from which they showered down a hurricane of balls.

Between three and four o'clock, from the cessation of the fire in the opposite direction, it was evident that the enemy had become disengaged, which enabled them to draw off men and guns to our side, as their fire had now become almost doubly increased. The street-fight became appalling—both columns were now closely engaged with the enemy, and steadily advanced inch by inch—our artillery was heard rumbling over the paved streets, galloping here and there, as the emergency required, and pouring forth a blazing fire of grape and ball—volley after volley of musketry, and the continued peals of artillery became almost deafening—the artillery of both sides raked the streets, the balls striking the houses with a terrible crash, while amid the roar of battle were heard the battering instruments used by the Texans. Doors were forced open, walls were battered down—entrances made through the longitudinal walls, and the enemy driven from room to room, and from house to house, followed by the shrieks of women, and the sharp crack of the Texan rifles. Cheer after cheer was heard in proud and exulting defiance, as the Texans or regulars gained the housetops by means of ladders, while they poured in a rain of bullets upon the enemy on the opposite houses. It was indeed a most strange and novel scene of warfare.

The column of Colonel Childs sustained a dreadful fire in the plaza, and while forcing its way up the streets. Amid this storm of destruction, the daring and noble Captain R. C. Gatlin, of the 7th infantry, was severely wounded in the arm, while gallantly leading on his company. This column had now moved forward two squares, both sides of the plaza being occupied by our troops; while Walker's Texans were working their way towards the enemy through that line of buildings, by means of pickaxes and their rifles. Captains Scriven, of the 8th, and Merrill, of the 5th, had advanced so far as to gain a line of buildings to the east, and were driving the enemy before them. The two companies of the 5th were commanded by Lieutenants D. H. M'Phail and P. A. Farrelly, the latter the youngest officer in the regiment (Lieutenant Rossell, the commanding officer of his company, being wounded), who maintained this advanced position, keeping up a fire upon the enemy, occupying the houses in the vicinity and in the next street beyond, which was used by the enemy as the principal thoroughfare to the citadel. This position was gallantly held until dark, when Captain Merrill retired to occupy the college building for the night.

The column on the next street, under Brigadier-General Smith, was at the same time heard in desperate conflict with the enemy. Captain Holmes, with the Texans under Colonel Hays, had pushed their way with crowbars and pickaxes, through houses and garden walls, under a continuous heavy fire of grape, shot, and musketry, until they came within point-blank range of the enemy in the Cathedral plaza. Captains

R. H. Ross and G. R. Paul, with two companies of the 7th, had taken post in a redoubt on the left bank of the river, which they bravely held under the heavy fire of the enemy. During the engagement, Lieutenant F. Gardner led the advance of the 7th, with ladders and pickaxes for the scaling parties. At one time, all his men at the ladders were either killed or wounded, himself and Quartermaster Sergeant Henry alone escaping. Lieutenant N. J. T. Dana at the same time rendered valuable service. The 7th infantry lost one killed and eight wounded. The Texans, well used to this mode of warfare, were picking off the Mexicans at every chance, from behind the walls and parapets. The batteries of Duncan and Mackall did great execution, and sustained a considerable loss in horses. Late in the afternoon, Major Brown's command was ordered up from the mill; just previous to which, however, they had fallen in with and driven back the advance guard of a large escort of seven hundred pack-mules, laden with flour, and *bizcochos*, or hard biscuit, for the besieged army. Great was the enemy's surprise to meet with the American forces on the Saltillo road, and greater still to see our flag displaying its folds on the captured heights. On entering the city, the command of Major Brown was soon under fire, Lieutenant J. F. Irons doing good execution with his piece of artillery. Towards night, Captain Chapman, of the 5th, with his company, moved down from the height with the captured gun, and crossing the river, brought it over to the Bishop's Palace.

"The flag of the Spanish consul," says Mr. Kendall, "flying in Morelos street, near the post-office,

was pierced in a hundred places; the iron bow-windows of the houses, which projected but a few inches into the streets, were torn and rent asunder by round-shot. The city had been partially deserted by the inhabitants: still many women were seen in the doorways, and in the streets, and even where the battle was raging, freely offering our men oranges and other fruits. Frightened out of their senses, they yet seemed impressed with the belief that we were to conquer, and thus attempted to propitiate our protection and good will. Many ladies, too, of the better class—the wives and daughters of civil functionaries and merchants, as well as officers of the army—remained in their houses, determined to abide the issue of the siege. In one room, in particular, into which our men had picked an entrance through a wall of massive thickness, a large number of females were found. They were alarmed to a degree that was painful, filled, as their ears had been, with lying stories of the brutality of the Americans of the North, as our people are called by the Mexicans, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be assured of their safety."

We had now gained the possession of the city, on the west side, to within one square of the Cathedral plaza, where the Mexican forces were concentrated, having also carried a large building in the Plaza de Carne, which overlooked the principal defences in the city, on the roof of which were placed, during the night, two howitzers, for the purpose of raking the house-tops on the morrow.

"It was not until the sun was down," continues Mr. Kendall, "and darkness had covered the scene,

that the battle ceased—not until it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, that the conflict in the least abated. General Smith now sent a communication to General Worth, to the effect that he could hold all his positions during the night, and it was immediately determined upon to withdraw none of the troops save such of the Texans as were with Hays on the river side of the town. Even these would not have been called back had not their horses needed attention, and had not some of them been required for picket-guards, and other duty in the rear. But although the active conflict had ceased, the troops in the city did not rest from their labours. A bakery—*El Panaderia del Gallo*—which was located immediately at General Smith's position, and under fire of the enemy, was set in active operation by Lieutenant Hanson, one of his aids, and furnished batch after batch of bread during the night for the half-famished men."

Such is Mr. Reid's account of the Street-Fight. General Taylor, meanwhile, had penetrated the city on the eastern side; and the enemy, finding themselves cooped up in the grand plaza, and subjected to a shower of shells from the besiegers, capitulated, on terms which, though questioned at the time, are now considered the best that the circumstances of the case permitted. The triumph of the American arms was complete.

Santa Anna.

THRILLING SCENES IN THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

IN the battle of Buena Vista, where Santa Anna in person commanded the enemy, many events occurred of the most thrilling character. To describe a hundredth part of them in detail would far exceed our limits—to describe this memorable battle so as to do

justice to those engaged in it, would fill a bulky volume. We are compelled, therefore, to limit ourselves to a few sketches.

In one of those dark moments when the fortunes of Buena Vista seemed to be going against the Americans, M'Kee and Clay were detached with their Kentuckians to resist the onset of the enemy. They sprung to the charge like eagles, marching over the most rugged and broken ground with the greatest celerity. They were watched by General Taylor with intense solicitude; for, should they retreat, the battle was lost. On they moved, until they entered a valley broken up by masses of stone and deep ravines, and exposed to the fire of the enemy. All at once a strange commotion was observed in their ranks. A hill concealed everything but their heads from the general, and these were observed swaying hither and thither, and scattering as if in flight. The commander rose upon his horse and bent forward with deep excitement. A flight became more and more evident, until he could no longer repress his emotion. Turning to his aid, Mr. Crittenden, who was standing near, he exclaimed, with startling energy: "Is this conduct for Kentuckians?" The aid was silent, and the general again bent his anxious gaze upon the faithless regiment. Suddenly his features relaxed, and a flush of pleasure swept over his aged face—they had emerged from the valley in perfect order, each gallant leader in his place, and pushing onward to the battle. Silently and steadily they moved under the fire of the enemy, until within musket-range, when one wide sheet of fire burst from

their rifles, and the reeling ranks of Mexico announced that victory was once more with the Americans. At this sight the emotions of the general were too powerful to be controlled; and tears of exulting patriotism coursed down his cheeks.

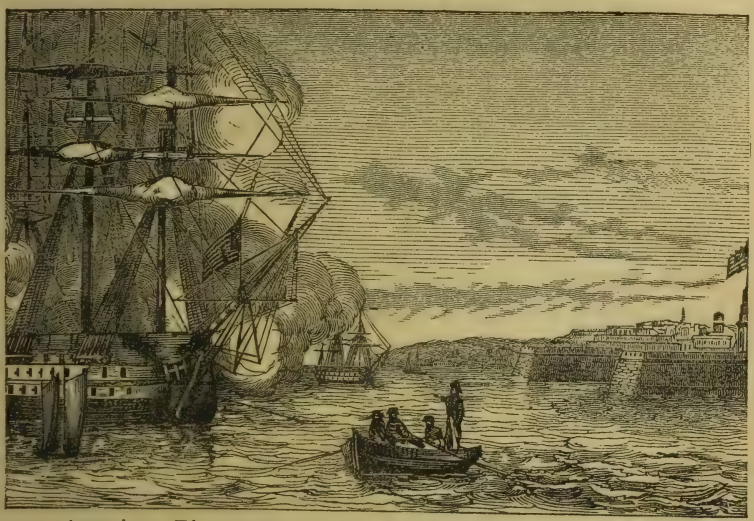
But of those brave men who thus moved on to danger, under the deep determination to conquer, how many met danger for the last time! The storm of that awful day passed by, and its thunder was hushed in the calmness of evening; but in every ledge, and by every stone, the mangled sons of Kentucky lay cold and stiff, in the dream that knows no waking. The young heart that had that morning bounded with patriotism at the sight of the enemy, was now spilling its blood where no friend would ever pause over its grave. In the last charge, man after man fell before the Mexican cannon, until groups and masses lay piled upon each other over all the field. Colonel M'Kee fell, pierced with a mortal wound, and was subsequently hacked and mutilated by the bayonets of the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Clay was wounded in the leg, and sat down to die. But his brave men rushed from their ranks, and bore him in their arms. The enemy saw it, and poured on, yelling like fiends. Unmindful of themselves, the sorrowing soldiers bore their beloved leader onward, until the road became so rugged that it was impossible for two to walk together. "Leave me, soldiers," exclaimed the dying youth, "and take care of yourselves." Still they bore on, until their burden lowered from their exhausted limbs; and, with a gushing of deepest sorrow, they left him on the field. The next moment the Mexicans

were by his side. But honour was yet dear to him; raising himself on one arm, he wielded his sword with a fury that for a moment held an army at bay. But at each motion the blood flowed faster from his wound, until he sunk exhausted. Then the enemy approached him, and a score of bayonets clashed together as they crossed in his lacerated frame.

Such was the part taken by the Kentuckians in this tremendous battle. The Mississippians were not less distinguished.

The most trying scene for that regiment was immediately after the retreat of Colonel Bowles's Indianians. At that time the battle was raging with a violence that shook earth and air for miles around. Cannon pealed after cannon, and thousands of muskets and small arms mingled together in one uninterrupted roar, while the neighbouring mountains broke and rolled back the heavy sound as it leaped from crag to crag. Colonel Davis was ordered to advance and support the Indiana regiment. Before him were the cavalry, with loosened reins and panting steeds, shouting from rank to rank, as they swept down upon the retreating regiments; while on either side, columns of infantry were marching and countermarching, and raking the field with their rifles. But, cool and intrepid, the colonel rode to the front of his regiment and ordered them into line. They formed, and he galloped by the long-extended ranks, his eye ranging along every movement, until they had formed into two lines, which met in the form of a V, the opening toward the enemy. Nearer and nearer drew the Mexican steeds, until each rifleman trembled with

excitement and impatience. Colonel Davis was silent Now their dresses could be distinguished, and the next moment their faces and features. High hopes and unbreathed fears were centred upon that little volunteer band, and the stern eye of the commanding general hung over them with an almost agonized intensity. All around them was clamour, and uproar, and the gushing of blood, and shrieks of mangled soldiers. Colonel Davis was silent. Would he retreat like the Indianians, or permit the enemy to crush him without resistance? Not long was the suspense. Sure of victory, each Mexican grasped his lance and heaved forward for the charge, when "Fire!" rang along the volunteers; a roar like thunder followed, and man after man sunk down in bloody heaps to the ground. Struck with dismay, the lacerated columns heaved back, and in mad confusion horse trod down horse, crushing wounded and dying beneath their hoofs, in the reckless rushings of retreat. It was a horrible moment; and, when the pageant had passed away, heaps of mutilated beings were stretched along the ground, writhing in the extremities of agony. But a moment before they had been strong in life and hope; now they were torn and trampled into the earth, while the blood was pouring from a dozen wounds, and the heart hurrying on to its last throb.



American Fleet saluting the Castle after the surrender.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

THE 24th of March was as beautiful a day as had ever shone in the soft climate of Mexico. A previous norther had rendered the atmosphere cool and salubrious; and the waters of the great gulf were as smooth and glassy as the surface of a lake. Toward evening the sun beamed with a mild and softened glow, lighting up the few fantastic clouds with vivid colourings, and capping the gray distant mountains with golden splendour. But the beautiful prospect was unheeded by the armed thousands, who all that day

had been preparing for the terrible encounter. Occasionally a dull sound would roll from the castle, and echo amid the mountains like the breakings of thunder; and then a headlong plunge would mark the falling of the ball; but among the Americans all was silent, save the hum of busy preparation.

As the afternoon wore on, the excitement on board the fleet became intense. Crowds thronged the decks and masts of the different vessels, until every spar, and every bow, and every rope was dense with life, each watching, with suppressed breathing, the arrangements of General Scott. At four o'clock, a loud roar from the beach told that the thrilling drama had opened; and in a few minutes thick volleys of heavy shell were raining into Vera Cruz, tearing and crushing their way through roofs, walls, and barricades. The stern castle answered with her heavy guns, and poured forth shot after shot in haughty defiance, until the space between the batteries seemed like a pathway of liquid fire. Time wore on, the sun reached the western horizon, and his last dim ray seemed to linger in sadness over the furious maddenings of the sons of earth. But the combatants knew no pause; and as the shades of evening gathered darker around, they only served to render still more stirring the work of death.

The night bombardment was a scene grand even to sublimity. The volumes of smoke had concentrated into one dense mass, which hung over the Americans like a cloud. At every moment its sides would be broken, and a fiery ball leap out with a noise that shook every surrounding object, and after sparkling

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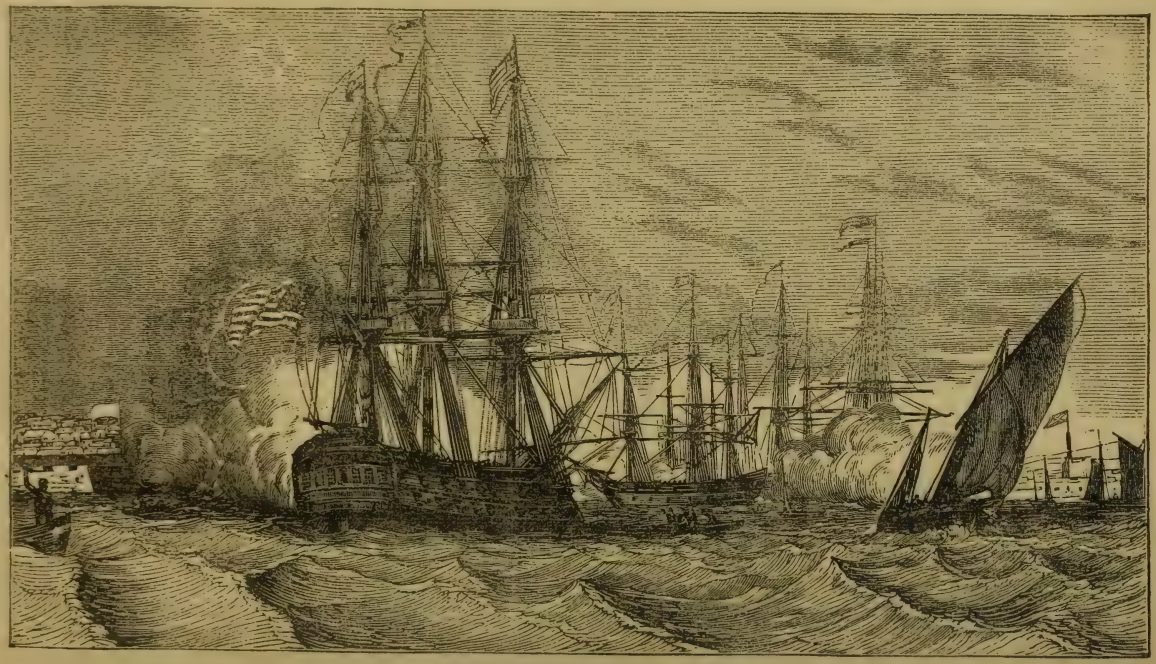


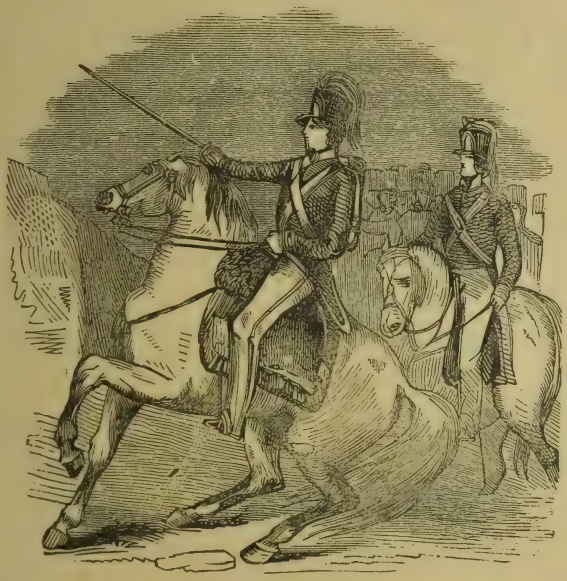
Bombardment of Vera Cruz.

along its meteor-like track, would light among the houses and battlements of the city. Then would be heard the loud explosion, the crashing of houses, and the fall of walls and roofing, in the echoing streets. The batteries, forts, and mortars of both armies vomited forth unceasing discharges of fire, and the balls, as they crossed and recrossed each other in long fiery streams, along the dark sky-ground, presented a "sight unknown to quiet life." But there were feelings connected with that scene more powerful than even its sublimity. Crowds of helpless individuals were congregated in the houses, trembling at the horrors from which it was impossible to escape; and often a heavy bomb would bear on through roof and walls, alight in the middle of a company, and explode, throwing arms, and legs, and mangled bodies against the surrounding buildings. Women and children, the young and the decrepid, were equally exposed with the soldier;—no place was exempt from death.

In the morning a naval battery was opened by Commodore Perry, and the bombardment became more severe than ever. It was answered by four Mexican batteries, whose precision of shot was the theme of universal admiration. In the course of this day the walls and fortifications of the city began to crumble, and a large part of their buildings was in ruins. On the 27th the distress was so great that terms of capitulation were offered, and the city finally surrendered. The scene within the walls was distressing: churches and hospitals were crowded with the wounded and dying; mangled corpses were lying in the streets; and along the lanes, and within ditches,

were mutilated beings, stretched on dead comrades, half-suffocated with dust and blood, and moaning for water. The proud spirit of the citizens had been humbled by danger and suffering; and after the capture many could be seen timidly watching from their windows the march of the American troops. In the second day of the bombardment many were without bread or meat, and reduced to a ration of beans, eaten at midnight by the fire issuing from showers of projectiles. By this time all the buildings from La Merced to the Parraquia were reduced to ashes, and the impassable streets filled with stones, ruins, and projectiles. The citizens had progressively removed to a side where, up to this time, less destruction had happened, taking shelter in the streets and entries in such numbers that there was only room to stand. But the third day the Americans alternately scattered their shot, and every spot became a place of danger. Who can tell the amount of suffering experienced by the desolate families, who, without hope, sleep, or food, were solely engaged in preserving their lives? Most of those whose houses had been destroyed had lost everything—all the property remaining to them was the clothes on them; and hundreds of persons who before relied upon certain incomes, now found themselves without a bed to lie upon, without covering or clothing to shelter them, and without any victuals.

Such was the bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz, by the American army. It was a sight splendid to the eye; but to the heart it told tales of woe, of trial, and anguish, more deeply thrilling than could be eradicated by all the false and cruel pomp of war.



BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

DIRECTLY after the surrender of Vera Cruz, General Scott advanced towards the Mexican capital. His next grand encounter with the enemy was at Cerro Gordo, or Sierra Gordo, where Santa Anna, with an immense force, strongly intrenched, was prepared to oppose him. In the battle which ensued, General Twiggs bore a conspicuous part. An eye-witness thus describes his operations:

On the 18th of April, 1847, General Twiggs was ordered forward from the position he had already cap-

tured, against the fort which commanded the Cerro. Simultaneously an attack on the fortifications on the enemy's left was to be made by Generals Shields and Worth's division, who moved in separate columns, while General Pillow advanced against the strong forts and difficult ascents on the left of the enemy's position. The enemy, fully acquainted with General Scott's intended movement, had thrown large bodies of men into the various positions to be attacked. The most serious enterprise was that of Twiggs, who advanced against the main fort that commanded the Cerro. Nothing can be conceived more difficult than this undertaking. The steep and rough character of the ground, the constant fire of the enemy in front, and the cross fire of the forts and batteries which enfiladed our lines, made the duty assigned to General Twiggs one of surpassing difficulty.

Nothing prevented our men from being utterly destroyed but the steepness of the ascent, under which they could shelter. But they sought no shelter, and onward rushed against a hailstorm of balls and musket-shot, led by the gallant Harney, whose noble bearing elicited the applause of the whole army. His conspicuous and stalwart frame at the head of his brigade, his long arm waving his men on to the charge, his sturdy voice ringing above the clash of arms and din of conflict, attracted the attention and admiration alike of the enemy and of our own men. On, on, he led the columns, whose front lines melted before the enemy's fire, like snow-flakes in a torrent, and stayed not their course until leaping over the rocky barriers, and bayoneting their gunners, they drove the

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Storming of the Heights at Cerro Gordo

enemy pell-mell from the fort, delivering a deadly fire into their ranks from their own guns, as they hastily retired. This was truly a gallant deed, worthy of the Chevalier Bayard of our army, as the intrepid Harney is well styled. General Scott, between whom and Colonel Harney there had existed some coolness, rode up to the colonel after this achievement, and remarked to him, "Colonel Harney, I cannot now adequately express my admiration of your gallant achievement, but at the proper time I shall take great pleasure in thanking you in proper terms." Harney, with the modesty of true valour, claimed the praise as due to his officers and men. Thus did the division of the gallant veteran, Twiggs, carry the main position of the enemy, and occupy the front which commanded the road. It was here the enemy received their heaviest loss, and their general, Vasquez, was killed. A little after, General Worth, having, by great exertions, passed the steep and craggy heights on the enemy's left, summoned a strong fort in the rear of the Cerro to surrender. This fort was manned by a large force under General Pinzon, a mulatto officer of considerable ability and courage, who, seeing the Cerro carried, thought prudent to surrender, which he did with all his force. General Shields was not so fortunate in the battery which he attacked, and which was commanded by General La Vega. A heavy fire was opened on him, under which the fort was carried with some loss by the gallant Illinoisians, under Baker and Bennett, supported by the New Yorkers, under Burnett. Among those who fell under this fire was the gallant general, who received a grape-shot through

his lungs, by which he was completely paralyzed, and reduced to a critical and dangerous state. On the enemy's right, General Pillow commenced the attack against the strong forts near the river. The Tennesseans, under Haskell, led the column, and the other volunteer regiments followed. This column unexpectedly encountered a heavy fire from a masked battery, by which Haskell's regiment was nearly cut to pieces, and the other volunteer regiments were severely handled. General Pillow withdrew his men, and was preparing for another attack, when the operations at the other points having proved successful, the enemy concluded to surrender. Thus the victory was complete, and four generals, and about six thousand men, were taken prisoners by our army. One of their principal generals and a large number of other officers were killed. The Mexican force on this occasion certainly exceeded our own.

Guerillas plundering.

BATTLES OF CONTRERAS AND CHURUBUSCO.

AFTER the battle of Cerro Gordo, General Scott remained for some time inactive, in the hope of receiving reinforcements. His headquarters were at Puebla. Meanwhile the Mexicans, discouraged but not disheartened by their late disasters, were collecting another army, and fortifying the different entrances to the capital. When a small number of additional troops arrived, the American army left Puebla, on the 8th of August; and, after a fatiguing march in an unhealthy season, reached Ayotla about

the 12th. A reconnoissance now took place of the rocky fortification of El Pinon, which was found to be so well defended, both by nature and art, as to render an attack upon it eminently hazardous. Another road was discovered, south of Lake Charles, opening into that from Vera Cruz, below Ayotla, and the old one abandoned. The march was a dreadful one. Heavy rains had filled the low places with water, through which the troops were often obliged to wade; while in many places steep and towering heights were to be crossed, in the paths and gorges of which the enemy had rolled immense masses of stone. The nights were dark, wet, and dreary, and a damp and chilly *rest* succeeded the heavy labours of each day. On the 17th the advance reached San Augustin, a village about twelve miles south of the city, and was joined next day by the second division. General Worth advanced a division to take possession of a hacienda near the fortification of San Antonio, and preparatory to assaulting the latter place. The village was captured; but, in a reconnoissance that ensued, a heavy discharge from a Mexican battery killed Captain Thornton, and wounded one or two others. An artillery squadron and battalion of infantry continued to hover round the redoubt, in hope of making a successful attack that afternoon; but, towards evening, a heavy rain ensued, and General Scott thought proper to withdraw them. All night the hostile batteries frowned in gloomy silence upon this detachment; had they opened with activity, it might have been forced to retire, or perhaps even been cut to pieces.

During the night, the divisions of Pillow and Twiggs marched toward the strong work of Contreras, so as to take up a position for an assault on the following morning. The fatigue they encountered was appalling. The country was enveloped in thick darkness, rain poured down in streams, while the wind tossed and whirled like the ground in an earthquake. Now they mounted over clumps and ridges, formed by rocks of lava, and entangled with dense brushwood; and now plunged into some swollen stream, whose rushing waters destroyed all order of march. Dimly, in the distance, could be observed the flame of camp-fires, struggling through the wind and rain; while the rumbling of heavy cannon, the tramp of horses, the clashing of guns and bayonets, and the thunderings of the tempest, rolled strangely through the sullen night.

At eight next morning, the Mexican batteries reopened upon the hacienda of San Antonio, where General Worth was posted. The heavy explosions shook the air, while houses and strong bulwarks sunk in thundering masses beneath the showers of shot and shells. The balls whistled through the quiet lanes, raking them from end to end, and tearing up the ground in deep ridges. Large bombs burst in the air, throwing slugs, shot, and fragments, among the Americans, with terrible effect. Yet these gallant troops, disdaining to yield, stationed themselves behind walls and buildings; and, though all around was ruin and confusion, calmly prepared for active duty. Soon after, the divisions of Pillow and Twiggs pushed toward Contreras; which, after a fatiguing march,

they reached about one o'clock, P. M. General P. F. Smith was then ordered to march up in face of the enemy's works, and Colonel Riley to move rapidly toward the right, gain the main road, and cut off any Mexican reinforcement that might present itself. Smith rushed forward amid a tremendous fire, and gained a position for his artillery. Every gun on both sides now opened; and the terrific explosions shook the ground for miles around, and rolled in deafening echoes along the mountain ridges of Mexico. But the few guns of the American advanced battery were soon silenced; and General Pierce marched to the relief of General Smith.

About this time, large reinforcements of the enemy approached Contreras, and General Cadwalader pushed forward to reinforce Riley. Again the batteries broke forth in rapid discharges, but neither army yielded one inch of ground. About four o'clock, a commanding figure swept along the American line, while his piercing eyes glanced over the field of action. "General Scott!" rang from rank to rank, and a shout, wild and enthusiastic, poured forth his welcome. Perceiving the immense strength of the Mexicans, the commander-in-chief ordered General Shields to reinforce Riley and Cadwalader, and also strengthened the army in front of the enemy. The whole field was now covered with soldiers, marching and wheeling in line. At some distance off, the Mexican cavalry hovered like a cloud on the movements of Cadwalader and Riley; while on the side of General Smith, peal after peal of heavy ordnance told that death was raging with terrible strides among the ranks of the high-souled com-

batants. For six hours the dreadful work continued, when darkness closed round the armies, and the firing grew less and less rapid, then died away, and all was still. The disappointed Americans, who, unacquainted with the enemy's strength, had calculated on speedy victory, lay down on the rugged ground without blankets, and amid rushing floods of rain that, collecting among the ridges, rushed and foamed like mountain torrents. About eight o'clock, General Scott retired to San Augustin, and was followed by Twiggs and Pillow, at eleven.

Early the next morning, Generals Scott and Worth again set out for Contreras. Some cannonading, and a rapid discharge of musketry, was heard in that direction, and, soon after, Captain Mason galloped up to the commander-in chief, with the tidings that Smith had carried the whole line of fortifications at Contreras. That enterprising general had planned and executed the assault, and suffered comparatively small loss. He captured fifteen hundred prisoners, including Generals Salas, Blanco, Garcia, and Mendoza, an immense amount of ammunition and camp equipage, and fifteen artillery pieces; among them, the two that had been taken from Captain O'Brien at Buena Vista. Seven hundred of the enemy were killed, and a still larger number wounded; while the route of the fugitives was strewed with muskets and other arms.

Upon receiving this intelligence, General Scott sent General Worth to make a demonstration on San Antonio, while he, with a portion of the army, should get in its rear. The troops composing the latter passed by the late battle-field. Even the bold heart of the

soldier grew sick at the shocking spectacle. Hundreds, that but one day before were active with health and ambition, now covered the bloody plain, stiff, pale, and distorted, as death had left them. Here and there a wretch, writhing in agony, moaned forth a prayer for water; while the neighbouring streams ran red with human blood, and mangled heaps were piled on each other along their banks. On reaching San Pablo, another action commenced, and at almost the same instant, the roar of Worth's cannon was heard at Churubusco. The flower of the American army was now engaged with that of Mexico, and the battle was one of those rarely witnessed on the continent. Thousands of musketry rattled in uninterrupted succession, while, now and then, the deep cannon would break in with sullen roar, that rolled trembling away in the distance. On one part of the field, the commanding form of Scott was sweeping from rank to rank, animating and superintending his legions, heedless of the thick storm that was whizzing like hail around him; on another, the loud voices of Worth and Twiggs were shouting their heroes on the stubborn foe. Dark around that scene hung dense columns of smoke, as though hiding man's dark character from the gaze of day.

In two hours, all the works were in possession of the Americans, and the enemy in full flight for the city. General Worth pursued them almost to the gates of the capital.

Paredes.

STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

THE three days succeeding the attack on Molino del Rey, were spent by the American army in reconnoitering the fortress of Chapultepec, and the neighbouring stations. During the night of the 11th, all the guns were arranged around the works, and preparations completed for a renewal of the work of death on the following morning.

Daylight displayed the batteries of the Americans frowning upon their enemies, while behind them were arranged the fearless bands of Twiggs and Worth, pale and haggard with marches, night-watches, and a month's fighting. Yet the eyes of those iron men flashed sternly as they gazed on the work before them. Thousands of bayonets glittered along the ramparts of Chapultepec, interrupted at short intervals by heavy cannon. Hearts were bounding as they never had before—for soon was to be decided whether Mexico should fall, or the enemy drive back their hitherto triumphant invaders, and reap vengeance for her bleeding armies.

The action commenced, and soon all other feelings were swallowed up in the wild tumult of battle. All day long those iron engines hurled forth their plunging volleys, and iron sleet rained in crashing showers amid ranks that in a few moments dwindled to skeletons. Leaping and rattling over the stony cliffs, the balls mowed down trees and shrubs, and filled the air with leaves and dust. Then through the clouds of darkness the batteries would open, and whole platoons sink before them. The sun grew hotter and hotter, pouring down his unshaded rays upon the maddening combatants; yet, hour after hour, amid shrieks of horror, sights of death, without intermission, without rest, they continued the dreadful work. Rows of buildings within the fortress crumbled to atoms before the incessant discharges; and brave men, who had vainly toiled for their country at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Churubusco, were now thrown lifeless into

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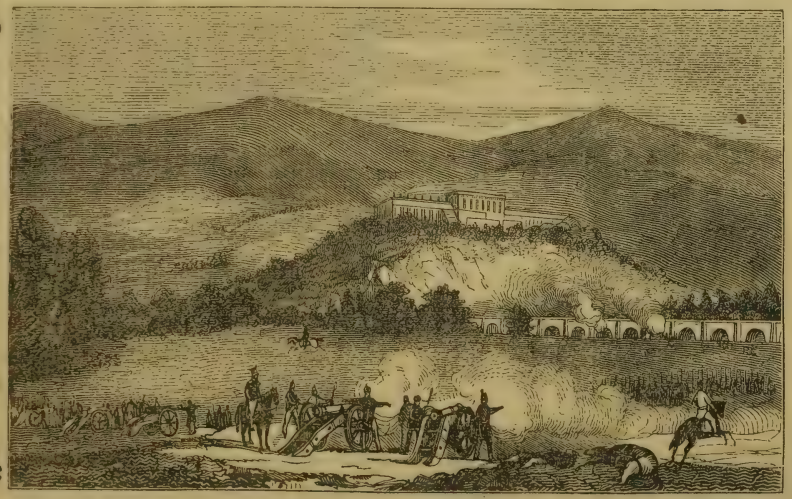

Storming of Chapultepec.

the ditches by those whom battle had made insensible. Night at length put an end to the assault.

But, terrible as was this action, it was but slight compared to the assault of the following day. Aware of the duties to be performed, General Scott selected for this service the veteran divisions of Pillow and Twiggs — those who had triumphed in so many battles. The march was through dark woods, over ravines and rocks, and up slippery cliffs, all of which were guarded by the enemy. Yet, led on by their fearless commanders, the troops forgot all labour; drove one party after another with the bayonet; and, turning a clump of woods, came in sight of the fortress. The Mexicans had recruited their ranks, and made every preparation for a desperate and decisive struggle.

Soon the artillery on both sides opened; and, amid the horrors of a bombardment, the storming parties were organized, and began their march. The enemy perceived their design; and, ceasing the irregular cannonade, pointed all their guns at the advancing troops. For a while the nature of the ground defended them; but, as they came nearer, heavy balls came plunging in their midst, sweeping down entire columns. Then there would be a pause, succeeded by the shouts of command, and the hurried tread of the soldiers re-forming. The next moment, on they again pushed, shoulder to shoulder, facing the fiery batteries with the calmness of true courage. Every rock, every crag, every tree they passed, was stained with the life-blood of their comrades; and behind them, unheard, unnoticed, rose up

a groan of agony, from the long black pile of dead and wounded that marked their course. At length the slaughter was so dreadful, that even the heroes of Churubusco paused—a moment of strange feeling followed; and, as each man looked upon the shattered ranks, and then gazed round for his companions, a sickening, fearful anxiety, rose in his countenance. But their generals dashed along their front, and amid showers of death restored the line of battle. One wild shout arose; doubt was flung to the wind; and that little band bent forward over their bayonets, and swept along.

The Mexicans fought under the eye of General Bravo. His noble bearing held them to duty, and made them act as Mexicans rarely can. In the thickest of the action, among the living and the dead, he wrestled with fate, and for a long while held the balance of victory in his grasp. But, awed by recent defeat, his troops began at length to falter. Disorder followed, and many fled ingloriously from their ranks. The exertions of their leader were in vain; his threats and exhortations only augmented the panic; and, though the Americans rushed on in the very mouth of the batteries, the dismay of the Mexicans would not permit them to take advantage of it. And when they saw their daring antagonists within a few yards of the works, disorder and wild uproar ensued.

The shouts of the assailants now arose over the noise of battle. A soldier leaped in front of his companions, while the stars and stripes danced in his hand, and, seconded by a few others, planted some ladders

against the outer works, and rushed over the walls. A moment after, the whole parapet gleamed with bayonets. Thousands of the enemy fled ignobly; but their general, flinging himself before his opponents, rallied a little band around him, and fought with the energy of despair. There was a short period of lightning-like actions, silent and terrible. This terminated, and loud and long-continued shouts told that the last hope of Mexico was extinguished—that Chapultepec had fallen.

A great number of prisoners, including General Bravo, was taken. The interior of the fort presented a melancholy spectacle. A great quantity of the works was a mass of ruins, among which the dead and dying were strewed in all directions. The large building occupied as a military school, was completely riddled; while the well-selected and valuable library, together with furniture and ornaments, was in utter confusion.

During the assault, General Quitman had attacked the enemy on the south and west, where they had posted themselves by the aqueduct, and thrown defences across the road. After carrying all these works, and leaving a small garrison in Chapultepec, the army marched toward the capital, General Quitman moving by the Tacubaya road, and General Worth by the San Cosmé. The Mexicans resisted at every step, having erected works across the road at different places, from which they harassed every part of the American columns. One station after another was carried, until at night the enemy had been driven within the gates of Mexico. On arriving at the

Tacubaya gate, Quitman came in range of the citadel, from which a shower of iron hail was incessantly poured upon his ranks. The struggle at this place was tremendous, and ended only with the close of day. At night the authorities surrendered the city, which was entered next day by the entire army.

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